MRS. HETTY GREEN, THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD, IS A CONTRIBUTOR TO THIS NUMBER

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A Woman's Way

BY OCTAVE THANET

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING R. WILES

THERE was no one at the station to meet her. She had not expected to be met, but she was a woman accustomed to lavish consideration and attention, and the circumstance added another touch of dreariness to her dreary journey up the hill. Her maid, who loved her, watched her with furtive compassion, thinking to adventure the remark that it seemed a pretty town, but a glance at the gaunt elms and sodden yards in their November untidiness checked the impulse. Involuntarily she strangled a sigh instead. Mrs. Osburne's lips stirred faintly, detecting the sound (for the strangler did not succeed entirely); she thought, "Good Johanna! She's sorry for me. Oh, if there were only the reason that she knows for me to be sorry for myself!"

Then she looked out of the rain-misted windows, and it was like a hand suddenly squeezing her heart. The carriage had turned, and they were driving through the winter-stung grounds up to a grim pile of brick.

"The hospital!" exclaimed Johanna to herself. "Oh, my, I hope he ain't dead!"

"The hospital!" thought Mrs. Osburne. "Oh, if I could only be frightened, and nothing else!"

Certainly she was frightened. With a strange and ghastly relief she found her pulses jumping and a cold terror stealing over her. She let herself fear, let the dreadful pictures come, until she found herself walking on a still group of nurses about the white bed, and the form concealed by a sheet that did not stir. Her fancy shuddered away from its own vision, yet in the same breath she was saying, "Could I forgive him even then?"

THE superintendent met them at the door, a handsome, composed woman in black, who looked at the lady when she did not seem to look, which was training. Really, she was keenly interested. This was the famous club-woman of whom she had read, whose picture she had often seen in the papers. She had read the heading, "The distinguished club president and social leader," and made her critical comment, "Well, she's rather plain, and looks sleepy; I wonder what's the secret of her success! Her money and her husband's position, perhaps." But to-day she was thinking, "Maybe not pretty, but awfully distinguished-looking."

There was the grace of years of training in Mrs. Osburne's every motion, in the inflections of her soft, rich, low-keyed voice; in the little, pretty movements of her hands. And how her gown fitted! How it hung! Devoutly the superintendent wished that Mrs. Hugerman-Martin, who put on such airs of fashion and drawled and thought that the nurses could always do perfectly well with the present accommodations, could see the real thing once. But with all her distinction, how wretched Mrs. Osburne looked! No wonder, called so suddenly to what might prove her husband's death-bed. Meanwhile she was saying, "Mr. Osburne has had a very good night. The doctor was well pleased with him. Didn't you meet Dr. Eddings at the station? He expected to meet you."

"I met no one. It was no consequence," said Mrs. Osburne. "May I see Mr. Osburne?"

The superintendent's quiet eyes studied her face in a single rapid glance.

"In a moment. I expected the doctor would have told you about the case. He must have gone to the wrong station. He will be so annoyed to have missed you. You must not be surprised to find that Mr. Osburne doesn't know you. He has not really recovered his senses yet. You only had the telegrams that he had the fall?"

"I had only one telegram—that he had had the fall. I left in an hour. It is more than a day's journey."

"How terrible for you!"

"The children were both away. My son is at college, and my daughter was with a friend. I telegraphed them."

"We have had telegrams from both. They will be here this afternoon. You don't even know, then, Mrs. Osburne, that it was in trying to save a man's life, a lineman who somehow caught a live wire up on the electric poles going over the bridge, that Mr. Osburne was hurt. He climbed up, and with his silk handkerchief wrapped around his hand, he loosened the wire and got the man off so he was able to slip down. It was in following him that he made an unfortunate misstep."

"That was like him," said Mrs. Osburne, quietly. She suddenly flushed red, and as suddenly the blood left her face, leaving it paler than before.

"You have the sympathy of the whole city, Mrs. Osburne" (the superintendent was visibly distracted between her professional calm and a womanish excitement of admiration and compassion), "and, indeed, we are hopeful. If only he can see you and not be excited when he comes to his sense. I believe I was going to caution you not to excite him in any way or let him discover how serious his accident was, but I am sure now there is no need of it. You will know better than I can tell you how to quiet him."

Mrs. Osburne grew paler if possible than she had been before; but she simply lowered her eyes and slightly inclined her head.

"Then if you are ready?" added the superintendent.

DOROTHY OSBURNE followed the superintendent down a quiet corridor to a quiet room. A young woman in a striped blue and white gown and an amplitude of white apron (Miss Barry, the day-nurse) rose at their entrance. She bowed silently to Mrs. Osburne. On the white pillow a brown head tossed restlessly, then lay still, the eyes staring placidly at the ceiling, the lips moving in a weak and uncomprehending smile.

"He's much quieter this morning. He's responding nicely to the treatment," said the nurse.

The superintendent stepped over to the table and studied the clinical record for a moment.

"Temperature is down, I see, and plenty of nourishment taken," said she; "this is very good. Now if he can be kept from excitement to-day—" She finished the sentence with a smile. Then she presented the nurse in a lower voice, and so, smiling again and promising to return, left them together.

Mrs. Osburne followed her into the hall, but it was only to give directions about the maid's securing rooms at a hotel. When she returned there had been no change. The nurse silently proffered a chair and the clinical record, and Dorothy read that the patient had taken here an unintelligible quantity of peptonoids, and there an unintelligible medicine; here he was quieter; there "very restless and delirious." She tried to form some idea of the chances of the case and the nurse's real opinion under the technical verbiage, but she had not slept for days and nights, except in snatches, and for once her cool head played her false. She could make nothing out of the chart. Presently she returned it, to sit in a kind of dizzy stupor, staring at the pretty tinted walls and the blue Venetian prints, and the brass balls on the white metal bed. After awhile the profound hush that she had felt at first was pricked by the tiny hospital sounds, the rattle of dishes on a tray, the muffled tread of passing slippers, the soft rustle of unstarched skirts.

When the nurse came back with the ice-coil she smiled with a pleasure that was quite as much womanly as professional

The scene took on an unreal air. She seemed to see herself sitting there as she might see another woman. There she sat, poor, jealous creature! Yet really she had had hard usage. To have loved her husband all those years; to have loved him almost all their lives (for they had gone to school together in the same New England town, and he had left her to make his fortune, and come back to marry her); to have been so overwhelmingly proud of him, of his quick sympathy, his talents, his eloquence, the affection which men and women of all ranks gave him, his stainless and intrepid public life; to have been so sure of his entire devotion, and then to lose it all, surely that was hard for any woman.

IF IT had happened earlier, during those first years of their married life, she would not have been so unprepared. She recalled how she had felt vaguely uneasy sometimes because he seemed to admire other women. He acted the conventions of appreciation and courtesy with too much zest. He found their virtues and their attractions a thought too readily. He was too thoughtful of their tastes, and knew them too well. But all those ugly moments had passed. She had scourged her own mean and grudging temper for having them, as the charmers drifted out of their round of life, and there was no diminution of Dudley's happy spirits. By degrees she had come to accept his appreciation of women as part of his genial temperament, not in the least affecting her own place in his heart. His beautiful manner to her, his delicacy, his consideration, his prodigal attentions in spite of the imperious demands on a great lawyer who is trying to reform politics in the intervals of business—these must have made any woman proud and happy. There was no doubt he had a gift of loving. After more than twenty years of married life he could find quite new phrases wherein to tell of his love and her charm. Although she was not a demonstrative woman, she had grown to exult shyly in the adoration that had startled her New England reserve at first. Once she confessed to him that to have him kiss the hem of her gown, when they had a son at Harvard, was delightful, because so surprising.

"I should have taken it for granted when I was a girl," said she; "girls are pigs! But an elderly person is grateful."

"I was never so much in love as I am to-day," said he, his eyes dwelling on her fondly, yet with an unexpected gravity.

"Nor I," she answered, with the color in her cheeks, for she was still reserved enough to blush when she tried to express her deepest feelings.

"I am not half good enough for you," said he. "Oh, why are you going off? The rooms will be all right. Let me kiss you first—you, and not the dress! Oh, you angel! What have I done to deserve you?"

He left her in a curious flutter of happiness, more like the mood of a young girl than a sedate matron. And it happened that very day. She was expecting a crowd of women then, and as the rooms filled more than one of the guests noticed her brilliant spirits. She was not used to being gay. A soft, unforced repose was her peculiar charm, but to-day she was merry; she told her husband's stories as well as he, and she found her friends' wit delightful. Her dark eyes sparkled, a faint color crept into her pale cheek, and she could not help a smile at an admiring compliment.

When they were all gone she stood in the empty room where the flowers began to droop, tired, but well pleased, and at the sound of the last carriage-wheels in her ears, "I hope they had a nice time," said she; "I did."

It was at this instant that she saw Johanna descending the stairs after her duties were done, stoop in the hall and pluck a white object out from the corner of a rug. It might have fallen on the floor from its position and been pushed under the rug by the skirts of the passers.

"Somebody has dropped a letter, Mrs. Osburne," said Johanna, proffering it without a glance, in her prim, comfortable way. As lightly as if it were not her own destruction the happy wife took the letter into her hands.

IT WAS an uninclosed letter, or rather the last page of a letter, for it had no beginning, and her first comment was as careless as her thoughts. "Why, it looks like Dudley's hand." But she did not think it was Dudley's, or that it was anything of importance. She thought what a pretty toilet Mrs. Marger had worn, and how tired little Lily Graves looked, and how Emma Austen was at her old political tricks, working her follower into the nominating committee and whispering in people's ears all the time. But all at once these hateful sentences stabbed at her eyes:

"An attraction I cannot resist. You know I am powerless to stay away from you. I hate myself for being so weak! Tell me, why don't I hate you for being so charming? Yes, I did say too much. But when I saw the tears in your lovely eyes, and knew *why*, is there a man alive who could have kept from making a fool of himself? At least I am not that man. This afternoon I shall see you. You don't need to urge me to be cautious. I know how this cursed world misinterprets; I shall be careful, dear child." Then followed a sentence so elaborately crossed out that she could only decipher the one word, "wife," and the signature, "Your *friend*, Dudley."

Her husband's name, her husband's hand. She stood in his home where she thought that she had made him happy, and read his mad words to another woman. Her heart became as a stone.

She was reading, her face white and drawn, her cold fingers trembling on the sheet, when he entered the hall with his own key. He entered with a smile which curdled on his lips, but he tried to speak easily.

"Well, Dodie, how was the function?"

"Did you write that?" said she.

Mechanically he took the letter. He ran his eye down the bold, neat, small script that was like no one else's, and his color turned brick-red.

"How did you get this?" said he, sternly.

"Johanna this minute picked it up in the hall just as it is. Did you write it?"

Again he did not answer. His teeth met viciously, and his lip curled over them. "Damn her!" he muttered between the clenched teeth.

For a second on her part his wife was silent; in truth, she had not the power to speak. The room was reeling about her, and presently his words reached her as if from a long distance.

"This is *horrible!* I don't suppose I can ever explain to you, but it isn't—it isn't quite so infernal as it looks. I have been a fool and a villain to ever let that—*devil* fool me into talking such rot to her, and—I admit she had a kind of attraction; she piqued, she interested, she excited me, and—and she was so unhappy. I don't suppose any woman can understand how I could go on like that, and yet at the bottom of my heart love my wife better a thousand times than anything on earth. Dodie, don't look at me that way; it—it was all over a long while ago; it's because she hates me, now I've mustered strength enough to break away from her, that she has taken this devilish revenge. She threatened she would let you know, and do it so you could never guess who she was. I thought she wouldn't dare—"

"Who is it?" said Dorothy, in a frozen voice.

HE WAS walking up and down the hall in an agitation that she had never seen in him. Why should she, of a sudden, recall the day before election—an election that meant much to him—and the way he leaned back in his chair and smoked his cigars to the stump while a frantic trio of followers took turns at the telephone receiving dispatches? She could see his face, a little pale rather than flushed in the white electric blaze, and the lock of brown hair dropping over his eyebrow, and his blue eyes still as steel in shadow. His hair had not changed except to darken a little; hers grew gray at forty. Often she thought that he looked younger than she, although he was five years older. She thought so, suddenly, irrelevantly, to-day; thought so between the spasms that were racking her soul. How light-hearted he had been that day about the election! How young he had seemed! Was it because he was so young that he had let his fancy stray? Were men that way? She had heard women say as much, but she had been so secure.

"Who is it?" she repeated.

He flung himself on a settle and glared at his boots.

"I wish to God I could tell you," he groaned. "I'd like to make a clean breast of the whole damn foolishness, but—of course I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, I look cheap enough in this business, but I'm not absolutely a cad. Dodie, I can't throw her overboard because she has thrown me, you know."

Really, she was trying to think; that was why she did not speak. But he misunderstood her.

"I dare say you think it is little enough atonement for my treating you that way to own it all up," he began; "but don't you see I—I *can't?* She has counted on my keeping quiet, and—it's enough to drive a man into any beastly revenge to have to deal with such a fiend. But all the same I can't go back on her after—you can see; *can't* you see I have to keep her secret?"

Mrs. Osburne had locked her hands together until the rings dented the soft fingers, but she did not know it; she was so busy trying to think. "One must be cool, and think," she said; "one must not be hasty, for there will be plenty of time to suffer afterward; now I must be quite calm." For any outward sign she was calm. Her voice was like ice as she said:

"I know men and women have different notions of honor. It is not dishonorable for a man to break his wife's heart by giving the love he promised to her to another woman who happens to be younger and more beautiful—" Osburne made an impatient gesture, then let his head fall on his breast, while his eyes grew dogged—"but it is dishonorable for him when that other woman, his—"

"*No!*" thundered Osburne.

"His friend taunts his wife with her failure to keep her husband's affections, and makes her suspect innocent women—her own friends. It is dishonorable for him to do anything to defeat her own plot! You do not seem to think that until I know who this—this friend of yours is I shall be suspecting *my* friends—every one that was here. I shall be trying to imagine which one, *which* one can lure men, who is so fascinating and so wicked. Dudley, do you see to what you are condemning me? I have lost my husband; you might let me keep my friends!"

"YOU have not lost your husband," said Dudley, with passion, and he tried to take her hand. She did not repel him; she only shivered, and he dropped his own hand as if stung. But he went on in a tone which he forced to be as steady and colorless as her own. "I give you my word of honor, Dorothy, that there is nothing between that woman and me except the memory of a rank infatuation, of which I am ashamed to the dregs of my soul, and she knows it, and resents it and hates me accordingly. She knows I have come back to you—"

"For how *long?*" said Dorothy, bitterly.

"Forever," said he, firmly, although he winced. "I love you better than I ever loved anybody. Oh, can't you understand that a man may be a fool and yet not be utterly base? These skin-deep passions, what do they mean, anyhow? Only an infernal craving after a new kind of excitement, or an infernal response to a contemptible appeal to a man's vanity, or—you are too good to understand; but if you could only believe that I never, no matter what a fool I have made of myself, I never for one instant ceased to be sure that you were the sweetest, the loveliest, the dearest woman in the world!"

Somehow the words faltered off his tongue at the look in her eyes.

"No," she said, quietly, "I *can't* understand. I think we would better not talk any more about it now, Dudley. I have to think."

He looked at her, and there was a grim and grotesque humor to her in his bewilderment. He who was so skilled in every social artifice and art, who had so much tact, who was so ready and supple that she admired him with a squeamish tremor of her conscience, how miserable did he appear! He was recklessly crumpling the tails of his coat. He had to pull himself together somehow, for the butler came in, and they had their audience before they had decided on their play.

Then she must go down to dinner. It seemed ghastly to be eating and drinking and talking glibly about the Nixons' burst water-pipes. But she couldn't burst into tears before the butler. It was at dinner that the dispatch came summoning him West on business which she knew to be important. They had only a moment alone together—a moment during which she was able to keep herself from looking at him.

"I only want to say one thing." (She found herself thinking of his voice and of how he used to teach her to drop the key when one would be suddenly impressive. Was that wonderful mellow cadence now all art?) "In spite of everything against me, I love you, my wife, as much as it is in my nature to love, and I have loved you more all the time. I really did love you all the time, even when I was the worst idiot in the world."

"Good-by," she said, not moving toward him, not looking at him. She did not need to refuse his hand, for he had not extended it. He simply stood, his arms at his side, looking at her with imploring eyes. She could not answer him. "Good-by," she said. He made as if to go, but turned on his heel and faced her again and said, in a low tone:

"You will not do anything—definite—before you see me again?"

"No," said she.

"Because, putting me entirely aside, there are the children."

That was all. "Yes," said she. He went away. No word came to her. Did he suffer? She did not know; she was too much occupied with her own suffering to question much. She had loved him so implicitly, so proudly. And now he was only like the other men whom worldly wise old women liked to talk about, carelessly condoning and criticizing at once. He had been a Galahad to her, and he was only a shabby sort of Launcelot. She felt a sick recoil from her own imaginings; it all seemed so squalid. Was a man like that? Did he tire of his wife simply because her affection was securely his and he knew all about it? Men sometimes tired of wine and took to drinking whisky to get a stronger stimulant. Perhaps that was it.

IT WAS not that she was unkind to him. Hadn't she studied his every habit to make him comfortable, as well as his every trick of taste or thought? Hadn't she been as interested in his career as he himself? Hadn't she tried to lift herself to the level of his highest ideal—to be the comrade of his soul? Oh, she had, she had! And over and over he had assured her that she shared his every hope and ambition; yes, and temptation, for no public man is without a host of siren chances pleading with him to compromise with expediency. He used to laugh and tell her, "If I ever need a bracer, you give it to me, Dodie." Was that why he was tired of her? Was she too austere? Had he gone to an easier conscience which could flatter him more adroitly? Did he weary of high moral altitudes, just as weak hearts can't bear mountain air? Or was it simply that he wanted more than she could give him—flattery, caresses, amusement, fresh sensations of any kind? Or—but she would not remember the hideous things that she had heard. A man did not *need* to be so different from a woman.

Her soul was buffeted from one torturing perplexity to another. There were times when it seemed more unbearable to believe that through it all he had kept a sort of tepid affection in his heart for her, than if he had honestly lost his love and gone to another woman for comfort. There were times when she felt it a more intolerable insult that he should have this contemptuous and brutal passion than if he had loved her rival reverently, as he once had loved his wife.

"To be unfaithful to me for such a creature!" she had sobbed in her dreadful nights. "I might have lost his heart, and yet I might have been able to respect *him!*"

There were times when she despised her husband. There were times when she despised herself, and was eager to put herself in the wrong; to find excuse for him in her own failure as a wife. "I was too stupid," she would cry; "I took myself and him and everything too seriously. And I took it too much for granted that he was as true as I. I didn't fascinate him as I ought. He used to complain that I was cold, but oh, I did love him better all the time!"

She had a simple, direct nature, and it was impossible for her in her calmest moments to comprehend the workings of a complex and pleasure-loving temperament whose very power of sympathy is a danger. It would have been impossible for her to play the coquette for a moment. She could not understand how, without real intention, her husband might drift into a sentimental friendship with a woman who posed as unhappy, and how the sentimental friendship might insensibly drift further into something dangerous. And it was the inevitable quality of her own trust and faithfulness that she did not know how to forgive, because she could not comprehend. Plan after plan she made to save appearances,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 38]

What Might Have Been an American Colony

By Edward A. Steiner

AN ARAB GATEWAY

THE WHITE MOSQUE

IN THE ARAB QUARTER

INTERIOR OF A MOORISH VILLA

TEA-TIME

PARLOR IN A MOORISH VILLA

AN ALGERIAN BEAUTY

A WEDDING PROCESSION

A DUSKY ALGERIAN

ALFRED D. BURTON

IN THE late war with Spain the whole world was startled by the expeditious manner in which the American navy destroyed two of the enemy's fleets. Yet this was not the first time the naval power of the United States has been displayed in foreign waters. Many years ago there was an incident in which the war-ships of this country played a part rivaling in boldness and brilliancy the recent attack of Dewey in Manila Bay, and creating almost as profound an influence on the European nations.

THE sultans of Algeria early in the sixteenth century began the profitable, if not dangerous, business of sailing into their neighbors' harbors, or meeting them upon the highways of the seas, taking ships, cargoes, sailors and passengers, and calling them their own. The ships were used for further pirating, the cargoes sold to the highest bidder, while the sailors and passengers became slaves, enduring the most humiliating servitude. Thus for two centuries Algeria was a menace to commerce and an unconquerable foe. France, Spain and England sent out their navies, only to see them return badly beaten and humiliated, after which nearly all the nations involved decided that it was cheaper to pay tribute to this piratical power than to fight it, and so millions of dollars were poured annually into the coffers of the sultans, who grew more and more insolent and barbarous. The consuls of the great nations were insulted or blown from the mouths of cannons, and traders were enslaved in such numbers that in 1646 there were no less than twenty thousand white slaves in Algeria, among whom were thousands of English people, and later a large number of Americans.

ARAB VILLAGE AT THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

In 1785, our trade in the Mediterranean having increased in a remarkable degree, two of our vessels were captured by these pirates. From 1785 to 1795 fifteen vessels were so captured, and over one hundred officers and a proportionate number of sailors thrown into slavery. In 1795 a disgraceful treaty was concluded, by which we were compelled to pay over one million dollars ransom-money, and an annual tribute of twenty-three thousand dollars.

THE Dey of Algeria was reluctant to make peace even at this price, for, said he, sternly and logically, "If I conclude peace with everybody, what shall I do with my pirates?"

In 1812 the Dey under some pretext declared war war upon the United States, captured more American vessels, and made more American slaves. This time the President and Congress felt the necessity of speedy action, so that three weeks after the declaration of war Commodore Decatur and "three wooden wash-tubs" reached the mighty fortress of Gibraltar, where he met the Algerian flag-ship carrying forty-four guns. He dealt with it as Dewey dealt with the Spanish fleet, in just as short a time, and with just as little ado about it. The same day

he met another ship, manned by six hundred men, captured her, pirates and all, and sailed into the harbor of Algiers. The insolent Dey offered resistance, but upon hearing of the Yankee valor, the destruction of his best ship and the capture of another he came on board the flag-ship, and signed a treaty of peace by which the order of things was somewhat reversed. First he had to release all the prisoners, second pay for all the damage he had wrought on American property, and third relinquish forever his claim upon the tribute-money. Commodore Decatur could have obtained more had he so desired, for the Dey was thoroughly frightened and submissive. In those days we had no expansion ideas, so the Commodore left Algiers, paid a short, sharp visit to the Sultan of Tunis, who had to pay forty-six thousand dollars for allowing the English to capture our ships in his harbor. From there he went to Tripoli, another culprit state, where he demanded and received twenty-five thousand dollars for a similar injury. Thus loaded with money and glory the Commodore returned to the United States, receiving ovations at all the Mediterranean ports, where Yankee pluck had made a strong impression; for this insignificant naval power had accomplished in almost a day what the combined powers of Europe had failed to do in centuries!

THE visitor to Algiers who sees its glittering French boulevards, its peaceful harbor filled by the merchant-vessels of the world, scarcely realizes that a century ago his landing here would have meant slavery or death. The only English or American residents permitted in Algiers were fated to toil in chains, working on this very harbor, rowing the heavy galleys of their day, and finally to be buried like dogs without care or ceremony.

The bagnios and slave-prisons have all disappeared; mosques, cemeteries and narrow streets have been destroyed; the fierce corsairs have given place to the French Zouaves; electric-cars skirt the sea-shore, and the government building stands upon the site of the large slave-prison close to the magnificent "Great Mosque."

The life of Algiers seems now much like that of Paris, except for the occasional flitting by of the Moorish women, veiled heavily, wearing white, flowing pantaloons; or the passing of companies of Arabs, who, with guttural speech and much gesticulation, remind you that you are in Africa and not in Europe. But there is one quarter of the city still undisturbed by the hands of the French civilizers. Here narrow, winding streets lead up and down, and narrow, carved gateways admit you inhospitably into the retreats of Arabs—the old pirate strongholds from which they went forth to their inglorious warfare. The streets are crowded by their descendants, who seem neither fierce nor brave, but simply picturesque and lazy. "They toil not, neither do they spin," nor do they sew or cobble shoes, but let the European cobble their shoes, sew their garments, and make their scant furniture. They are now sellers of fresh eggs and ancient curios, and spread themselves picturesquely on some street-corner or in their little shops, lazily smoke a cigarette, and wait for the unwary tourist who is now the sole victim of these descendants of bloodthirsty corsairs.

ABOVE the city, nestling upon terraces where flowers and vines run riot, are the villas, the finest specimens of Moorish architecture that can be seen outside the Alhambra. The houses, dazzlingly white, are buried beneath roses, Virginia creepers, orange begonias, lilac-bushes and tall, garish geraniums. One of these villas, the finest of them, the Château Hydra, a favorite summer palace of the Dey, is now the residence of the Governor of Algeria. In its mixture of Oriental beauty and European comfort it seems an ideal summer residence. With its magnificent court, its long arcades, its characteristic arches and twisted marble columns there is but one thing lacking to us who so love the sunshine; we miss the windows, for here they are small and few, never opening upon the street, but into the secluded garden of the harem.

There are many of these beautiful villas, testimonies to the wealth and good taste of the former lords of the land whose palaces are now tenanted by prosaic lung-troubled Englishmen or domineering Frenchmen.

The museum is chiefly interesting because of its architecture, its glittering tile, and its ghastly plaster cast of the martyr Geronimo, a Moorish lad, who became a Christian, living a zealous life full of hardship and cruel torture, and dying a most horrible death. He was thrown alive into a liquid block of concrete, which was used afterward in building the wall of the fortress. This tradition of the youthful martyr has been verified in a singularly correct way, for in demolishing this wall the block was found with the impression of the body in exactly the same position as indicated by the story.

THE Arab cemeteries are close to their mosques, and a visit to them is most interesting, especially on Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, for then the women come dressed in their best and gayest for their weekly picnic. Here by the graves of their friends they weep a little, wail much, and enjoy themselves hugely, and then return to their secluded homes, waiting anxiously for the next picnic day.

There is much in Algiers for eye and ear. Its mixture of Orient and Occident, being neither Africa nor Europe, and its strange history make it an attractive place of pilgrimage for every one. But to the patriotic American it is especially interesting, for this magnificent city with its wealth of country behind it was once at the mercy of Yankee soldiers, and had that historic event occurred a century later it is just possible that the Stars and Stripes would be floating over this pirate stronghold. We sail away from it with at least this impression, that nearly a century of American rule would have been far more beneficial to this country than French rule has been.

HIS VALENTINES

By Madeline S. Bridges

TO MAUD I'll send a valentine
All tinsel, bows and gilded lace;
She's such a young sweetheart of mine
That gifts like these will be in place;
She'll dance for joy, because, you see,
My sweetheart Maud is only three!

To my old sweetheart, grandma dear,
I'll send a parcel, trim and neat;
Contents I need not mention here—
Something to wear, or drink, or eat;
No matter! She'll consider it
The valentine for her most fit.

For quiet May I'll buy and send
A pretty book to read betimes
(She my good comrade is, and friend);
To saucy Lil some saucy rhymes;
To Ethel flowers; and then—ah, well,
To her whose name I will not tell,

Whose tender eyes before me shine,
Whose sweet face haunts me, angel-fair,
I dare not write a valentine.
I breathe, instead, a trembling prayer
(So dear she is, so far apart),
And send her, silently, my heart!

THE MAN WHO RAN AT SAN JUAN HILL

By Albert Bigelow Paine

THE night express came to a full stop. There was a prolonged sound of escaping steam, then silence. Even the rain that had been dashing against the panes for the last hundred miles or so had ceased. In the day-coach one or two passengers who were awake looked out and found deep black woods that looked straight up to where a few stars were showing. The drowning rain that had continued here for a week or more was at an end. Presently the moon appeared.

The fresh air in the coach awakened others. A few began to talk in low voices, as if fearing to disturb the sleepers who breathed heavily about them. Some one began peeling an orange, and the pungent, sweet odor filled the coach. A baby woke up and cried grievingly.

Half way down the coach a man in a seat by himself leaned forward against the next seat, his head in his arms. A few seats ahead of him sat two men in soldier dress. These had awakened and were talking. One, who was slim and rather dark, said, sleepily:

"What d'y' s'pose they're stoppin' for, Bill, anyway?"

The other, a stouter, light-haired man, yawned.

"Dunno; washout, likely."

The conductor entering just then with a lantern confirmed this opinion. A small bridge had been weakened—it would require an hour to repair it. He lingered a moment to talk with the soldiers. "I suppose you fellows are anxious to get home now," he said.

The slim, dark man nodded. The stout soldier laughed. "Of course!" he said. "But we can take our time. When a fellow's been up San Juan Hill and come out alive he can afford to wait a little fer other things."

Behind them the man leaning forward in his arms started. Perhaps he was just waking. Other passengers awoke, too, and sat up to listen. The conductor was interested. "So you were at San Juan?" he said. "Pretty hot there, wasn't it?"

"Hot enough fer me." This from the slim man.

"How did it feel, anyway, to have the bullets coming right at you? Didn't you feel like you wanted to get out o' there?"

The man behind moved uneasily in his arms. No doubt he wanted to sleep, and was not interested. The stout soldier laughed again as he answered:

"You're mighty right! If I'd ever got turned around I'd been runnin' yet!"

Several people in the coach laughed softly. The man with his head in his arms uttered something like a smothered groan. Why didn't they let him sleep?

"Did anybody run?" asked the conductor.

The slim soldier opened his lips to reply, but laughed instead. His comrade laughed, too.

"Did anybody run?" he echoed at last. "Well, we didn't see but one, but he run fast enough fer the whole regiment." Then they laughed again, and others who were awake joined them; all but the man leaning forward with his head in his arms. He only writhed uneasily, and groaned as one tortured. But no one noticed him.

"You ought to seen him," put in the slim soldier. "A jack-rabbit would be a fool compared to that fellow. He made a regular crack in the atmosphere, didn't he, Bill?"

"You bet! He only hit the high places."

"And d'y' remember how scared he looked?"

"Scared! He looked like he'd been dead fer a week!"

Most of the passengers were awake by this time, and laughing. The man with the bowed head only shrank down into his shoulders, and clinched his hands.

"What did they do to him?" The conductor took up his lamp to go, and the soldiers arose to follow. They also would look after the progress of the work. The slim soldier answered. "Oh, nothin'," he said; "jes' let him go. I reckon he's still goin' somewhere."

They left the coach. The passengers behind talked of the war in subdued tones. Many opened windows to look out. The man with bowed head shivered. Perhaps he was cold. By and by the soldiers stalked in again, laughing. The train moved on slowly through the deep woods. The warm summer air came in, and the smell of wet trees. Those who had awakened slept. Only the man with bowed head moved now and then uneasily.

The train ran very slowly through the night, coming now and then almost to a standstill. Then at last it increased its speed a little. Then a little more. By and by a roar as of a waterfall came in at the open windows. Almost at the same instant a rending, tearing crash—a scream of some one waking—a falling away of all beneath, and then about, above and below—from every side it came—the choking, drowning water.

A moment later there were struggling forms on the surface of the moonlit river. A few with presence of mind were dragging themselves through the open windows to air and life above the flood. One man, a strong swimmer, reached the shore and helped two others up the bank. They were the two soldiers. The man who aided them plunged back to save others. He caught another man just on the point of exhaustion and pushed him to where the soldiers could reach him. Then he seized a woman by the hair and dragged her to the bank. A babe's white dress floated to the surface just then and he struck out for it. The current dragged it under for an instant, then threw it once more into the moonlight. The swimmer pulled toward it fiercely. He seized it just as it was being dragged under again. Then he turned toward the shore, but he was very tired, and the current was resistless. The soldiers watching him saw how he battled for life—his own life and the babe's. They ran down the flood, calling to him helplessly. When he disappeared they stood watching the water.

It was daylight when they found him below the rapids. He was still holding the babe. The river was tired of them. The slim soldier turned the drowned man's face to the light. He stared an instant, then he said:

"Bill! Lord God, Bill! Look!"

The stout soldier leaned forward.

"Lord God! Yes!" he echoed. "It's him!"

It was the man who had run at San Juan.

TO A ROBIN IN MIDWINTER

By Clinton Scollard

O THOU that art Spring's lyric harbinger
And Joy's interpreter,
Why dost thou dare
This bleak, inhospitable air?
Some sinister sorcery, some malignant spell,
Must have allured thee from the tropic dell,
Where thy blithe comrades dwell.
Sooth, were the season otherwise,
With tender glints of promise in the skies,
We were not stirred to wonder; but no star
Now shines save those that are oracular
Of menace multifold and multiform—
Of all the wild endangerments of storm!

Ah! had the year but run
A shadow nearer to the procreant sun,
Then were our hail not thus remonstrative!
For oh, the flutter of thy wing doth give
The eye rapt glimpses through the back-swung door
Of long-evanished Spring, where the green floor
Is sown with pale hepaticas, and enscrolled
With noon-bright cowslip-gold!
Then with all heaped endearments would we bid
Thee linger in the maple-tops, half hid,
And pour us of thy sweet song plentitude
For heartening of our mood.

But now, but now, lest thou shouldst come no more,
Oh, flee this rigorous, this inconstant shore!
Return awhile
To where the verdurous sea doth wide enisle
Some little sun-lit plot of velvet sward.
There, with flute-clear accord,
Thy feathered clan matutinal music raise;
Join thou their jubilate! Swell their praise!

Albeit our lorn and longing hearts are fain
To have thee now remain,
'Twould be thy dark undoing; so take wing,
And when thou com'st again, *bring back the Spring!*

THE HAUNTED YARD

By Bourdon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

THE placing of Santa Rosa's railroad-yard in the cemetery was not a freak of the locating engineer's. The town is situated on a range of high, rock hills that end abruptly against the Rio Concho; and the engineer having with no little difficulty brought the line of the railroad along the narrow strip of level land lying between the precipitous termination of the hills and the river, found that the only spot wherein he could locate the yard within reach of the town was a semi-circle bit of level ground where the hills shrank back from the river—territory already occupied by defunct Santa Rosanos.

Of course, the citizens of the place protested against the proposed desecration of the graves of their ancestors, but the railroad was victorious, as railroads generally are, and those ancestors now lie beneath the ties of the yard-tracks. The yard is now almost as quiet and devoid of life as in the days before the invasion of the railroad; its tracks are almost empty of cars, and the road-engines do all the switching that is required. But in the construction days of the road it was the scene of feverish activity. Track-laying material was then being rushed to the "front" with restless energy, and the tracks were constantly filled with cars. It boasted both a day and a night yard-crew, and Santa Rosa was division headquarters.

"It was the 'back-up' signal"

The engineer of the night-crew was genial, kind-hearted "Dad" Thomas, a man who boasted that he had never had either a serious wreck or a genuine enemy. It was known to all who cared to listen that Dad had served his apprenticeship on the "Q." His one peculiarity was a detestation of the gentler sex, and his comrades observed that he shunned the dark-eyed señoritas as though they were emissaries of the Evil One.

DAD'S fireman was Dick Haynes, a sunny-natured, fun-loving, handsome young fellow, who sought out pretty girls as diligently as Dad avoided them. He had picked up a smattering of Spanish since coming to Mexico, and he was a graceful dancer; and having a clear, not unmusical baritone voice that mingled well with the twanging of guitar-strings, he easily won his way into the exclusive society of Santa Rosa's four hundred.

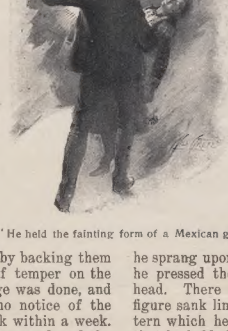
In the course of time it became rumored that he was engaged to marry one of the young ladies of this set, and that he intended to quit the road and settle down to the stagnated life of a provincial Mexican. But with a bit more of emphasis than was necessary he denied having any such intentions.

"I quit the road, Dad!" he exclaimed. "Not until I am shoved off with a discharge check, you may be sure of that."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my boy," said Dad, "for I don't want anybody but you firin' for me. I was gettin' uneasy about you, though, for you can't count on what a fellow'll do when he gets his orders from a woman. It's always a woman that brings the trouble, my boy," he went on, in a fatherly tone, "and you'd better let these Mexican girls alone; they're as slippery as a greasy track an' no sand in the box. The day-men tell me one of 'em has been hangin' round the yard for a week or so, lookin' like she was tryin' to learn the business. Wonder who she's layin' for? Not you, I reckon, or she'd come while you are on duty."

"*Quien sabe?*" Dick replied, carelessly; "not me, as you say. And you needn't worry about me, Dad; I'm all right, and no woman's goin' to get me into trouble."

"Don't be too sure of that," Dad rejoined, and then relapsed into silence.



"He held the fainting form of a Mexican girl"

A few nights after this conversation occurred Dad wrecked a number of cars by backing them over an open switch. Beyond the loss of temper on the part of the switchmen but little damage was done, and the superintendent would have taken no notice of the matter had not Dad made another wreck within a week. In the second wreck several cars were damaged and the main line was blocked for several hours, thus delaying a passenger-train and arousing the ire of the superintendent.

The yard-crew was peremptorily ordered to report to the superintendent and explain the wrecks. The accidents had occurred so near together, and being of the same character the superintendent was inclined to the belief that they were the result of carelessness, and he was not kind in his manner when the men gathered in his office.

Dad's statement was the first called for. It was brief. In both instances he had backed up in response to signals from the switchmen, and the moon had not afforded sufficient light either time for him to see that the switch was open.

"Haynes, did you see the signals?" the superintendent asked.

"Yes, sir; saw them both times. They were all right," Dick replied.

But the switchmen denied positively having given such signals. When the wrecks occurred they were, in both instances, spending a few moments of leisure time in the telegraph-office, they said, and the evidence of the night operator confirmed them in their statements.

SOMEWHAT mystified by the conflicting evidence, the superintendent sent the men back to their duties, but with the warning that should another wreck occur all concerned would be given thirty days without pay in which to recuperate their failing faculties. In spite of this warning the third wreck occurred that night, and the entire crew was at once suspended for thirty days.

Again both Dad and Dick asserted that they had seen "back-up" signals, and again did the switchmen deny having made them. Bad feeling began to grow up between the men, and they almost came to blows. To prevent a row Dad persuaded Dick to accompany him on a trip down the road, and packing their grips they went on the first train. Another set of men took the yard that night, but the change did not put an end to the trouble. The new men had been at work less than a week when another wreck occurred. The superintendent was now thoroughly exasperated; he again changed the men, but with no better results.

About this time some one happened to remember that the yard stood in the old cemetery, and the more superstitious of the men at once ascribed the constantly recurring wrecks to supernatural agencies. Evidence of the correctness of this belief was not long wanting. One of the new switchmen rushed into the telegraph-office one night, and in tones of extreme fright declared that he had just seen the ghost. He was crossing the lower end of the yard, he said, when he saw a man, as he supposed, step to the center of a track immediately in front of a rapidly moving car. He closed his eyes to shut out the horrors of the scene, and when he again opened them the car had passed on, but the man was still standing, unharmed, where he had before seen him. The next moment he was gone, and the switchman had not seen him go. Other men saw dark figures flitting about the yard, and some saw mysterious lights that would suddenly disappear upon being approached.

In the course of time these tales of ghostly visions reached the ears of the superintendent. That official was not in the least superstitious, nevertheless he listened with deep interest to the stories; they gave a new direction to his thoughts, with the result that he slipped his revolver into his pocket one moonless night, and set out for the yard. Upon reaching his destination he crouched behind a pile of ties, where he had an unobstructed view of several of the tracks, and began waiting and watching for the coming of the ghost.

THE hours dragged slowly by; midnight came, and beginning to think himself a simpleton, the superintendent was about to leave his place of concealment and go home, when a slender, dark figure seemed to rise from out the earth but a few feet away. There was a moment of inaction, then the figure drew a lighted lantern from beneath its dark covering, and began whirling it rapidly in the air. It was the "back-up" signal.

The superintendent did not hesitate; he sprang upon the figure, and clutching it by the throat, he pressed the cold muzzle of his revolver against its head. There was a shrill, hysterical shriek, and the figure sank limp into his arms. By the light of the lantern which he hastily picked up the superintendent saw that he held the fainting form of a Mexican girl.

He gazed with surprise into the girl's pretty face for a moment; then he recovered himself, and gathering her in his arms, he carried her to the telegraph-office. A dash of cold water in her face restored her to consciousness. Then she sat up and gazed in a dazed way into the faces of the wondering men who had gathered in a circle around her. She seemed at first to not remember what had happened, but when memory returned she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Who is this girl, Haynes?"

THE news that the superintendent had captured the ghost spread quickly over the yard, and reached the ears of Dad and Dick as they stepped from a train that had just arrived. Wondering what it meant, they made their way to the telegraph-office, and pushed through the men standing in the doorway. The girl slowly withdrew her hands from her face, and through her tears gazed appealingly at Dad. Then her eyes fell on Dick, who was staring with amazement at her, and with a look of unutterable relief and gladness she sprang to her feet and threw her arms about his neck.

"*A Dios, Ricardo mio!*" she cried. "It was for you that I did it, *mi querido*, and you will not let them harm me; say that you will not!" She spoke rapidly, in a mixture of Spanish and English.

Dad was staring in open-mouthed amazement at the girl, and Dick was blushing furiously.

"No, no, they will not harm you," Dick at length stammered. "But what is it you have done, Luisita, and why are you here?"

"She has caused all the wrecks we have been having in the yard," the superintendent said, sternly. "Who is this girl, Haynes, and what do you know about her?"

"What! She cause the wrecks!" Dick exclaimed, in utter astonishment. "Surely you are mistaken, sir. Why, she is Señorita Luisa, the daughter of Don Ramon Balmaceda."

"I can't help who she is; she has been giving the misleading signals that caused the wrecks. I caught her at it," the superintendent replied.

Dad's hand struck his leg with an "I-told-you-so" thwack.

"And she has just said that she did it for you, Haynes. Can you explain that?" the superintendent asked.

"No, sir, I can't," faltered Dick. "What is it you have been doing, Luisita?" he asked the girl, who contentedly was nestling against his shoulder. "Come, sit here beside me and tell me all about it." There was a note of angry impatience in his voice, and the girl detected it.

"Ah! Now you are angry with me!" she cried, her tears starting afresh. "*Por amor de Dios*, did not I do it for you? Did not you tell me that we could not be married until you were an engineer?"

"WHAT has that to do with the wrecks you have been causing?" Dick asked, his face turning scarlet as a snicker ran around the room.

"*Ricardo mio*, do not be angry with me," the girl pleaded, piteously. "Did not you tell me that when an engineer has a—what do you call it? *Ah, si*—a wreck, two, three wrecks, he is discharged? And then the fireman is made engineer in his place, is it not? It was not easy for me to learn to make the signal, and—"

"Do you believe I put her up to such devil's work?"

But Dick, now white-faced, was on his feet and facing his engineer.

"Dad, do you believe I put her up to such devil's work?" he screamed.

"No, no, my boy," Dad replied, soothingly; "I don't even think it. Why, ain't she a woman? And don't such work come naturally to a woman? Now, don't you trouble about me; you've enough on your hands without that?"

"Yes, I think you have, Haynes," the superintendent remarked, gravely; "it is your duty to this young lady—but never mind that now. You had better escort her to her home and you can report to me in my office in the morning. She does not realize what she has been doing," he went on, turning to the other men, "and the least said about her the better I shall be pleased."

The superintendent was a man as quick to act as to think, but his actions gave the men no clue to what was then transpiring in his mind. They were partially enlightened a few weeks later when Dick's promotion to the position of engineer was followed closely by his marriage to the charming and happy Luisa. But they knew nothing of the heavy damage suit against the road that was then pending in the court over which Don Ramon Balmaceda was the presiding judge.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

By Marco Morrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT D. BLASHFIELD

"BUT I may count on you?" Tom asked. "You know you promised."

"Yes," I replied, "I promised, and I'll keep my promise. I'll be your best man. Not that I wouldn't like to get out of it," I went on; "but you insist, and I suppose that—"

"Oh, come now," said Tom, "don't go in for cynicism; that's cheap. Of course, I'm willing to admit that from your point of view, perhaps, Dorothy Melton may have treated you badly enough, but I wouldn't curse the whole sex, and rail at matrimony, and all that. You'll get over it in time, you know."

Tom is an old friend, and allows himself liberties. I kept my head, and replied calmly:

"I am not cynical, and I'm not 'railing' at matrimony. Moreover, that little affair with the young woman you mention, which I have quite forgotten—"

Tom smiled in a peculiarly trying manner.

"Which I have entirely forgotten"—I repeated.

"And will forget anew every day you live," said Tom.

"Has had nothing whatever to do with my determination to devote myself entirely to my profession. I have already frittered away entirely too much of my life on what we are pleased to call 'society.' But of course I'll keep my promise to you."

"Now look here, old man," Tom began; but he saw, I suppose, something in my face which warned him that I was not to be moved. At any rate he laughed and shrugged his shoulders, and then said:

"Here you are at last"

"Well, I'll count on you for best man. June seventh is the day, and I hope you won't find it such an awful bore as you seem to expect."

The marriage was to come off at Riverton, and I congratulated myself that the guests, with few exceptions, would be Riverton folk whom I did not know. I could do my duty by Tom, take a last farewell of butterfly society, and then settle down for good upon the career which I fondly hoped would end upon the supreme bench. I would work, and work hard. Dorothy Melton, with whom I quarreled six months ago, should never think that she had broken my heart, or shattered my life, or anything of that sort, for she hadn't. She simply had revealed to me the fickleness of her sex, and brought me to the realization that a career, after all, is the only thing that can really satisfy a man worth anything.

AS THE time of Tom's wedding approached I wrote him that I should run down to Riverton twenty-four hours in advance in order to attend to all the thousand and one duties which devolve upon the best man; but at the last moment my one really good client, a man rich and cranky, succeeded in getting so hopelessly involved in an injunction suit that nothing but immediate and earnest personal attention could keep him from going to jail for contempt of court. I saved him from that ignominy, but only after spending the entire morning of the wedding-day in court, and barely caught the last train by which I could reach Riverton in time for the ceremony. Tom and his friends would have to look after the details of the wedding which I was compelled to neglect.

I had forgotten that Uncle William Clarkson lived at Riverton, or I might have been prepared for him; but before the train had fairly stopped at the station Uncle William was at my side, grasping my hand and reaching for my bag. "Here you are at last," he was saying. "I've been at every train that came in to-day. You've got to go up to the house with me and get a little snack of something to eat before the wedding."

"Hi, there!"

"But Tom—" I interposed.

"Oh, that's all right," said Uncle William. "I've arranged it all with your friend Tom, and I'll have you at Christ Church in plenty of time for the wedding. So come along; your aunt's waiting for you."

Really, what could I do? I looked about helplessly, hoping that Tom or some of his friends would appear and lay claim to me, but Uncle William had evidently impressed upon them that he was going to have his own way with me, and they came not.

Of course, I should have been very glad to dine with Uncle William and Aunt Margaret, but when a fellow is going to be best man at his best friend's wedding, and has only two hours and a half before the ceremony, he is not exactly in the mood for visiting even his nearest and dearest relatives. I tried to say something of the kind to Uncle William, but he retorted:

"The face of—Dorothy Melton!"

"Oh, pshaw, now! There ain't a thing to do, and what's the use of your going to the hotel or to one of Tom's friends' houses where they are already running over with company? No use at all. Your Aunt Margaret will give you a nice little dinner right away, you can get on your wedding togs, and get to the church in plenty of time without any of the fuming and fussing the others will go through. There's a 'phone in the house; you can let Tom know you are here, and that's all that's necessary."

I remembered that I did not especially care to meet more people than was necessary, but still it was with some misgivings that I followed my chipper, and I am afraid somewhat officious, uncle to his new town house. At five o'clock I found myself in Aunt Margaret's front parlor.

UNCLE WILLIAM called up Tom by telephone, and after a few minutes' chat with him I felt somewhat reassured. Dinner was announced very early, and was soon over. As the clock chimed six I went up-stairs to make a hurried toilet. But where was my bag? I hurried downstairs again and put the question to Uncle William.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "we must have left it at the station!"

He hurried down town to fetch the bag, promising to return "before you know I'm gone;" but the minutes slipped away, and the carriage drove up to the gate before he got back. He finally came, however.

"Here you are," he said, as he handed me the bag. "Now, you want to hurry, young man, or you'll be late."

I fairly jumped into my clothes, trusting to luck for appearance. As I tied my cravat Uncle William tapped on the door.

"It's five minutes of seven!" he exclaimed.

I couldn't say exactly what I wanted to say, so I contented myself by giving the cravat a vicious twist. Three minutes later I dashed down the hall, threw a good-by at Aunt Margaret, and hurried into the yard.

The coachman was driving away.

"Hi, there!" shouted Uncle William from the front steps. "Hold on there, driver! Wilson, stop that hack!"

Wilson was evidently Uncle William's next-door neighbor. He was leisurely proceeding from his front gate to his own domicile. He turned around slowly and looked at the carriage and then at Uncle William.

"What for?" he asked. "What's the matter with it?"

"Hi, there, driver!" shouted Uncle William again, as I tore down the path.

The coachman drew in his horses with an air of impatient expectancy.

"What in the world do you mean?" cried Uncle William, puffing in anger, behind me.

"Yes, what *do* you mean," I echoed, "driving off without me?"

"Why, sir," said the evidently greatly puzzled coachman, with a nod of his head toward Mr. Wilson, "*he* said for—"

"Well, well, well!" cried Mr. Wilson, joining us on the sidewalk. "What does all this mean, anyway? What are you holding this carriage here for?"

Uncle William began saying something under his breath, but was checked by a feminine voice from the carriage.

"Driver," it asked, "what's the matter?"

"OH!" exclaimed Uncle William, a light breaking in upon him, "you've made a mistake here, Wilson. This is a carriage I ordered to take my nephew to the wedding."

"Oh, I guess not," said Mr. Wilson, bristling up more than ever. "This is a carriage I ordered to take my niece to the commencement."

The two men glared at each other like wild animals, and I turned from one to the other in hopeless perplexity.

"Drive on!" cried Mr. Wilson, and the driver drew up the reins.

"Hold on!" cried Uncle William, and the driver loosened the reins. He evidently enjoyed the situation.

The two men moved toward each other, and then Aunt Margaret came down the path, hastening to the untangling of Uncle William's mistakes, as she had been doing throughout their married life.

"This *is* a muddle," she said to Mr. Wilson, in her sweetest tones. "The stablemen have probably got the two orders confused."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Wilson, "but I've got the carriage."

"But see here," put in Uncle William, "Dick's best man, and he mustn't be late at the wedding."

"I can't help that," retorted Mr. Wilson. "My niece mustn't be late at the commencement, either."

"I'll tell you," cried Aunt Margaret, with sudden inspiration, "why can't they go together? The seminary is only a little ways beyond Christ Church. I know your niece won't object if I explain."

Aunt Margaret dashed out into the street toward the carriage, and I followed, wiping my moist brow, bewailing my wilting linen, and consumed with impatience.

In the next few seconds I heard Aunt Margaret making a hurried explanation which concluded with "Awfully good of you, I'm sure, but I knew you'd consent under the circumstances;" then the door was flung open, Uncle William gave me a push from behind, while Aunt Margaret murmured introductions, and I found myself stepping into a carriage which seemed filled with flowers and fluffy white stuff, from the midst of which peered the face of—Dorothy Melton!

"WHY—Dick—Mr.—" she cried, half rising from her seat.

I started back with a confused attempt at an apology, but Uncle William hastily slammed the door, and with a commanding "Drive lively now!" motioned the driver to start. The horses were off with a jump, and I sank into the seat opposite the young woman whom six months ago I had sworn never to see again.

It was the early dusk of what had been a perfect June day. The street-lamps were not yet lighted, but the bright moon shone in at the carriage windows, and I knew Dorothy could see my hot, flushed face and my nervousness and embarrassment.

"Miss Melton," I began, feeling that I must say something, "I'm extremely sorry to intrude upon you in this manner. I had no idea—"

"Oh, pray do not mention it," said Dorothy. "I am, of course, extremely glad to be of any service whatever to Mrs. Clarkson, and it would be too bad for you to be late at the wedding."

Dorothy was quite mistress of herself. She held a large bunch of roses in her arms, having gathered them up to make room for me; the color, which I think left her face for an instant when she saw it was I who climbed into her carriage, returned; her eyes sparkled, and never had she looked so lovely. What a fool, I thought, bitterly, what a fool I had been to quarrel with her.

"I found Tom in the vestry"

"It's to be quite a large wedding, I believe?" she said, turning her face full upon me.

The driver was evidently intent upon reaching the church in time. He turned a corner so sharply that just as I was about to stammer out a commonplace about the wedding we both were nearly thrown from our seats. Dorothy threw up her hand, her roses fell in confusion, and as I bent forward her dainty fingers lightly brushed my face—

"Oh, Dorothy! Dorothy!" I cried; and then—

I'M SURE that I couldn't tell what I said. I only know that the words I had been holding back, the love that I had been trying to stifle for six months, burst from me, and before we reached the next corner Dorothy lifted her shining eyes, and through tears said:

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" and I knew everything was right, and wished that Christ Church was twenty miles away.

The carriage pulled up at the church door in the nick of time, and dashed away again to leave Dorothy at the young ladies' seminary where she had been teaching for a few months.

I found Tom in the vestry, so supremely happy that he had not even noticed my tardiness—but, for that matter, I walked in the clouds all evening, and noticed nothing whatever that happened at his wedding, so we are quits on that score.

Dorothy and I will be married in September, and Uncle William, who insists that his "good management" brought it all about, has promised to set us up with a carriage of our own on the day of the wedding.

The Idiot at Home

By John Kendrick Bangs

Author of "Coffee and Repartee," "The House-Boat On the Styx," "Ghosts I Have Met," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. T. RICHARDS

XII.—SOME DOMESTIC INVENTIONS

"I THINK I'll give up the business of broking and go into inventing," said the Idiot one Sunday morning, as he and Mrs. Idiot and their friends sat down at breakfast. "There's not much money in stocks, but the successful inventor of a patent clothes-pin makes a fortune."

"I'd think twice about that before acting," observed Mr. Brief. "There may not be much money in stocks, but you can work eight hours a day, and get good pay, in a broker's office, while the inventor has to wait upon inspiration."

"True enough," said the Idiot; "but waiting on inspiration isn't a bad business in itself. You can play golf or read a rattling good novel, or go to a yacht-race while you wait."

"But where does the money come in?" asked Mr. Pedagog, his usual caution coming to the fore.

"Inspiration brings it with her," said the Idiot, "and by the barrel, too. What's the use of toiling eight hours a day for fifty weeks in a year for three thousands dollars when by waiting on inspiration in a pleasant way you make a million all of a sudden?"

"There's not much money in stocks"

"Well," smiled Mr. Pedagog, indulgently, "if you have the inspiration lassoed, as you might say, your argument is all right; but if you are merely going to sit down and wait for it to ring you up on the telephone, and ask you when and where you wish your barrels of gold delivered, I think it will be your creditors, and not fortune, who will be found knocking at your door. How are you going about this business, provided you do retire from Wall Street?"

"Choose my field, and work it," replied the Idiot. "For the present I should choose the home. That is the field I am most interested in just now. I should study its necessities, and endeavor to meet whatever these might demand with an adequate supply. Any man who stays around home all day will find lots of room for the employment of his talents along inventive lines."

"You've tried it, have you?" asked Mr. Brief.

"Certainly I have," said the Idiot, "though I haven't invented anything yet. Why, only last week I stayed home on Monday—wash-day—and a thousand things that might be invented suggested themselves to me."

"AS, FOR instance?" asked Mrs. Idiot, who was anxious to know of any possible thing that could mitigate the horrors of wash-day.

"Well, it wouldn't help *you* much, my dear," said the Idiot, "but the wash-lady would hail with unmixed delight a substitute for her mouth to hold clothes-pins in while she was hanging out the clothes. I watched Ellen in the yard for ten minutes that day, and it was pathetic. There she was, standing on her tiptoes, hanging innumerable garments on the line, her mouth full of clothes-pins, and Jimpsonberry's hired man leaning over the fence trying to shout sweet nothings in her ear. If she had had a nice little basket-hat on her head to hold the pins in she could have answered back without stopping her work every other minute to take them out of her mouth in order to retort to his honeyed sentiments."

Mrs. Idiot laughed. "Ellen finds time enough to talk and do the washing, too," she said. "I sometimes think she does more talking than washing."

"No doubt of it; she's only human, like the rest of us," said the Idiot. "But she might save time to do something else for us if she could do the washing and the talking at the same time. She may give up the washing, but she'll never give up the talking. Therefore, why not make the talking easier?"

"A nice little basket-hat on her head to hold the pins in"

"What you need most, I think," put in Mr. Brief, "is an instrument to keep hired men from leaning over the fence and distracting the attention of the laundress from her work. That would be a great boon."

"Not unless idleness is a great boon," retorted the Idiot. "Half the hired men I know would be utterly out of employment if they couldn't lean over a fence and talk to somebody. Leaning over a fence and talking to somebody forms seventy-five per cent of the hired man's daily labor. He seems to think that is what he is paid for. Still, any one who objects could very easily remedy the conversational detail in so far as it goes on over the fence."

"By the use of barbed wire, I presume," suggested Mr. Pedagog.

"By something far more subtle and delicately suggestive," rejoined the Idiot. "Hired men do not mind barbed-wire fences. They rather like them when they annoy other people. When they annoy themselves they know how to treat them. My own man Mike, for instance, minds them not at all. Indeed, he has taken my pruning-shears and clipped all the barbs off the small stretch of it we had at the rear end of our lot to keep him from climbing over for a short cut home."

"WITH what result?" asked Mr. Brief.

"With the result that I had to buy a new pair of pruning-shears," said the Idiot. "My Anti-Over-the-Fence-Gabber," he continued, "would involve certain complex details, but it would work. I should have an electric battery connected with the upper cable of the fence, and an operator stationed inside of the house, close to a key which would send some six hundred or seven hundred volts through the cable whenever needed. Then if I felt that Jimpsonberry's man was interfering with my laundress, as soon as he leaned over the fence I'd have the operator send him an electric notice to quit."

"A message?" said Mr. Pedagog.

"No, a plain shock. Two hundred volts as a starter, three hundred as a reminder, and the full seven hundred if necessary to make the hint plainer."

"That would be cruel," observed Mrs. Pedagog.

"Not wholly," said the Idiot. "It would be an advantage to the man himself in one way. Hired men have too little electricity in their systems, Mrs. Pedagog. If Jimpsonberry's man, for instance, would take all the electricity I'd give him and apply it to his work, Jimpsonberry's unpulled dandelions would not be such a constant menace to my lawn. I compel Mike to weed out my lawn every spring and autumn, but Jimpsonberry doesn't attend to his at all. He doesn't sleep on it, and so doesn't bother about it. Consequently, when his dandelions go to seed the seed is blown over into my grass, and every year I get an uninvited crop, which at a dollar a thousand would make me a millionaire."

"Why don't you apply your inventive genius to the discovery of a seedless dandelion?" asked the Lawyer. "It seems to me that would be the best solution of the dandelion problem."

"Because Jimpsonberry wouldn't have 'em if I discovered 'em," said the Idiot. "I judge from the millions he raises every year that he is satisfied with dandelions as they are. He's got enough for himself, and never makes any charge for those he gives to his neighbors."

There was a silence, broken only by the appreciation of Tommy as expressed by his method of eating a hot roll—noisily.

"I think a furnace-feeder would be a good thing, too," the Idiot continued in a moment. "My furnace is a chronic sufferer from indigestion because on some days it is gorged with coal and on others with ashes. Seems to me if I could get a month's time in which to concentrate my attention upon a furnace-feeder, I could devise some kind of a contraption that would evoke the enthusiastic love of the suburban resident in Arctic latitudes the world over."

"I have often thought of that possibility myself," observed Mr. Pedagog, his eyes fondly resting upon a steaming plate of griddle-cakes that had just been brought in. "But coal is a rebellious quantity. A furnace-feeder would need to be delicately adjusted, and coal cannot be handled with delicacy. It requires a chute rather than a tube. It must be manipulated with the shovel, not the sugar-tongs."

Finding out what is being cooked for dinner

"CORRECT," said the Idiot. "Therefore, *you* would experiment on a chute or a shovel, abandoning all idea of refining the coal. I, on the other hand, would experiment with the coal itself, Mr. Pedagog. Why not liquefy it, and let it drop automatically into the furnace through a self-acting spigot?"

"Liquefy coal?" asked Mr. Pedagog.

"Certainly," replied the Idiot. "We liquefy pretty nearly everything else. If liquid air, why not liquid coal? Everything we have in nature in these days can be apparently liquefied, and while I am not familiar with the process, I see no reason why a ton of coal should not be reduced to such a shape that it can be bottled. Once bottled and provided with an automatic dropper it could easily be adjusted so as to flow in proper quantities into the furnace at proper intervals."

"It would be very expensive. Do you know what a pint of liquid air costs?" demanded the Doctor.

"No," said the Idiot. "I neither breathe nor drink it. The plain old stuff is good enough for me, and cheap if you don't have to go to the mountains or the sea-shore to get your supply."

"Granting coal could be liquefied," the Doctor assented, "I venture to say that a ton of it would cost as much as five hundred dollars."

"I've no doubt it would," said the Idiot; "but I could afford a ton of coal at five hundred dollars if my scheme worked. A successful invention would make bread seem cheap at ten dollars a loaf. There's another thing I should put my mind on, and that is a method of cooking a cauliflower so that everybody in the house, as well as the neighbors, should not know that you are doing so," he continued. "I am particularly fond of cauliflower, but it is undeniable that in the process of cooking it becomes obtrusive almost to the point of ostentation. I've spoken about it many times. Mike, the gardener, to whom I've spoken on the subject, thinks the cauliflower itself, if sprinkled with *eau de Cologne* while growing, would cease to be obnoxious in the cooking; but that is too expensive a process. It would take a dozen cases of *eau de Cologne* to bring a single cauliflower to maturity. My son, Tommy, has stated that he thinks it might be boiled in Florida water instead of in the simple variety that comes from the pipes. A good suggestion for a small boy, but also expensive. Hired men and small boys do not think of the exchequer of the principal in their plans. They don't have to. Their allowance and wages are usually all velvet—an elegant vulgarism for surplus—and for my own part I have constantly to veto their little schemes for the betterment of my condition in order to have any condition at all left. But as for the arrangement of an odorless cauliflower-cooker, it is as simple as A B C, barring one or two complications."

"An electric notice to quit"

"I WISH you'd hurry up and invent it," cried Mrs. Idiot, with enthusiasm. "What are the main features of this simple contrivance?"

"I'd have a boiler, in the first place, in which to boil the animal," said the Idiot. "When the water was ready I'd clap the creature into it, and before it had time to remonstrate I'd fasten a hermetically sealed cover down over the top."

"But when you took it off the results would be overpowering," said Mr. Pedagog.

"No, my dear sir," said the Idiot, "for the simple reason that I should affix a cold-air box and a flue to the hermetically sealed boiler. Through the cold-air box fresh air would constantly flow into the boiler. Through the flue all the aromatic drawbacks of the cauliflower would be carried off through the chimney into the upper air. Anybody who wished to know whether we were going to have cauliflower for dinner or not would have to climb up to the roof and sniff at the chimney-top to find out."

"It *is* simple, isn't it, Mrs. Idiot?" Mrs. Pedagog said.

"Very," replied Mrs. Idiot. "Indeed, it seems so extremely simple that I should like to know where the complications lie."

"Where all the complications in cooking lie, my dear," said the Idiot, "in the cook. The chief complication would lie in getting a cook who could, or if she could, would, use the thing intelligently."

"I don't see," said Mr. Brief, drily, "I don't see but that what you ought to devote your time to, my dear Idiot, is the invention of an intelligent cook."

"Humph!" laughed the Idiot. "I may be an idiot, Mr. Brief, but I'm not an ass. There are some things that man may reasonably hope to accomplish—such as setting fire to the Hudson River, or growing butternuts on the summit of Mont Blanc—but as for trying to invent an intelligent cook who would stay in the country for more than two weeks for less than ten thousand dollars a year, that, sir, is beyond all the conceptions of the human mind."

"Ain't Bridget intelligent, pa?" asked Tommy.

Here was a complication, for Tommy liked to retail to Bridget the gossip of the day, and especially what "pa said."

"H'm—ah—oh, yes, indeed, she is, Tommy," the Idiot replied, with some embarrassment. "Very; she's been with us three months."

"How much do you pay her, pa?" asked the boy.

"Well," said the Idiot, "not more than fifteen hundred dollars a month. Just take another griddle-cake, my son, and remember that there are some things little boys should not talk about."

"Like tumpany bald heads?" lisped Mollie, complacently, her eye fixed upon Mr. Pedagog's shining dome.

"Precisely," observed Mr. Pedagog, appreciating the situation.

And while everybody else laughed the Idiot looked upon his children with a sternly affectionate face.

"My dear," said he to Mrs. Idiot, "I think it is time the babes got ready for Sunday-school."

[CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ISSUE]

GOD'S KIN

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THERE is no summit you may not attain,
No purpose which you may not yet achieve,
If you will wait serenely, and believe
Each seeming loss is but a step to'rd gain.
Between the mountain-tops lie vale and plain;
Let nothing make you question, doubt or grieve;
Give only good, and good alone receive;
And as you welcome joy, so welcome pain.

That which you most desire awaits your word;
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in.
Speak, and the strong vibrations shall be stirred;
Speak, and above earth's loud, unmeaning din
Your silent declarations shall be heard.
All things are possible to God's own kin.

HOPE

By Lisa A. Fletcher

O WEARY hearts, and sad! who silent grope
Amid the shadows of some wintry night,
Whose depths, alas! obscure the spirit's light,
Wait thou and watch for the sweet angel Hope.
Mayhap a strength is hers beyond thy scope,
And that gloriously winging her flight,
She soon may crown thee with her shining bright,
And glad new vistas for thy vision ope.

'Tis hers to give the thought a golden wing,
The slumbering buds of promise to awake,
Till, like the wilding blossoms of the spring,
From wintry soil the flowers of joy shall break,
And most musically the soul shall sing,
Forgetting all its sadness and its ache!

HER STORY

By Charlotte Whitcomb

A WINSOME herb contented just to grow
Grew brave and true within a wilderness.
Day fell upon her like a soft caress;
She saw the dawn and twilight come and go,
And star-set night. Life was all good, and so
She yielded fragrance as pure souls confess
In wordless prayer the heart's deep tenderness,
When lo! a mower came that way to mow.

For her delight recurrent flashed the blade,
For her in measured music dropt the grass;
"Shall I have meat and fail to render grace?"
She said, and fell not only unafraid,
But full of joy that so her life could pass,
And now her soul of sweetness fills the place.

Words of Wisdom from the Wealthiest Woman in America

The Benefits of a Business Training for Women

*By Hetty Green**

AMERICAN women would be much happier to-day if before the close of their girlhood their parents had provided them with a course of instruction in business. Every girl who enters upon her womanhood with her mind fully equipped with a business education will be saved from a great deal of pain, and will find much more happiness in every-day life than the girl who becomes a woman with only the conventional sort of schooling—the schooling that teaches her how to read, write, sing, cook and sew.

The notion that women should not "bother their little heads about business matters" was all right enough in the old days, when things were very different from what they are now. That notion began in an age when success in life meant the possession of great strength and great physical endurance, and it has continued to the present day, when success means possessing a lot of mental activity. It was, indeed, the only thing a woman could do, in those days, to confine her efforts to making herself as pretty a wax doll as possible for her husband, so that after the physical strain of the day it would relieve his eyes to look at her in the evenings, and thus go forth next day eager for fresh work. But the primitive idea of success having died out long ago, there is no reason why the primitive idea of what a woman should be to her husband should continue to exist in the sense it once did.

WHEN I say that all women should have a business training, I mean women of all classes—poor, middling rich and well-to-do. The assertion does not apply merely to those whose circumstances seem to indicate that they may one day be compelled to make their own way in the world. Every class of girl will make a better and happier woman if she has a business education, whether her womanhood sees her a maid, wife, mother or widow. I have heard it stated that for a woman to get a business training is to crush all the poetry out of her life. This is sheer nonsense. A woman with a knowledge of business appreciates music, painting and the other finer things of life just as much as the woman who is ignorant of all business matters; and the former has the decided advantage, in that she is able to turn her knowledge of business into securing more opportunities of seeing and appreciating these fine things. She can get more tickets to concerts and art-galleries, she will have more money to become the possessor of more beautiful things than a woman without business training, and a woman with a sure income before her feels a great deal more like studying poetry than a woman who is compelled to worry about her future bread and butter. I have been a business woman for fifty years, and I am just as fond of pictures and music as any one of my age. A business training is but one more accomplishment added to the list which the young woman of to-day is expected to acquire, and it is absurd to say that its possession will interfere with the proper enjoyment of any of the other accomplishments.

FOR a girl to get a business education it is not necessary for her to go to a "business college," although in many cases that would be a good thing for her to do. There are a thousand ways in which girls can get a business training, and each girl should select that particular way which is most accessible to her, and most to her taste. By the necessity for a girl's getting a business training I do not mean that she should necessarily go out to work. The business training she should have is one that will enable her to best look after the management of her own private affairs, the training that will make her counsel valuable to her father, her brother, her husband and her sons; the training that will enable her to look after her own business interests—her bread-and-butter matters—if she is suddenly thrown upon her own resources, and the business training that will make her a good housekeeper, for every housekeeper is a business woman, the degree of her excellence as a housekeeper being the degree of the business training she was provided with before she entered upon her domestic duties. The successful and economical management of the house calls for the same kind of ability and judgment that is necessary to the successful management of a commercial enterprise.

*This article is the result of an interview with Mrs. Green by C. Montgomery M'Govern, for the Woman's Home Companion.

MRS. HETTY GREEN
The Richest Business Woman in the World

THE first step to be taken, however, is probably the most important of all, and it is the same no matter in what station of life the girl may be. This first step is to learn the value of money; to learn how much it costs to earn it; to learn how necessary it is to have it in order to get along. Unfortunately, nearly all young children to-day are led to think that a nickel is nothing but a sort of token by which the corner candy-seller is to know that the child's parents wish him to give the child a handful of candy. And as a matter of fact many girls grow up to womanhood in the same childish ignorance of the true meaning of money, or how it is obtained, so that if by any chance they should be thrown upon their own resources, with no one to keep them supplied with the necessaries of life, they would be entirely helpless. Every child should be taught from the beginning that a piece of money is something that is hard to obtain, and that it ought to be taken care of accordingly. If indulgent parents desire to give their children sweets, they should make the habit of giving the children the sweets direct, and not the money to buy the sweets. It is very pretty, no doubt, to have a child do things simply to oblige her elders, and to conduct herself nicely because her "mamma doesn't like bad girls;" but tactful parents will do well to early accustom their children to also earn a little money for doing little things they are not ordinarily expected to do—the labor of earning the amount being an impressive and ever-enduring object-lesson to the child of the value of money.

A CHILD never appreciates a thing that she gets for the mere asking as much as she appreciates the same thing if she is compelled to work for it. We all know how much more satisfaction there is in the possession of a thing when we can truthfully say that we have earned it. I remember the first money I ever earned—it was my commission for selling a piece of my father's property—and although it was a comparatively small amount, I felt it to be a matter of the greatest magnitude and importance, simply because I had worked for it.

As the girl grows older she should be given a certain allowance every week from which to buy her own clothing. At first her mother should go with her to the shops to supervise the purchasing, but later the girl had better be allowed to purchase the articles herself, her mother simply accompanying her to approve of them. Then the girl should be taught to keep a little book, in which to enter the amounts she receives, and the amount she pays for what she purchases, and be taught to put some part of the money away, with which to buy presents for brothers and others at holiday-time. The keeping of the book will mean she will look it over often, and in doing so she will see where such and such was a good expenditure, and such and such a bad one. There is nothing better than this sort of training to teach a girl to economize. She acquires the habit of keeping track of every cent, and thus gets the most value for every dollar she spends.

IF A girl's parents are poor, and she wishes to go to work early to help them, it is wrong for her parents to take all her earnings every week, as it is customary to do, the parents buying the girl's clothing for her. It would be much better for the girl—and for her parents themselves, if they only knew it—if she were allowed to keep so much of her salary every week for clothes—it need not be more than the parents would spend for her—and let her buy her clothing herself. The girl knows how hard her money is to earn, and her spending it is a profitable experience. Of course, at first she will make injudicious purchases—buy the wrong sort of things, and pay too much for them in the eyes of her experienced mother—but if the mother will quietly point out to the girl how she could have done better with her money, it will be found that eventually the girl will not only be equally as economical—as good a business woman—as her mother, but much more so, she having been allowed an earlier beginning. Another great mistake that poor people as a rule make is that because the girls of the family are workers—in shops and the like—they are excused from all home duties and domestic responsibilities. Mothers whose daughters are employed during the day should manage it so that the daughters assist in the purchasing of household needs—food, additional furniture and the like—for in this way they get to know the market value of things which they will probably be called upon some day to purchase for their own homes.

BECAUSE a girl's father happens to be well off financially is no reason why she should not have a business training. Besides being allowed a certain amount for her clothing, she should be allowed to have a share or more in some corporation in which her father owns stock, and she should be allowed to manage this stock herself, not through a lawyer. A business man would do well to give his daughter a small interest in his business—let it be ever so small—so that she will set her mind to working as to how it can be improved. Parents who have real estate would be wise to give their daughter the title to a house, and let her manage it herself—collect the rental, bargain for repairs, etc.—always with her parents' consent, of course.

Now, where does all the benefit come in? Well, in the first place, the father's own business interests will improve by having the girl take an interest in them—provided, of course, she be a sensible young woman; and in the second place, the girl will make a better wife when she marries, knowing how to counsel her husband at critical times; in the third place, she will make a better mother, in that she can begin her sons' business training almost from their infancy; and in the fourth place, she is prepared in case she should happen to be thrown upon her own resources. Then, many wives are happier if they have a little income of their own which they can spend in any manner they please without feeling they are depriving their husbands. Such women will certainly be happier if they have learned how to get an income, and how to handle it themselves.

CHATEAUGAY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

Author of "The Carcellini Emerald," "The Three Misses Benedict," "A Bachelor Maid," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA

II.

"You see I am a woman of my word, Mr. Blake," cried Theodora, gaily, as with a proprietary sort of air she came in upon the writer in the library at Chateaugay a week after their meeting in the same place.

He looked up. She was not now attired in a close-fitting riding-habit or yachting outfit, as he had previously seen her, but in a morning frock of white frilled muslin, thin, as befitted a hot morning of July, and zoned with a ribbon of hue exactly matching the bunch of violets at her breast. Her proud little head, with glossy waves of dark hair, was surmounted by a black hat, around and above which curled a miracle of black ostrich-feathers. She looked in it like some young duchess rendered immortal by Gainsborough's brush, but no canvas was ever made that could convey that radiant flush on Theodora's cheek, the velvet softness of her hazel eyes.

"You have succeeded?" said he, as tugging off her little white gloves she threw them with a parasol upon the table, and dropped into a chair.

"Yes. If you had not been buried in your work you would have been aware that for an hour past my man of affairs, Mr. McCurdy, from New York, has been going over this house with the local agent, having me and Miss Persis in attendance, letting sunshine into the rooms, examining the beds and drainage, and being prosaic generally. I have left them all hard at it while I ran down for breathing-space. Oh, oh, how delighted I am! Chateaugay and Miss Persis, nice, crabbed old dear, will soon be my very own, to have and to hold, from this day forward. My sister has given me the boys. The fact is, she is going to Scotland for August, and the boys detest transatlantic travel, with which they are overtired. I shall have my Billy and Cedric undisturbed. I am sending for their ponies, and with my mare, and a pair of native horses to pull a trap over these hills, and, of course, my own runabout and cob, it will be all we need in the stable; don't you think so?"

"With the slight imperiousness natural to her she waved Blake to seat himself upon a camp-stool provided in his honor"

"I THINK SO," replied Hayward, who, in common, had only his feet and the trolley-cars to rely upon for locomotion. "What it is to be a lady possessing a magic wand!"

"Oh, but as I told Madge—my sister, I mean—I must positively be allowed my own way *this* summer. For next—" She broke off, as if the distasteful thought must be sent into limbo promptly. "Now, Mr. Blake, what I want you to do is to intercede with the trustees to let me have the run of the books. To be shut out of here would be to face a barred paradise. I will give bonds, whatever you choose, for the safe keeping and tender treatment of your treasures, if you will be so obliging."

"That may be managed; and I shall do my best for you. Most of the volumes are valuable only in the ordinary way. They are safe behind these wire gratings, and no harm could come to them. It is the contents of yonder locked book-case, and of the drawers beneath it, that demand especial care."

"That old Venetian cabinet? I see, and shall never be satisfied till you let me have its key. I will wear it day and night, Mr. Blake. I have a chain of gold threaded with pearls, that I bought in a narrow, smelly old *calle* in Venice once, and that shall be its life-line. If the house takes fire, I pledge myself to save the contents of the cabinet next after Billy and Cedric. But indeed, indeed I must be trusted with that key!"

"I can certify that you at least know how to handle books," he said, almost reluctant to meet the noontide glory of her happy eyes.

"Nothing more? For shame, Mr. Blake! What shall I do to make you think enough of me? Never mind; I shall be in town myself next week before taking possession here, and I'll make Mr. McCurdy take me to importune your firm. You know I am to have my sister's servants, at least a few of the best of them. I am determined to keep Miss Persis on as cook-housekeeper. I want to be as idle as a painted boat upon a painted ocean. There are one or two of Madge's people to be relied on not to clash with our native staff; and my own maid, Stillings, is a dear old duck with the temper of a saint. I am giving orders at once to put the garden and lawn to rights. I never could abide a 'careless ordered garden,' Tennyson to the contrary notwithstanding. There is a man in Lenox who will do this properly, and while he is at work I shall be coming over daily to supervise."

BLAKE'S heart gave a hot leap of joy. Another week or two would see the end of his labors. To what an extraordinary ordeal was fate subjecting him meanwhile? To see her daily flitting in and out of the French windows opening upon the lawn; to hear her clear young voice thrilling under the trees; to catch continued glimpses of her face and form in this rich setting of midsummer landscape when all nature was sending up its chant of life and youth and love! Better than all, to have such chances as this to hold speech with her when it should suit my lady's fancy to wrest him from his seclusion! What was he to do? He did, in the end, exactly what might have been expected. He made no attempt to fly.

Theodora, while completing her final preparations to pitch her camp at Chateaugay, came over frequently—sometimes with friends, oftener with her maid—a sober body of middle age. The living-rooms down-stairs began to bud with tokens of her taste and presence.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman arrived to view the situation, and bestow on it their official sanction.

Mr. Hoffman, who might have been valuable as an adviser to Theodora had not her elder sister previously worn out his powers of protest, was once a sagacious man of finance, who, lucky in speculations, was now taking life "easily." This meant less work at the office, more mornings at the club, with brandy and soda at many odd moments, and playing poker evening after evening with cronies of his own. Years of contact with Madge had stifled higher ambitions. He was even reconciled to her vagaries so long as she kept their affairs out of the newspapers, and did not require too much dancing of attendance on his part.

He was kindly in his way, and Theodora liked him. His boys were clamorously fond of him, and cared for their mother not at all. On this occasion they succeeded in making him promise to come back for a whole week of Chateaugay, a triumph of paternal devotion.

Blake did not exchange two words with Mrs. Hoffman before taking her intellectual measure. Verily, he had not far to probe. She was possessed of a chattering facility in nimble, sometimes brutal speech, that did duty for wit; and also of a resolution to please herself, that admitted of no power more dominant. In appearance she was successful in imitating a certain variety of a not very exalted French model. Her thick, reddish-brown hair was gathered back from her face in a loose, pompadour roll, surrounding it like a nimbus. Her broad shoulders, tapered waist and determinedly flattened chest were accentuated by her very white skin, and by the high, unwavering color in her cheeks.

To recognize herself, even for so short a time, the heroine of a distinctly domestic episode was a surprise tempered to Mistress Madge by the certainty that she was going to sail alone for "the other side" next day. While Mr. Hoffman went about Chateaugay with a lad plastered to each of his arms, his wife sat in the library posing for Blake's benefit, and at the same time making it very plain that she regarded him as nothing better than the scorbutic stenographer he had engaged to help him in hurrying on his task.

When the house was cleared of her, Hayward Blake breathed free. That the parent stem of Theodora could have produced this distorted blossom seemed to him incredible; and with as much astonishment he surveyed the two wholesome and gentlemanlike youngsters, the scions of Madge and her philosophic spouse.

TWO DAYS later the new tenant took possession of Chateaugay. Thanks to Theodora and her nephews, every pore of the house seemed suddenly to fill and expand with vitality. It was like the arousing of Sleeping Beauty's palace upon the coming of the Prince. Blake, whose days there were now numbered, walked over at his usual hour one morning and tried to slip in unobserved at the open window of the library; but he was captured by Theodora in her bicycling costume, and the boys, who had just jumped off their wheels after an early spin. They forced him down to the lakeside to see a new Rob Roy canoe just launched by Miss Irving's orders. Beside it a broad and capacious row-boat lay at the mooring. Quicker than thought the boys had pounced on the canoe, established themselves therein, and were paddling it not unskillfully across the lake.

"And I promised their father they should never go in it without a man in attendance!" cried Theodora.

"I am a man," observed Blake, obviously. "I propose, if you please, to throw work and care to the winds, while you and I row out after them, and keep them close at hand."

Theodora yielded. She was beginning to find these hours with Blake too much to her taste to wish to cut them short. She held the tiller-ropes, and he manœuvered his oars with a zeal left from his college training. When they had come up with the canoeists he relaxed his efforts, and the boat floated lazily upon sapphire wavelets.

A little wooded island stood in the middle of the lake. On its margin grew brakes of mountain laurel, tangled with spruce and firs; and sundry long-armed deciduous trees lent to the water beneath them a grateful chill. The boys, bounding ashore, left the boat and its passengers idle in the green shadows of the shore.

"They have discovered that overhanging rock," said Theodora. "If they once begin playing 'cave,' Mr. Blake, there is no hope we will ever get away."

"I don't care," he answered, in a burst of recklessness. "This day next week I shall be back in my office over a desk, working as if there were no lakes or boats or merry boys in existence. Let me have this hour as a crown to my memories of Chateaugay."

For the first time she was struck by an expression in his voice and eyes that vaguely troubled her. It had at once the effect of giving her a pleasurable thrill and a painful reminder of a bond too lightly worn. To solace her conscience she felt for a letter stuck hastily into that feminine receptacle—the pouch of the blouse, just above the belt—to be read at a convenient opportunity.

"You will pardon me?" she asked, taking out the missive, doubled in two, and unfolding it without visible emotion. "This came as we were setting out for our bicycle ride, and I quite forgot it has not been read."

While she fell to perusing the letter's contents Blake tried not to be aware that it bore a foreign stamp. He set his teeth grimly, and gazed across the lake.

Happily, just then the vagabonds of the cave, into whose heads had come a pressing need to visit their ponies in the stable, scampered down to enter their canoe again. Theodora did not look up from her sheet of paper, while Blake, unshipping his oars, directed their course back whence they had come. He could not help a certain poor satisfaction ensuing from the fact that after her letter was read and torn to little bits, and sent floating upon the water, Miss Irving was depressed, distraite, even a little cross. The boys and he came in for a few tart speeches. Blake felt that it was better thus.

HE SAW her no more that day, or until the following afternoon, when the boys ran in to summon him outside.

"It's to be tea on the lawn," they cried, cheerfully. "Hurry up, Mr. Blake; Aunty Theodora says you must. Old Witch Persis has cooked some hot muffiny things, and the butler has made jam-rolls and cucumber sandwiches. After tea we're to drive over to dinner with one of Aunty's friends in Lenox, and come home by moonlight."

Blake found Theodora sitting in the strong westering sunshine in a low chair, with her back against a tree-bole, from which depended, shading her fair head, boughs like the ribs of an umbrella covered with light green leafage. Upon a rustic table at her knees her servants had spread the feast proclaimed by Billy and Cedric, together with the apparatus for making tea. No cloud was in the sky, or in the heaven of Theodora's eyes. With the slight imperiousness natural to her she waved Blake to seat himself upon a camp-stool provided in his honor, the boys preferring Mother Earth.

"It isn't every day we have such luxury at five-o'clock tea," she remarked. "See, here are raspberries gathered half an hour ago by my maid, in the garden; and cream, Mr. Blake; there is nothing better than our Jersey cream. Pray help my boys take the edge off their appetites before they present themselves at my friend's dinner-table."

"Mayn't I sit here?" he asked, choosing the central pattern of a Turkish rug unfolded upon the greensward near her feet."

"As you like. I want to make up to you for certain snubs administered yesterday. It was an off day with me, I think. To-day I am in happier mood, for I have got my heart's desire. Mr. McCurdy has induced the executors to give me the entire freedom of the books. I am even to have the key of the Venetian cabinet."

He did not think it needful to tell her his share in bringing this about. He was content to see the old radiance come back to her eyes and lips.

"You are spoiling me by letting me feel so much at home," he said, after she had supplied him with food.

"Oh, but you know I always feel as if you, more than another, had a right to Chateaugay—that I am only keeping it for you till you get ready to claim it. If that poor little aunt of yours, whose shaft gleams yonder half way down the hill, had lived to survive her husband you would be installed here, of course."

"I suppose so; for she and my mother loved each other dearly, and my mother once gave up a share in a sum of money left to both of them, in order that my aunt might travel abroad, and enjoy advantages both could not have. It was in Italy my Aunt Ruby met her scholarly lover, and they were married clandestinely soon after her return, at the close of the Southern war. My old grandfather, who was a fierce secessionist, and had lost all in the strife, felt that his daughter Ruby had committed an unpardonable sin in going off with a man who upheld Northern doctrines."

"There is a little miniature I have found in a drawer up-stairs that I want to show you," said Theodora, quietly. "In the box with it was this slip of paper."

HE TOOK the yellowed fragment, and read these words: "My own dearest sister, to whom my debt of love and gratitude can never be repaid."

"And the picture?" he asked, eagerly.

Theodora laid it in his hands. It was an ambrotype in an oval frame, representing a pretty young woman with a camellia nestling in hair puffed low behind the ear, a lace scarf half draped across her bared shoulders.

Blake's eyes filled with unwonted tears.

"This is she; although I can hardly remember her looking so young and free from care. For years before her death she was in mourning for her father, husband, two children—and the Confederacy! But she was always tender, even cheerful with me, and to see me placed beyond peradventure of the wretchedness so many of my people fell into as one of the unfortunate consequences of the war was her dearest wish."

"But you were educated in the North?"

"An old friend of my father's, who did not wish to see us go quite to the wall, sent me to school, and afterward to a Northern university, chosen by myself. My one idea was to shake off the cobwebs of mournful tradition that hung around my birthright, and to strike out for myself. This cost my mother many pangs, I doubt not; but she was too eminently clear-sighted and sensible to interpose objection. During my first year at college I lost her. Even for my holidays I never went again to the house from which she was carried forth. I tried to forget softer feelings—to be one of the community that surrounded me. When my university course was ended I did not lose a day in journeying to New York and finding work to do. One way or another I achieved my profession. When the chance came for me to do this, I took it without more than the most transient emotion on the subject of my own connection with the place."

"All the same, I wish you were to be master of Chateaugay," she cried, to hide the softer impulse of her heart.

"I have already one old house that I can't afford to live in, even if I could consent to go back into the medieval atmosphere of its surroundings. No, Miss Irving; I am booked to be a plodder for some years yet, and then, perhaps, achieve a livelihood of decent comfort—but no more. Don't make me dissatisfied with my grind, I beg of you."

He had gotten upon his feet, and was standing, moody. Theodora's quick tact relieved the situation.

"ON THE contrary, it is because I am so sure of you," she said, soothingly, "that I could wish things hastened for you a little. Who could live in our country, and not see that a man of your parts and character has every chance in his favor? So, although you won't let me covet a little plum to fall into your grasp, you can't keep me from believing in you and wishing you a quick progress up the ladder of fortune."

"Keep you from believing in me! Good God, if you knew what it means to a man starved and thirsty for companionship and sympathy of his own kind! Poor and proud, Miss Irving, I've neglected opportunities to associate with people in better circumstances than myself, have let my college friendships go down the stream, have isolated myself for the best years of my life. That cruise last summer with Carter, a classmate of mine at college, who simply dragged me off for the holiday because he thought I was physically in need of it, was the only intercourse I've had in ages with my equals in refinement and education. Why, I'd forgotten what a woman can mean in a man's life until—until—I met you."

THEODORA saw his mobile face, with its picturesque irregularity of feature—that face upon which, unconsciously, she was coming to look for all approval of her ways and sayings—light up as it had never done before.

She drew back a little, trembling.

Behind her the sun had just slipped low enough to bathe her form in fire. The children had run away down the hill, gamboling with their dog. Blake and Theodora had the beautiful world of blue hills, of fields of new-mown hay, of garden scents in the summer meridian, quite to themselves. Hardly knowing what he did, the man made an impassioned movement toward her.

"With your inspiration always—" he began, then stopped short, breathing hard, the blood mounting to his face.

Theodora, too, blushed crimson. Arising, she faced him haughtily. "Do you want to make me sorry I ever met you, Mr. Blake?" she cried.

He did not detect the note of emotion in her voice. He only felt as if his body had been subjected to a sluice of icy water, as in the hospital days when, to quench his fever, the doctors had ordered him submerged in a cold bath. Turning white, he bowed his head, and sealed his lips hermetically.

Miss Irving crossed the lawn and went into the house.

A day or two later Blake bade a formal farewell to the household at Chateaugay, and returned to town.

[CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ISSUE]

NEW TIMES, NEW MEASURES

By Tudor Jenks

A YOUNG girl seated before a desk was writing rapidly. As fast as she covered a new page she added it to a disorderly pile that surrounded her. Her brow was knitted, and now and then looking up she gazed about the room with eyes that saw nothing external. A knock at the door came, but she only frowned more deeply and made no response. There was a pause and an uneasy rustling outside, and the knock was repeated.

"Go away, Maria," said the writer; "don't bother me. I am busy."

"But I must, Miss Shirley; it's Mrs. Marvin."

"Well, tell her mother is out. Oh, *do* go away!"

"I did, miss, but she said she came to see you, and that it was important."

"Such impertinence!" muttered the girl to herself.

"What, miss?"

"Tell her I will be down in a moment," was the despairing reply, and the young writer arose, removed her black apron, and was ready to meet her caller almost as soon as the message was delivered.

The older woman began to talk at once. She seemed ill at ease and burdened with a weighty mission.

"There is no use in beating about the bush," she began, with a frankness that was evidently an habitual weapon of offense or defense. "I am an old friend of your mother's, my child, and I take an old friend's privilege to say a few words in all seriousness. Will you mind if I am very, very plain-spoken?"

There was a short pause, and then the young girl spoke in an even tone. "Mrs. Marvin," she said, "I can't promise not to mind, but I certainly shall not resent whatever you choose to say; but do not be offended by my asking you to be brief, for I have a pressing piece of work to which I must return very soon."

"You mean writing?"

"I mean writing."

"I thought so! Now, that brings me to my errand. Do you know that your mother is very much burdened by her household cares?"

"I know it only too well."

"Well, you know I can only speak out my mind in the bluntest way—I am going to advise you to give up all thought of writing. Dreams of fame and fortune are all very well for rich young scribblers who have no work to do in this busy world, but writing is a poor pastime for people in your situation. You will remember what I say?" and Mrs. Marvin smiled in a rather wooden way.

"THANK you for your kind intentions," was the reply after a moment of internal conflict. "I will bear your advice in mind. Good-afternoon." And she arose with an expression that put an end to the interview.

Mrs. Marvin swallowed the rest of her speech, and withdrew in a spirit decidedly unbenevolent, while the young writer returned to her desk, groaned as she noted the time lost, and wrote more rapidly to compensate.

The next morning, with her manuscript in hand, she called at an editor's office.

"Am I too late?" she asked.

"Not at all. Have you made the changes I asked for?"

"Yes; and the story is improved immeasurably. Why didn't I think of them myself?"

"For the same reason that I didn't think of the main situation," he replied. Your facility for constructing plots and situations is to me amazing. Your merely literary work is—not at all remarkable; but since the quality you possess is a thousand times rarer than that which you lack, you can afford to be thankful."

"I am; but—"

"Well?" the editor said, as the pause was unbroken.

"I wish people would leave me alone!" And then came the explanation: "Here is a meddling old lady, a friend of my mother's, who came yesterday to inform me that dreams of authorship when one should be doing housework are wicked or silly. I am of no use in any kind of housework; my mother tells me that I am only in her way when I attempt to help her in her housekeeping; and as a writer I am certainly able to make a very creditable income for a beginner. Now, I can't tell all the world about it. What am I to do?"

"Do? Why, thank your critic sweetly, and go on with your proper work. Why interfere with her hobby?"

"Her hobby?"

"Yes; meddling—for so a harsh world calls it—is her hobby, perhaps. Your constructive imagination runs to fiction; hers turns to benevolence, as she understands it. She constantly builds up little romances, using old scraps from her reading. Years ago, when she formed her views of life, authorship was an eccentricity of genius or a crime of incompetency. Hence, she makes her imaginary situation, in which you are the visionary, selfish young dreamer, and your mother the patient victim."

"BUT it is so absurd. My mother wishes me to write."

"Of course. So does the public, apparently. Here is the check for your story; I had it all ready for you."

"Thank you. Shall I show you any more?"

"Certainly. If they are as good as the others we shall be glad to have them."

"I should like to show the check to that woman! I don't believe she ever earned a cent in her life!" said the young writer, vindictively.

"It would be unkind," remarked the editor, with a smile. "She is probably absorbed in another imaginary grievance by this time. Don't check the exercise of her imagination. You have a creative mind of your own; do not deprive her of the joys of exercising her fancy."

"But she will think me so selfish."

"Yes, in either case. Still she will derive more pleasure from a belief in your impractical life than from the knowledge she is wrong in her conclusion that you are not considerate of your mother. And, to put the matter bluntly, it is none of her business, and you are under no obligation to set her right."

"But it doesn't seem quite straightforward."

"We must sometimes be as considerate to mental as to physical infirmities."

"Thank you. I wish all editors were as kind."

"They are, so far as my experience goes. The bearish editor is another ancient superstition that should be in limbo. A little common sense ought to show that editors must be courteous for business reasons if for no others."

When the story appeared Mrs. Marvin read it with unwilling interest, and then sighed.

"Poor thing!" she exclaimed. "Just enough success to turn her head. I fear for her future. How different girls are from what they were in the old times!"

"Which, considering how times are changed, is very fortunate," was the comment of her husband.

But Mrs. Marvin paid no attention to what *he* said.

The Lost Voice

By Edgar Fawcett

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

NOW THAT the great night drew near she felt herself growing oddly self-reliant and calm. Not that she had ever lacked nerve and pluck. Still, there had been times of inevitable mistrust, doubt. She was now just five and twenty. Since eighteen she had studied, persevered, lived in one changeless atmosphere of artistic effort. To-day she sat thinking it all over, in her pretty Parisian chambers, which looked out on the broad grandeurs of the *Champs Élysées* bathed in May sunshine.

The day was so genial that she had opened a window, and through its aperture floated a vague perfume from the blossoming chestnut-trees not far away. Hope, cheer, promise, thrilling expectancy, glowed to her from the blue brilliance of the sky, which the parted curtains at her elbow allowed much more than a mere glimpse.

"Ah, Dora! you are here?"

Her husband had entered the room with a brisk step that slackened as he advanced.

"Pardon me, Julien," she said, while he caught her hand and crushed it against his lips. "We were to breakfast at the *Café Voisin*, and I'm still in this wrap."

"Which is very becoming." He had now swung an easy-wheeling chair close to her side, sunk into it, and begun to fondle the hand so lately kissed. "There isn't any hurry. It is so much better, Dora, that there should be no rehearsal to-day. I have just seen his mightiness, Managerial. He has immense belief in you."

"Because he has immense belief in *you*, Julien, one of the most perfect violinists of your time."

"It isn't that. It's your voice, your voice of gold."

Dora laughed. "My voice that he hopes to *coin* into gold!"

"You're a bit cynical this morning. I hope it isn't from any doubt of your own great powers."

"Dear Julien, I'm not cynical, and I never felt more secure. But you know these managers. Heaven help me! I would never have gained any such magnificent opening as a *début* at the grand opera here if I hadn't married *you!*" She laughed again, throwing back her head a little, with that fine effect of spontaneity which a handsome woman in the full bloom of health gains by such a movement. "While you were gone, *chéri*, I have been retrospective. The past on this curiously significant day (why not?) has appealed to me with piercing retrospective. For awhile I have been Dora Carrington again, not Dora, Countess de Rivarolle."

"Ah! Have your meditations been divorcing me?"

"HORRID word! They were attempting the impossible—to bind us closer. Listen, Julien. I have been a little girl again, watched by two Puritanic Philadelphia aunts. Tedious memory! Then I have been a maid of eighteen, realizing that my dead parents had left me a few tangible thousands a year to live upon, and that the Philadelphia aunts—good old souls, who were nevertheless grim tyrants in their way—raised eyes and hands of horror when I told them I was coming here to study for the operatic stage. Then I have been once again a struggler, now heated with hope, now frozen with despair. I have sung in concert, only to find tepid plaudits while certain that I deserved more ardent ones. I have sung still again, and heard the hisses of a faction bent upon destroying me, though many generous "bravos" drowned it. One of these, Julien (the loudest and longest of all), was yours!

"Then I have learned again of your great enthusiasm, and have thrilled with pride through all my vain spirit. 'He, Count Julien de Rivarolle, whose divine fiddling kings and queens have felt honored to hear, who has never played but for charity, whose adorable art is the delight of multitudes!' And almost while I am saying this to myself we are made to know one another. I have been living over again all that sweet interval, Julien; it ranges from triumph to ecstasy. Ah! do you remember?" (She stooped here and pressed her lips lingeringly against his forehead.) "I did not love you at first. It seemed to me like this: If I loved at all, you must, of course, be *he*. But I had no passion to spare—at least I thought so then. It had all been given to my art. Soon came the change—so mighty and so mysterious! I have lived it all over in the last hour!"

"The change?" he repeated.

"As if you did not know!"

"I would like to hear it again, Dora, even if I do. Tell me."

She threw his caressing hand away from her own. Rising, she stooped over him with fair face rosily aglow.

"My dear Julien, before I married you art held the second place in my soul, for the love you waked there had deposed it. Despotic usurpation, but one never to be regretted. Now, my dear love, it is not what you have done for me, but what you have been to me. If I fail to-night I shall not—*believe* me, I shall not—so greatly care! I—"

But he cut her short, rising in turn.

"Dora, you *will* not fail; you will conquer absolutely, and the victory will be quite your own. My share in it must of necessity rate very low. You are the diamond, but I did not even discover you. I have simply pointed to your splendor, and said, 'Look!' They are very stupid, but this time they *will* look, and even the purblind and myopic cannot avoid dazzling consequences. Come, get your bonnet on and we will go to breakfast, or, as you Americans say, to luncheon. I hope you've an appetite, for this shall be your last meal before electrifying Paris. Only after the performance shall you have another crust, and that will be a light supper, which consciousness of having secured a superb triumph will enable you, I hope, both to relish and digest."

THE prophecy of Julien de Rivarolle was amply confirmed within a few more hours. There are successes which soar no higher than almost to skim, like swallows over pools, the black waters of oblivion. But there are successes that leap like larks up into the white heights of morning. Dora's was one of these. Luckily the opera, "Lohengrin," was enacted by a capable cast. But towering above all the artists who surrounded her she sang "Elsa," and acted it as well.

"Here is no affair of adjectives," a famed critic wrote next day. "One need only use nouns and verbs; one need only state that Madame de Rivarolle is a goddess of song. Her genius transcends the requirement of all decorative phrase. She has dawned upon us, but the dawn is already a day in its dignity, splendor and pride. She has contrived to avoid all error; she has nothing to learn. For the rest, Nature, which has given beauty and grace to her visage and form, has given her also the voice of an angel."

Against this verdict there was hardly a word. For three succeeding years, accompanied always by her devoted husband, she sang in every leading city of Europe. Enormous prices were paid her. One day in St. Petersburg, after a tremendous ovation, she said to the Count:

"He had died very peacefully during the absence of Gabrielle"

"Cries of sympathy rang through the theater"

"You tell me, Julien, that they want De Rivarolle in America. They shall have her, but do you know why?"

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you want to show your own country-folk how the American girl whom they would have let languish in obscurity if they had had the chance, has sailed over seas to crop there the laurels that she deserved."

"Not at all," said Dora. "I am going over there to sing for poor old Aunt Louisa, Aunt Anne, as you know, having died. Read this pathetic letter, Julien. She decides to forgive Dora, now that she has become 'De Rivarolle.' Yes, I'm going over before long, if you don't object, *mon ami*, to sing for Aunt Louisa. She shall have a box at the Metropolitan all to herself. I shall enjoy it more than I did to-night in singing before the emperor; I assure you I shall." She carried out her design. But though she warmly greeted the old lady, who had come from Philadelphia to New York at her gentle summons, it was fated that her long-announced "first night," eagerly hailed and anticipated, should not occur.

"WHAT a strangely ugly city New York is!" said Dora one morning to her husband.

Since their arrival three or four days had now passed. Countless attentions had been lavished on them, and Dora could not take up a newspaper without either seeing her picture (sometimes hideously travestied) or reading her name, to which all kinds of romantic gossip was profusely appended. It was midwinter, and yet the hotel sitting-room in which we now find her blazed with costly flowers, nearly all gifts from those who had learned to prize her greatness in other lands; but some were the profferings, it must be owned, of those who flatter celebrity with undiscriminative zeal.

"I remember coming here as a child," Dora continued, "and even then having a kind of dreamy dread lest one of the high, gaunt houses all along brownstone Fifth Avenue and its cañon-like brownstone side streets might topple over on me."

"I have promised to let myself be driven through Central Park this afternoon," said the Count. "That, they tell me, is even finer in parts than our Bois de Boulogne, though I doubt it," he added, with a slow smile, stroking his pointed golden beard.

"Convince a Parisian that even Paradise can eclipse his beloved *Bois*," laughed Dora, "and you have done marvels. But there has been a heavy snowfall, Julien. Shall you go in a carriage or a sleigh?"

"A sleigh. Tomlinson, your doctor, takes me. I shall feel safe in leaving you on this account."

"Thanks. I hope I have a few other admirers here besides that ungrammatical owner of several gold-mines. Well, there is one comfort, Julien. His sleigh will be filled with royal furs. He exploits everything in a princely manner except his own poor, illiterate Californian self. Wrap the robes well about your chest, *mon cher*, for recollect that you have caught a cold since we arrived here—a thorough-going American cold. You haven't taken enough care of it, and to-

day there is a sudden thaw. I didn't live eighteen years in this climate not to know some of its wicked winter ways."

Julien returned from his drive in high spirits. "The park is really a fine affair," he told his wife. "And now it is time for that great dinner given by Mrs.—"

"Vanderdecken Jones?"

"Yes. These American names stick so in a Frenchman's teeth! You are to be the guest of honor; hence, we should present ourselves with polite punctuality."

The dinner at Mrs. Vanderdecken Jones' was a banquet of great grandeur. The hostess did not dare to ask Madame de Rivarolle for a song afterward, but she ventured to beg from the Count a solo on the violin. Her late husband had played on this instrument, and she stealthily introduced into her pleading two or three violins of an admirable quality. While Julien good-naturedly tried one of these Dora noticed that he looked ill and wore an odd pallor. Finally, selecting a second as best suited to his purpose, he played before the assembled company with a quiet grace and splendor of execution that roused enthusiastic praise.

AS THEY drove back to their hotel Dora said to him, "You did not play like yourself, Julien. No matter what *they* thought; I *knew*."

He tried to laugh, but his teeth were clicking from a hard chill. Dora, in alarm, laid her hand on his brow. It was fiery with fever.

"I must really be ill," he said, "at last. I, who have never had a sick day in my life." He pressed one hand against his side. "I have a sharp pain here, but it cannot mean anything serious. It will pass, of course, before to-morrow."

But it did not pass, and to-morrow he lay gasping with pneumonia, watched by three skilled physicians. The next night, while Dora sat with her hand locked in his, he lost consciousness. Before dawn the disease had done its swift work. He was dead.

He had come of an old French patrician race, and Dora brought him back to France for final burial among the tombs of his ancestors near a grand Breton *château*, now in possession of a somewhat distant kinsman. Her collected manner through all this painful interval made some people cruelly declare that "De Rivarolle" (as she was spoken of in the same way that we speak of "Bernhardt" or "Patti" or "Duse") had never loved this titled husband of hers, but had married him simply to gain a stepping-stone toward vocal renown.

Meanwhile Dora's heart was as lead in her breast, and the world seemed a frightful blank. In Paris, after the last obsequies were over, she secluded herself from all but her most intimate friends. Even to these she spoke with a difficult reserve that made every word which left her lips appear at times like the blood-drop oozing from an unhealed wound. Then after several weeks of this dreary apathy a change was manifest. One morning, when a cousin of Julien came to visit her (a rarely sympathetic woman who had worshiped her voice in past glad days), she opened her piano, and said, with a sudden spirited sweetness:

"I have never sung since he died, Gabrielle, but now I will sing to *you*, for I know how dearly you loved him!"

At the same moment her companion noticed an unwonted light in her eyes. Women at certain times understand one another marvelously. Gabrielle, Duchesse de Lavalaye, listened in rapture. Dora sang at first with modulated tones, but intense feeling. She had chosen a bridal song, written for her just previous to her marriage, by an eminent composer. Abruptly her voice failed, however, and she burst into tears. Madame de Lavalaye sprang toward her with an impulsive embrace.

"Dora!" she exclaimed, "your song sounded so strangely! It was like a hope, a sacred expectancy made into music!"

"It was all three," Dora said, with drooped face. "Call it a consolation, too! I felt that *he* was listening, Gabrielle, and so—I broke down, as you saw."

Then there came a few whispered words. The face of Madame de Lavalaye burned with two pink spots.

"OH, DORA, I am so glad! Your voice is just as perfect as ever. You will sing often, often again in future years, now! And *he* will listen, I am sure—listen, and give you holy help!" And the cousin of Julien rained tender kisses on Dora's face. She was one of the prettiest and most fashionable women in France, this Gabrielle, Duchesse de Lavalaye, but she was also an impassioned *dévote*, believing firmly that the life of the flesh was but a preparation for the eternal life of the soul.

When Dora's child was born her very hours seemed numbered. Sufferings unspeakable moistened the eyes of her watchers. For two days it was not believed that she could possibly survive. Then, as if by miracle, she began a slow yet arduous recovery. The child, a boy, was her ceaseless delight. It appeared to those who waited on her as if the very fervor of motherhood were bearing her, like some strong guidant and aidful seraph, out from the valley of the shadow into a bourne of health wondrously restored.

But the restoration was tardy and protracted. She passed many months in one of the most unfrequented parts of the Austrian Tyrol. Then came a summer divided between Naples and Sorrento. Her boy had become nearly two years old before she was enabled to tell herself that at last she was once more perfectly well.

And then the old ambition to sing, to reassert herself as one of the first artists of her time, had grown the strongest influential force. No mercenary motive stirred her; she was already a rich woman. Still, the thought gained with her that to win yet larger wealth for her boy, her little Julien, would be no unworthy aim. The news of her recovery spread abroad. Letters of solicitation came from managers of highest repute. She accepted one of these offers, and agreed to sing "Marguerite" (a part in which she had perhaps made her most overpowering Parisian *coup*), at Vienna, on very generous pecuniary terms. The Viennese especially cherished her endowments, and on the night of her appearance there every seat in the house had been sold, three or four weeks in advance, at almost unprecedented rates.

Her entrance was hailed with a tempest of welcome. The stage was clogged with bouquets while she sang her first notes on meeting "Faust." She was agitated by this prodigality of greeting, and it seemed to her that she accomplished the few bars allotted her, here at the *finale* of the second act, very ill. Then came the third act, a crucial one indeed, with its "Spinning-wheel" song, its "Jewel" song and its passionate duet. Gradually she became sensible of having wrought a chill in her audience. A little later, attempting to take a high note, she found herself shivering with inward dismay. Her own voice sounded thin and weird to her own ears. For a moment she felt like flying from the stage. At the end of the "Spinning-wheel" song there was no applause. People were whispering dreadful things. She did not hear them, but she felt them tell one another in consternation and regret, "Her voice has gone." Soon afterward came the occasion of her temporary exit. In the wings she met her manager. He looked grave and worried.

"This damp weather, Madame Rivarolle—" he politely began.

But Dora interrupted him with a loud, despairing sigh. "No, no! I have caught no cold, Herr Grundel. My health is perfect; it was never better. But my voice—" Here a sob choked her and she could say no more.

SHE went on again, with clenched teeth, with furtively clenched hands. The "Jewel" song sounded to her as if somebody else were singing it—some tyro whose effort she would have pitied and deplored. In the midst of it a false, hateful note shrilled, but her listeners were loyal. Not a hiss sounded, though something else reached Dora's ears. It was like the low rustle of an autumn wind through faded tree-tops. It was that thing more hateful than even a hiss to a great artist—it was a shudder of compassion.

Instantly, then, her resolution was taken. She flung down the glittering necklace—a king's gift in former days—and went straight toward the foot-lights. Before she began to speak a silence as of death awaited her. She broke it with firm and far-reaching tones. What she said she never afterward remembered, and never saw it in print, though hundreds of journals all over Europe and America reported its every word. She only knew that it was very humble and imploring; that it begged for pity; that it dealt in some sort of reference to her long illness following her husband's demise, and the birth of her child.

The audience, stirred almost to tears by its brave, self-surrendering simplicity, rose to her. Cries of sympathy rang through the theater. With swelling heart Dora heard them. "Your voice is not lost!" men shouted, and women, too. "We shall hear it again! Take courage; do not despair! Youth is still with you! God bless you and bring you back to us! You have suffered greatly! We understand and we pity!"

Somebody shrieked, "You will get back all your old vocal tricks, and wring heaps of money yet from cringing *impresarii!*" This imprudent person suffered blows from his immediate surrounders, and was thrust from the house by an indignant police.

The curtain was rung down after Dora, feeling like one in a trance, had quitted the stage. To her manager she spoke certain words which brightened his grieved visage. He should suffer nothing, she assured him, from this disastrous engagement. Now and forever she had retired from the stage; but a complete settlement would be made with him by her lawyers, indemnifying him for all loss.

Throngs of condoling friends met her during the two more days in which she remained in Vienna. "I have lost my voice," she said to all of them. "But it was not owing to my husband's death; never believe that. It has been simply from one cause—the birth of my child."

Leaving Vienna soon afterward, she went to Paris, and lived there in the greatest obscurity. Only a few intimates knew of her actual whereabouts. Only these knew also of a certain lamentable change which had possessed her. From having adored her little boy she now lapsed into an unconquerable hatred of him. Often she told herself that she was on the verge of madness. He ceased (though of late he had grown very beautiful and winsome) to rouse in her the faintest maternal thrill. Incessantly the thought kept haunting her, "*He stole from me my voice.* In giving him life I gave to myself a kind of humiliating, unendurable death."

HER efforts to control this aversion were pathetic, obstinate, perpetual. For hours she would load the child with seemingly affectionate regard. Later she would spend hours in praying to be delivered from the curse of an unnatural impulse. One day while his arms clasped her neck, and his sweet blue eyes—the eyes of her lost Julien—gently devoured her face, she had a terrifying desire to crush his life out in an embrace of murder. This visitation, clearly realized as devilish and inhuman, resulted in a prostration which made her seriously ill. To her faithful friend Gabrielle de Lavalaye she confessed all, with burning tears. Astounded, shocked, Gabrielle still did not desert her in this moment of dire extremity.

"Dora," she said, "I will take him away. You shall not see him until your feelings have altered. They *will* alter I am sure. Absence will bring back your love."

Once having known that the boy was removed from her she grew better in health. But meanwhile her remorseful self-accusation was a daily torture. She tried to drown it in social amusements, though these failed to amuse. The selectest Parisian *côteries* received her with warmth of welcome. Now and then at some great house the hostess would whisper to her a certain entreaty. But always she gave one reply, "*I 'ai la voix perdue*"—"I have lost my voice!"

One day Gabrielle de Lavalaye came to her in great haste. "Poor Julien," she said, "is very ill."

"Very ill?" Dora repeated, turning pale. "You told me only two days ago—"

"That he was in perfect health—yes; that he had ceased asking about you; that he had grown to look upon me and my children as mother, brothers and sisters—yes. But a few hours ago he was seized with a sudden sickness. The doctors call it a kind of heart-failure. He is lying unconscious, and his sweet little face—*so* like his father's now—has grown ghastly. Dora, will you not come with me? I feel that *I* should not have left his bedside. Surely *you* should stand there now!"

"Yes, yes," came the faltered answer, and in less than twenty minutes Gabrielle's brougham had hurried her to the Hotel de Lavalaye. As she entered Julien's room two servants, with uplifted hands, met her at the threshold. Beyond lay the boy, quite lifeless. He had died very peacefully during the absence of Gabrielle.

ONE glance at his ashen face made Dora reel. Afterward for hours they thought her mad; yet she showed not a hint of violence. Her face, wretchedly drawn and convulsed, bent over the dead form of her son. But always she kept singing, singing. It was horrible, yet fascinating to hear her. She echoed every plaintive *aria* from every opera that she had ever learned.

"Ah! call it superstition if you will," she softly cried to Gabrielle, "but his death, poor boy, *has restored to me my lost voice!* He took it away when he came; he has given it back to me now that he is dead!"

She kissed the colorless little cheeks many times, but she shed no tears. Gabrielle and others who watched her felt certain that indeed her wondrous voice had returned. The notes were low, but they throbbed with the old unique luxury of tone. Sometimes they were like the tenderest of lullabys; again they broke into strains of silvery lament.

The funeral was held two days later at the Madeleine, that one most lordly of all modern Parisian churches. Dora's unforgotten fame as a *diva* caused a great crowd to assemble. But this was not the only reason why hundreds of people thronged the great pillared portico facing on the *Rue Royale*. The story of her lost voice had long ago got abroad, and so also had her fierce antipathy to her child as the cause of it. Veiled in deepest black she entered the church, with Gabrielle at her side. Julien's coffin bore only one immense wreath of violets. No other floral emblems were visible, though many had been sent. In the packed church a solemn requiem mass began, and ended. A few seconds of silence ensued, then across the huge throng swept a flutter of departure. Something arrested it. A black-draped figure slipped from one of the pews nearest the altar and paused at the coffin's edge. It threw back its dense veil. *Dora!* The silence was now sepulchral, then a wildly sorrowing voice cleft it. Some say that the song and words were both improvised; others declare that the melodies were half Schubert and half Liszt, with a strange thread of the early Verdi running through both. But the voice! It was anguish, despair, repentance, poetry, humanity, art, womanhood, maternity and the ceaseless questioning of fate, of the world's baffling enigma, all knotted together in one angelic tangle of sound. People bowed their heads and convulsively wept. The great church seemed to tremble from pediments to roofage. It was not the worshiped De Rivarolle of past time; it was a thousandfold she; it was the ecstasy of inspiration; it was the *inferno* and *paradiso* blended in one; it was so wildly exequial that it awed; it was so poignantly natural that it made hearts quiver and swell. And withal it was the perfection of earthly intelligence, self-control and skill—the triumph of art.

IN ALL her past songful days never had Dora gained so grand a triumph. Clinging to Gabrielle's arm she found refuge in the sacristy, leaving the multitude that swayed toward her—men and women who would have flung themselves at her feet in the very hysteria of their homage.

A few days later, while she sat with Madame de Lavalaye in her apartments overlooking the placid and patrician old Avenue Gabriel, Dora took from a side-table a certain letter and handed it to her friend.

"Tell me, *ma chère*," she said, a little wearedly, "if you ever heard of so prodigious an offer from any operatic manager to any singer on earth."

Gabrielle scanned the letter.

"Dora!" she suddenly exclaimed, "it is more than princely! You will accept it, of course?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"I have lost my voice!"

"Dora! After that grand song beside your child's coffin?"

Dora slowly shook her head. "No, no, Gabrielle. That was not I. It was my penitence, my contrition, my self-accusation—it was, if you please, my self-contempt."

"But, Dora, this mood will pass. Your old power has come back to you; you have proved it."

"No."

"Dora!"

"No; I can never sing again!"

"You *cannot?*"

"Well, then, I *shall* not!" And she never did.

Florence Nightingale, the Soldier's Friend

BY FRANK H VIZETELLY

THE COUNTRY HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

A Burton

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY

WHAT Clara Barton has been to the American soldier, Florence Nightingale has been to his British comrade. These two noble women set examples of self-denying heroism of which both countries may well be proud. Florence Nightingale has just completed her seventy-ninth year, and although now an invalid she retains all her faculties, and her interest in the work she inaugurated continues unabated. Forty years ago all England raved about the young woman who, born of English parents in the city of Florence, from which she took her name, set out to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and fever-stricken soldiers of her native land far away in Crimea.

Reared in a beautiful home among the Derbyshire Hills and on the banks of the winding Derwent, surrounded by all that wealth could command, at once an artist and a musician of no mean ability, her mental endowments developed to the full, and as accomplished a woman as could be found anywhere throughout the land, Florence Nightingale, young, admired and courted, resigned "All that wealth ere gave" to go out into the world to do good.

When she left Lea Hurst, the home of her youth, to immure herself in the grim walls of that seminary at Kaiserwerth, where, under the severest training and strictest discipline, she learned the art of ministering unto the sick and suffering, she had imposed upon herself the task of meliorating human misery. She took no vows; no bonds but her fixed purpose held her to the mission she had chosen. She went out into the world voluntarily, silently, and solemnly dedicating her strength and her intellect to the purpose she had in view.

HAD not her home surroundings been such as they were the lesson of her self-sacrifice and her heroism in hospitals, camps and hovels would have been less ennobling. Her devotion to her patients at Inkerman, as well as at Balaklava, endeared her to every soldier in the ranks, from commanding general to private, and to this day, wherever a British soldier treads, her untiring labor has obtained for him that comfort and care which is the right of every man who stands ready to shed his blood for his native land. To her he owes his health, his cheerful barrack and gentle care when he is invalided home.

The sum of human misery suffered by the British army in the Crimea before Florence Nightingale appeared on the scene exceeded that of any other on record. When she arrived at Scutari—on the eve of the battle of Inkerman and the beginning of a terrible winter campaign—there were already nearly three thousand patients in the hospital wards, and this number was almost double after that bloody engagement. Official indifference as to the condition of the men at the front had been the cause of heavy sickness. The constitution of the troops broke down, and the death-list was already so heavy that it needed only the story of the horrors endured to reach the people at home to stir the heart of the entire British nation. The tide of grief was stemmed by one of stern indignation. The government was forced out of power and a new administration was put in charge. Within a week of offering her services Florence Nightingale received orders to proceed to the seat of war, and was empowered to take out women nurses, "without distinction of faith, of rank or of being bound by vows or not."

SHORTLY after her arrival several hospitals were put in charge of this heroine and her little band of helpers. They first had to contend with the ever-present dogged officialism, and quiescent opposition followed them into the fever-stricken buildings. There the sick men lay crowded into foul, unventilated rooms and in overcrowded corridors, without beds or bedding, without proper food, clothing, medicine or care, and without even a breath of fresh air. Added to these were the horrors of the battle-field—the maimed, unattended, dying for want of care, the sick starving for lack of proper nourishment. A week after her arrival all this was changed; but to show the wretched state of the field hospital at the time no better testimony can be produced than her own: "Wounded and sick were laid on paillasses on the floor as close as they could lie. There were two rows of beds in the barrack-hospital corridors, where two persons could hardly pass abreast between foot to foot. I have seen," she said, "seventy-two patients in a ward calculated by the inspector-general himself to hold only thirty. For full six weeks we had in the barrack hospital two thousand patients in the same space allotted by regulation for one thousand two hundred, and for six weeks more two thousand two hundred in the space allotted for one thousand six hundred. The sheets were of canvas so coarse that the men begged to be left in their blankets. It was indeed impossible to put men in such a state of emaciation into those sheets."

Imagine the amount of work required to remove these conditions. And it was done through her instrumentality.

THE pathetic stories of her watchful solicitude told by the wounded warriors in their letters home stirred the hearts of the British people. So great was the love of her among the rank and file that it is said her patients were wont to kiss her shadow as she passed between their fever-stricken cots; and she earned this devotion. Florence Nightingale stopped at nothing to succor those under her care, and on one occasion is known to have penetrated under fire the mortar-batteries before Inkerman for this very purpose. There the men of the Thirty-ninth regiment of the Guards recognized her and sent up such a cheer of welcome as startled the Russians in Sebastopol.

Trained as a nurse by the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, Florence Nightingale next attended the French hospitals in Paris, where she obtained that knowledge which afterward gained for her the apt titles of "Queen of Nurses" and "Soldier's Friend."

At the present time, when, bearing the weight of her years, she spends the greater part of the day in bed, the sympathy of all who have suffered will go out to this gentlewoman who became the people's idol "because the kindness of her soul could be read in her eyes." Although surrounded more than once by grave dangers, only once when on active service was she stricken down by illness. The strain of attending the sick in the Crimea, whom she succored with unselfish devotion, often for more than twenty hours at a time, made her an easy prey to the Crimean fever, and for many days she hovered between life and death. It was an anxious time in England, and all the people without respect to class watched for bulletins of her condition with anxious interest. When at last she recovered and set sail for home it was intended that she be given a reception on a scale unparalleled in the annals of British gratitude. But she had heard of it, and when she left Scutari she traveled under an assumed name, and reached home before any one knew of her arrival. Unwilling to accept this refusal of public thanks, the people started the Nightingale Fund to found in her honor a home for the training of nurses. Even at that time there existed an indescribable prejudice against the presence of women nurses in field hospitals, but the pathetic stories of her beautiful work helped to remove this prejudice, and despite opposition the Nightingale Home became an accomplished fact.

ON South Street, Park Lane, within a stone's throw of Hyde Park, in London, in an unpretentious dwelling-house just four stories high, around the first-floor front of which runs a small iron balcony, Florence Nightingale is now spending her declining years. The room in which she is confined is large and airy, and is always decorated with flowers brought by appreciative friends whose aim is to brighten her surroundings. At the head of her bed a shelf is placed, and on this all her favorite books have been conveniently arranged. Here, too, her writing materials are within easy reach, and alongside of these one may see a pile of reports from the home founded in her name, which, if it were needed, tends to show where even to-day her heart is. Between these, her reading, and the feeding of the birds she has tamed, that come twittering to the casement, and even hop onto the sill, she occupies her time with that patient resignation which bespeaks a godly life.

During the Crimean war nine of her nurses succumbed to the fever, and many were invalided home. Florence Nightingale herself still suffers from the great and continued mental and bodily strain that her Crimean services put upon her, but by her unselfish sacrifice she has made it impossible for the armies of Great Britain to ever again suffer from such horrifying calamities as those that she witnessed, suffered and endured. That which Florence Nightingale has accomplished in her day can never die.

MISS NIGHTINGALE'S LONDON HOUSE—CENTER BUILDING

THE "NURSING-CARRIAGE" WHICH ACCOMPANIED MISS NIGHTINGALE THROUGH THE CRIMEAN WAR

THE NIGHTINGALE HOME FOR TRAINING NURSES

Women and the Automobile

By Waldon Fawcett

RUNABOUT CARRIAGE

A PARK TRAP

READY FOR A SPIN

WOMEN have taken possession of the automobile quite as quickly and absolutely as they did the bicycle. Very manifestly and naturally they feel that this new type of vehicle is something distinctively within their province, and evidently there is to be no uncertainty in their dominion in the field. Although this early appreciation of the value of the horseless carriage as an adjunct of feminine life was wholly to be expected, it must nevertheless be regarded as particularly fortunate, since this new mode of locomotion undoubtedly holds greater possibilities for its feminine devotees than has any invention which has appeared in years.

In the French capital women utilize the automobile in a variety of services embracing pretty nearly everything, from a morning shopping tour to a jaunt into the country, such as was formerly only possible with a coach and four. Of late one of the chief uses of the automobile has been in connection with fashionable weddings, and at many prominent nuptial ceremonies the bride and bridegroom as well as all the guests have arrived in autocars. In some cases the vehicles have been decorated with a degree of elaborateness which would fill with despair the practical jokers to whom, in America, the task is usually relegated, but the ornamentation is with flowers instead of old shoes, and a highly artistic effect is presented.

THE general popularity of the automobile with American women may be said to have dated from the summer of 1899, when the use of the motor vehicles became a recognized diversion at Newport and other summer resorts. A number of ladies rapidly attained to proficiency in the management of the vehicles, and the entire country opened its eyes in wonder at the accounts of the automobile parade which was held late in the season at the Rhode Island resort above mentioned.

From that time forward the automobile gained in popularity with women just in proportion to the degree of attention bestowed upon it. With the advent of the feminine automobilist in considerable numbers the manufacturers began to devote more attention to designing vehicles which could be managed by the comparative novice, and wherever the mechanism could be simplified without the efficiency being impaired it was done. The ladies also acted as missionaries in a good cause by their objections to the unsightliness of some of the earlier vehicles, and the improvement which has been made in this respect is most noticeable.

In compliance with a demand from prospective lady customers several of the principal manufacturers of automobiles have opened academies, where instruction is given regarding the operation of the motor-carriages. The action taken in a number of the larger cities in opening the public parks to the horseless vehicles has also proven a fostering influence in the development of the feminine enthusiast.

There are at present in the city of Chicago twelve ladies who are entitled to classification as full-fledged automobile operators, since they regularly make trips about the city in automobiles, unattended or accompanied only by lady friends. In New York City there are twice as many. The city of Philadelphia has two or three feminine automobilists, and upward of a score of other ladies are to be found in the smaller communities throughout the country.

From a feminine standpoint the first thought with reference to the automobile is of the new pastimes to which it constitutes the gateway, but in reality these represent but a small portion of the advantages which it will introduce in woman's sphere, once its full possibilities have been developed.

One benefit which it will confer, which will doubtless be appreciated to a greater or less extent by pretty nearly every woman in the land, is in the improvement of the postal service. Especially will this be true in the rural districts, where the automobile will do much to hasten the day of universal free delivery. What this avenue of closer touch and speedier communication with the great world outside and all its varied interests will mean to farmers' wives and daughters can only be appreciated by women who have experienced the disadvantages of life in some of the more isolated farming districts.

A ROAD-WAGON OWNED BY A CHICAGO ENTHUSIAST

SEVERAL women physicians in various sections of the country are already using automobiles regularly in making their professional calls, and the new mode of travel has so many advantages that it is certain of a very general adoption. Two classes of women to whom the automobile will mean much—strange though it may appear at first thought—are the professional nurses in the hospitals and kindergarten teachers in the large cities. The automobile ambulance, with its greater speed and reduced jarring and jolting of patients, will indirectly prove helpful in many ways to the white-aproned workers in wards of suffering. To the kindergarten instructors the horseless vehicles will prove a great convenience in returning the little pupils to their respective homes.

The feminine shoppers of many of the larger cities have already been brought to an appreciation of some of the good qualities of the automobile by a more prompt delivery of parcels. It is believed that by its use it will eventually be possible to insure delivery on the day of purchase, even if the latter have been made late in the afternoon, thus realizing one of the fondest dreams of the patron of the bargain-counters.

THE displacement of the horse, if it is to come, will certainly mean cleaner streets and probably far less noisy ones, two boons which will be deeply appreciated by all citizens. In New York City, where over a hundred electric cabs are regularly in service in the streets, the preference of women for the new mode of locomotion has been markedly discernible. Moreover, no announcement made in the metropolis in many a day gave its fair residents greater pleasure than that of the intention to displace by automobiles the dilapidated Fifth Avenue stages which have so long been the butt of the funmakers, but the eccentric characteristics of which have been no humorous matter to the hundreds of women obliged to ride on them daily.

The growth of the automobile in popularity among people of moderate means will naturally be dependent for its rapidity largely upon the lowering of the prices of the machines. That this cheapening process is likely, however, to be far more rapid than many persons suppose, and, indeed, far more speedy than in the case of the bicycle, would seem probable from the fact that there are now in America more than two hundred firms manufacturing upward of three hundred different types of vehicles. A further incentive to reductions in price is found in the fact that automobiles may be propelled by no less than half a dozen distinct motive powers, prominent among which are electricity, steam, compressed air, gasoline and petroleum. Indeed, some firms are already offering automobiles at prices less than a third those asked a year ago.

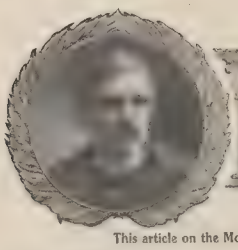
ONE of the problems which early confronted the women operators of automobiles was that of the necessity of sometimes recharging their machines when out on a trip. Like all the other obstacles in the way of enjoyment of the new sport, this is now, however, in a fair way to be remedied, for in New York and other cities charging-stations are being fitted up at regular intervals, where attendants will take charge of storing the power for another spin. Charging-stations in the country will come later, when the automobile tally-ho parties extend their radius beyond the city limits.

One of the surest indications of the permanency of the automobile as an adjunct of feminine enjoyment is found in the universality of its adoption. In England, France and Germany many of the aristocracy and nobility have been most devoted in their allegiance to the new vehicles for months past, and country tours of several hundred miles have not been uncommon. Even Queen Victoria, who is known to be far from partial to innovations of any kind, evidently realizes the dawn of the new era, for recently she ordered that all her driving-horses be trained to become accustomed to the sight of the automobiles.

LARGE VICTORIA, ONE OF THE METROPOLITAN TYPE

STANHOPE, OWNED BY TWO NEW YORK GIRLS

A SMALL VICTORIA OFTEN SEEN IN CENTRAL PARK



The Revival of Art and Beauty

By Newell Dwight Hillis

This article on the Modern Art Movement and Its Influence on Society was begun in the January Companion

PART II.—THE NEW ERA

BUT at last in God's providence an era hath come when art is distributed. If once genius was concentrated in the single temple or cathedral, now beauty is distributed among the millions who dwell in cottages. No longer does society beautify cathedrals; it rather beautifies the homes of the people. Where once an artist concentrated all his skill upon a single picture or statue, now the artist diffuses his genius, and sprinkles beauty upon the table of the dining-room or distributes it over the ceilings and walls of halls and libraries and sleeping-chamber. Art has ceased to limit its refining influence to the favored few. Going abroad, it sweetens life in cabin and cottage. The modern Wedgwood seeks to organize beauty into china so that eating and drinking may serve for refinement and culture. The modern Titian no longer gives years to adorning the single palace of some prince; he rather concentrates his skill to some form of art for making a thousand copies of some noble picture, that it may be distributed through the whole world.

Ruskin's Influence

MEN are accustomed to refer this era of diffusive art to the influence of John Ruskin. When that prophet of beauty was searching out the explanation of the ugliness of poor men's homes, he visited Sheffield to study the men who worked in iron. Finding these men were without models of beauty, he took the marbles he had collected in Greece, the paintings he had found in Italy, the art treasures he had collected in many lands and cities, and distributed them among the working-men, that they might make the knife and fork to represent lines of beauty, that the papers upon the walls of the cottage might have not coarse and harsh colors, but soft tints and lovely lines, that carpets and rugs might serve for the eye and the taste. To Ruskin God gave the task of ushering in an era when untold prophets of art would rise up to sprinkle beauty upon man's dress, his house, his books, his city. Our world may never again behold a Phidias or Praxiteles adorning a single temple. Society may never again have a Brabante or Michael Angelo building a single St. Peter's. But what is infinitely better, our world is to have an art that is increasingly diffusive, sowing all the land with sweetness and lending refinement to all our people.

Humble Art Promoters

RECENTLY a poor working-woman, who had through three years subscribed for one of the ten-cent magazines, found that she was the owner of more than one hundred full-page prints of great paintings. Having mounted her treasures, she sent these pictures out, to be circulated from one poor home to another, to bless little children and sweeten the life of many weary hearts. In view of what was accomplished by that woman who loaned Sparks' "Life of Washington" to the boy named Abraham Lincoln; in view of the fact that the one chance to look upon a great painting led the young scullion in Italy to exclaim, "I, too, am a painter!" and, dropping his apron, go out into the world to become one of the great artists of Italy, who can measure the influence upon our people and civilization through the new movement for the distribution of the beautiful through the universal life?

Christianity and the Arts

IN ALL ages Christianity has had a natural affiliation for the fine arts. As a great theme helps to make a thinker, as a noble cause lends heroism to the patriot or reformer, so Christianity through its heroes, saints, seraphs, has lent loveliness to the artist's brush, dignity to the builder's mind, sweetness to the singer's voice. In his vision of the future life John exhibits the infinite God as the matchless one. To portray the beauty of God's throne, his city, his streets, the seer invokes the aid of all gold, pearls, all gems and jewels; asks all harps, all sweet song, and cool streams, and fruitful trees, to help convey to man some adequate idea of that realm of infinite beauty. And once the vision of that divine one whose gianthood was gentleness broke in upon the mind of artists, immediately they passed under the influence of a new and surpassing force. Artists went everywhither seeking for models beautiful enough to represent Christ's face; sculptors searched afar for marble white enough for Christ's forehead; architecture taxed itself to rear cathedrals lofty enough for the worship of him whom the heaven of heavens could not contain; musicians toiled unceasingly upon notes sweet enough for Christ's praise.

The Life of Music

INDEED, music is the one fine art that owes its very existence to Christianity. Philosophy does not sing. Atheism has no chat or Te Deum. Materialism pours forth no melody. But Christianity was so rich that in vain the other arts sought to express the surcharged heart. Architecture could express ideas of strength, sublimity and endurance, but architecture is dumb. Sculpture can express purity, grace and beauty, but the cold marble calls forth no tears. Painting added warm colors, the crimson of self-sacrifice, the blue of perfect purity, the kingliness of royal purple, and of looking toward the frescoed ceiling of chapels it has been as if the choiring angels had broken through the roof. But painting hath no voice, sends forth no speech. And so the pent-up tides of the Christian heart break forth into music. From the dungeon of the prisoner, from the stake of the martyr, from the palace of the emperor, from cottage and cathedral, the heart exulting in its victory over sorrow and suffering and death, rose like a bird pouring forth sweet song. And to swell the chorus the harp lent its note, the organ added its deep, resounding tones, to the sweetness of the human voice, while the church poured forth oratorio and solemn symphony. For music began with Jesus Christ. The church is the home of the Jubilate, the Magnificat, the Benedicite, the Te Deum.

Moral Beauty

NOW that art hath adorned the column and arch, lent beauty to the canvas, the ceiling and to music, beauty is now entering the moral realm and adorning the soul. Now that the mud hut has become a palace, those who dwell therein feel that they must not live like slaves or savages. For the modern youth who dwells in a beautiful house, reads beautiful books, walks through a beautiful park or street, or stands in a beautiful gallery, to become a drunkard or a glutton, or a thief or a tramp, is for an Indian with his tomahawk to ride in a palace-car. Outer and physical beauty forbid a mental ugliness and a moral deformity. Immeasurable, indeed, the influence of the modern art movement upon the morals of society. For our fathers, so great was the contrast between their free and beautiful homes and the ugliness of the huts of the slaves that men felt that slavery made an ugly blot upon the page of our history.

Obtrusive Ugliness

TO-DAY Tolstoi feels that in this era, when the noise of falling shackles resounds around the world, the woe and misery of starving peasants mean that the moral landscape is stained with ugliness. When Arnold Toynbee left the inspiring scenes of Oxford University to spend a few days in Whitechapel Road, with its squalor and poverty, the scene seemed as bare of beauty as an ash heap or a pile of cinders; and through the social settlement, with its many refining influences, he sought to make social ugliness to become moral beauty. A white background lends new blackness to a black line. And because the moral background of our world is whiter and purer than ever before, the black, ugly lines of corruption are now assuming an unwonted ugliness. Society is coming to feel that the tenement-house, the saloon, the gambling-den, the presence of a boodler or a jail-bird in a city council-chamber or a legislature are repulsive black spots upon the otherwise beautiful garments of our civilization.

Black Spots on Society

JUST now all good citizens feel that to elevate corrupt men to the judgeship would be to poison our institutions at the fountain-head. And yet in a recent political campaign there was an appeal by a so-called "non-partisan independent" candidate for the judgeship. Having first of all asked saloon-keepers and whisky-dealers to vote for him, this candidate declared that "legitimate gambling, if unrestricted, would fill our deserted office buildings and put in circulation at least five million dollars annually; horse-racing and pool-selling would circulate at least ten million dollars more;" that "honest lotteries, if established, would gather into the coffers of the city not less than twenty million dollars per annum." Providing the parasitic classes voted for him, this candidate pledged himself as a judge to protect what he called "square gambling." He appealed directly to the corrupt and vicious element of the community, and at the same time hoped to catch the votes of those who were willing to be convinced that by condoning an evil they were doing their city a great service.

Had the city in question elevated such a man to that exalted chair where a judge of justice sits, its disgrace would have been complete. The mere sending forth such an appeal for votes means that a handful of black mud has been thrown upon the white garments of a city.

An Encouraging Outlook

BUT it is the advance in moral and civic righteousness that makes the boodler, the criminal and the corrupt politician to be black stains upon our social life. How striking the contrast between the parasites who debauch society and those who seek to beautify our city! We all should be optimists in these days, when young men and women of great genius, character and social influence enter the tenement-house district to cleanse the foul springs, to sweeten the corrupt atmosphere, to beautify the life that has hitherto been ugly. Never was the protest against civic unrighteousness so intense or so deep. As never before men have the right to look forward to an era when sin and ignorance and social ugliness shall pass away.

Chiefly is the art movement leading to a new emphasis of the beauty of the Christian life. Loveliness is no longer confined to the unspeaking statue and the dumb picture. Statues are taking feet to themselves, and pictures are breaking into voice. Loveliness is becoming life.

A Beautiful Life

THAT mother who bore herself with sweetness and gentleness, with patience and kindness beyond compare, has passed on; but for her boy her face hangs in the picture-gallery of memory, and he worships her as if she had been an angel. For her soul was an artist that, working behind the flesh and tissue, struck through into outer expression of face and feature, and in her refined countenance there appeared the divinest beauty there is in our world. For no picture ever painted, no statue ever carved, no cathedral ever built, is comparable to beauty of the soul that is refined, reformed and possessed with the spirit of Jesus Christ. For the truly Christian life is as full of color as the spring, as full of fruit as is the autumn, as full of purity as the white cloud, as full of majesty as the noble mountain. One church made up of beautiful Christians who worship God in the beauty of holiness would transform our city and our civilization. As the husbandman in the garden hastens to cast out all thorns, briers and thistles, and ushers in the snowdrop, the roses, the fragrant violet, so let man make haste to expel from his heart all hatreds, envies, jealousies, counting them to be noxious weeds which have no place there. Let him bring in all truth, justice, purity, love, flowers, these that are rooted in heaven, but that blossom upon our earth.

Editor's Note—This concludes the first paper of a series to be contributed to the Woman's Home Companion during the year by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The next paper will be

"The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century"

Being an outlook upon the gains of the common people in wisdom, wealth, happiness and morals. The other articles of the series will appear in succeeding numbers of the Companion in the order in which they are received from the author. Dr. Hillis has the happy faculty of interesting all classes of readers, not only in his choice of subjects, but in his manner of treating them.

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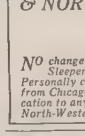

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THE CARE OF THE YOUNG CHILD

By Dr. A. L. Benedict

PART II.

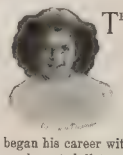
TOWARD the end of the first year the child begins to emphasize his high place in the scale of evolution by becoming a biped and by talking. He should not be encouraged to walk until his bones are firm enough to bear his weight, nor should anxiety be felt if an otherwise intelligent child is slow in talking, providing he hears well, as shown by the simple test of attracting his attention with a watch. Many children acquire a considerable vocabulary before they utter more than a few syllables, and when they do begin to talk surprise every one by their sudden fluency. Imitation is an important factor in the education of the child, and he should learn to speak from those who use language properly, who enunciate clearly, and whose voices are well modulated.

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," and the language which the child of six employs is apt to be the basis of his speech throughout life. We cannot separate from words the ideas for which they stand; thus what might at first appear to be merely an educational matter is also a serious moral problem. The writer retains a tolerably clear recollection of his own boyhood, and he has enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of many young children. From this experience he would express the opinion that a very small minority of children of the age of eight can be considered "innocent," and that a very considerable minority of boys of five can swear fluently, and use a shockingly copious stock of objectionable words. By making a hermit of a child we can postpone for a few years the inevitable contact with the coarser manifestations of human nature, but he will then very likely be shamed, by his very lack of proficiency in evil, into greater assiduity in acquiring the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

THUS it would seem to be wiser not to try to keep the child out of the world, but to overcome the influence of the evil which he will encounter by frankly explaining to him that some words are bad and others good; in short, by treating him as an intelligent being, as he is. The adroitness with which children will conceal their knowledge of matters on which their parents assume them to be ignorant is wonderful—almost as wonderful as the stupidity of some adults, who imagine that child-nature is different from human nature, and that they must change accent and language in order to be understood by the little ones.

We have to some extent built up a special code of ethics for children, with a vocabulary to match. We speak to them in what we consider terms of affectionate comradeship, and call them impertinent if they copy our language. It would be as sensible to speak slang to a foreigner, and then find fault with him for not using elegant English. Not content with the biblical precept to say plain "yes" and "no"—the meaning is not quite so clear in the obsolete English of the King James translation—we impose upon children the word "sir," which is antiquated, and "ma'am," which is a vulgar abbreviation. How many adults have been mortified by their inability to drop this habit of speech. We indulge in platitudes about childish innocence, and then debase the pure friendships of our little ones by silly jests about sweethearts, which disgust them and foster a precocious self-consciousness.

THE secret of "getting along" with children is to apply to them the ordinary rules of social life. The man who assumes the "hale-fellow-well-met" style one day, and is the impersonation of dignity the next, will find himself lacking in adult friends, because few persons will take the trouble to adapt themselves to his moods. Likewise, the parent who romps with his children, and in a few minutes whips one of them for not addressing him as "sir," need not be surprised if his children avoid his society. One of the commonest laws of social decency is to not quote Latin to a person who is known never to have studied the classics. Precisely the same discourtesy is committed if we use words of many syllables in conversing with children; but we commit a still greater discourtesy in either case by assuming with an air of patronage that the unclassical adult or the child has no ideas in common with our superior selves. Barring some rather technical information, the child of five and the man or woman of fifty are surprisingly alike in their interests, and they may converse with mutual advantage upon an endless variety of subjects.



THE matter of discipline of children may be a simple or a very difficult problem, according to the nature of the child, which, we should not forget, is largely what he has inherited from his parents. A wise teacher, who began his career with a firm belief in Solomon's much-quoted dictum, said that as he grew older, and understood children better, he used corporal punishment less and less frequently. Mean and cruel acts seem to be best met with actual physical suffering and disgrace; but corporal punishment should never be so freely employed that the latter element is ignored, and the child calculates in cold blood whether a certain forbidden pleasure is worth the pain of a whipping. Nor should corporal punishment ever be so mild as to arouse the child's ridicule. On the other hand, no punishment should be employed which is physically dangerous, nor should the integrity of the nervous system be threatened by frightening the child or by arousing a belief in the supernatural. Furthermore, a punishment which breaks the child's spirit, or which leaves him sullen and defiant, is worse than the ordinary form of spoiling him. The child should never be justified in the belief that he is punished simply because he has come into conflict with a stronger being. On the same principle, the writer believes that the importance of obedience in children has been greatly overestimated. So far as this life is concerned, only the most extravagant optimist would hold that the average child owed any debt of gratitude for having been brought into the world. If the parent desires to train his child for menial employment, then the insistence on obedience for its own sake is at least logical; but is the welfare of the average American boy or girl best served by cultivating a spirit of unquestioning obedience and dependence upon a stronger will? Or is the best kind of citizenship produced by such training? The boy who has been trained to obey his father simply because of the fact of parentage often proves to be the most unmanageable when he is under the temporary care of adults whose right of "bossing" him he does not recognize.

ON THE other hand, the child who has been governed by laws which he understands, and who has grown to regard his parents as his older and wiser friends, is apt to be docile when in the care of strangers, and to accept as an obvious necessity a temporary dictatorship without explanation of orders when traveling or in similar emergencies. A fact of great practical value is that all children, except such as are essentially moral imbeciles, can be controlled by military discipline or any similar method which they know to be in vogue among adults. In fact, the great majority of children can be governed merely by common politeness, and an appeal to their sense of courtesy and honor.

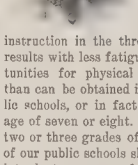
Sufficient allusion has already been made to the clothing of infants. As soon as the child has begun to use his legs short clothes should replace the long wraps of the babe in arms, and until the fifth year the clothing for boys and girls should be practically the same. At about this time the boy naturally aspires to the dignity of trousers with pockets, and it may be suggested that sewing up the pockets or a return to skirts is an efficient method of enforcing discipline. Except in cold weather or in malarious climates cotton underwear is to be preferred to woolen, as being less irritating to the skin, allowing greater freedom of movement and absorbing perspiration. The principle should be observed of covering all parts of the body, except the face and hands, to approximately the same depth, save that the chest and abdomen need a little greater protection than the back and limbs. The absence of outer garments below the knees requires the use of heavier hosiery than for adults. The coldest part of a house is the floor, so that children who play on the floor often take cold in rooms that are perfectly comfortable for adults.

SO FAR as possible drafts should be avoided, and the nursery should be above a warm ceiling; but it is also necessary to provide children with shoes that are not only comfortable, but that are thick and high in the ankle. In winter arctic rubbers and leggings are needed for protection from the snow, and care should be taken to strike a happy medium between clothing so light as to allow direct chilling, and so heavy that the child first perspires and then becomes chilled. Clothing should nowhere chafe or interfere with free movement. Stiff collars, waist-supporters and gloves are particularly to be avoided. Hats and caps should be chosen to screen the eyes and to protect the head. Sunbonnets fulfill the first requirement, but are apt to direct a current of air against the side of the head, causing catarrh and earache.

Clothing should also be considered from the ethical standpoint. An occasional "dress-up" is well to stimulate habits of neatness, yet the child under six years of age should have little thought of his clothing, either vainly or economically. Much of his health depends upon wearing clothes which he need not fear to spoil.

IT SHOULD be remembered that play is to children what their life-work is to men and women. Indeed, some philosopher has said that no business disappointment or loss sustained by adults can equal in poignancy of grief what children suffer if their plans of play are spoiled. Parents should strive to have their children play fairly and generously, and should guard against too great fatigue, resulting from the engrossing interests and ambitions in the land of make-believe. To maintain a proper control over the play of children requires tact and ready sympathy; it requires that parents "become as little children."

Most states exclude from the public schools children under five years of age, and it is a sad commentary on the hard conditions of life, or the hard-heartedness of parents, that such an enactment should be necessary. Yet to a considerable minority of our population the school is not primarily an educational institution, but a place where children may be sent to get rid of them during certain hours of the day. Parents of this manner of thinking have accepted the kindergarten as a welcome addition to the school system, but those more happily circumstanced and better able to take a personal interest in the rearing of children may well be content with schools in the old-fashioned sense, which do not pretend to be homes, nurseries, manual-training institutions or gymnasia. The real object of the kindergarten is to impart refinement, love of nature, unselfish regard for companions, and training of the eye and hand. All of these objects may be quite as well attained at home under proper conditions, though the parents be poor.



PART of the life of every American boy and girl who is not physically or mentally below par should be spent in the democratic atmosphere of the public school. Yet, in the judgment of the writer, home instruction in the three R's will produce better results with less fatigue, and with better opportunities for physical and moral development, than can be obtained in the routine of the public schools, or in fact of any school, up to the age of seven or eight. In other words, the first two or three grades of the primary department of our public schools should be recognized as an introductory course for children who, for some reason, cannot receive the ideal amount of care from their parents. It may be objected that this view involves a retrograde movement from the present tendency of specialism. It must be admitted that the theory here advanced is old-fashioned to the extent of regarding the home as the center of the child's life, and parents as the natural protectors and instructors of their offspring, up to the time when self-reliance, self-denial and industry must be taught along with the learning contained in books, and when the child's horizon must be broadened to include not only the home, but a wide circle of associates.

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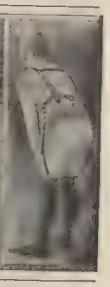

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THE LEISURE HALF-HOUR

ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

THE rain came in sharp gusts against the window of the Pullman sleeper Cloverdale on the "Limited" to Denver, and Mr. Maurice Carroll, in section twelve, threw aside his paper, and stretching his long athletic limbs, yawned a tremendous yawn.

"I must say that I am about first cousin to a fool to leave my work and go over half way across the continent to assist my friend Duncan to get married. Of course, the bride will be beautiful and accomplished, and the best man, 'Mr. Maurice Carroll, the rising young artist from New York'—bosh! Hello!" for he suddenly became conscious of a pair of merry brown eyes looking steadily at him over the top of the seat. "Well, who are you, Miss—" the rest of the face that belonged to the eyes appeared.

"I ain't no girl!" indignantly; "I am Theodore Robert MacKay."

"Indeed! I am charmed to make your acquaintance. Come and talk to me."

The head disappeared, and in a moment a very small boy was seated opposite Carroll, gazing admiringly at him with great dark eyes.

"Where are you going, Theodore?"

"Home, to Denver, to the weddin'. Are you goin' there, too?"

"Yes; I am going to Denver to a wedding, but I do not know if it is your particular wedding or not."

The small youth bounced up and down and his eyes shone.

"Now, perhaps 'tis. I am goin' to be page, you know, and wear white velvet. What do you do, and will you wear white velvet?"

Carroll laughed. "No; unfortunately I am so big that they won't allow me to wear white velvet. Too bad, is it not? Are *you* going to be married at your wedding?"

"Me? Oh, now you're funnin'. No, sister Maude."

"Maude MacKay—why, we *are* going to the same wedding! Now, that will be great fun, won't it?"

"Bet! Say, sister is back in the Halifax. We've been to Chicago buyin' clothes. Perhaps," looking around, "she will be wonderin' where I am."

"If you will allow me," said Carroll, gravely, "I will escort you to your sister, and see that you introduce us properly."

The boy studied the handsome face of his companion to see if he was joking, and being apparently satisfied that he was not, he took his hand and pulled him toward the door. In the vestibule they met a young woman whose pretty face was marred by an anxious frown. She saw Theodore, and without glancing at Carroll, exclaimed, "You naughty boy! Where have you been? Come with me this—I beg your pardon," for she now became conscious of Carroll's presence. "Don't, sis! Say, here is Mr. Carroll. He's a-goin' to our weddin', and I want him to know you."

The girl laughed, and extending her hand, said, graciously, "I am delighted to meet Mr. Carroll. Jack talks so often about you. Can't you come back with us?"

He went, and before sunset he had, for the first time in his life, tumbled madly in love, and, sad to relate, in love with the girl he was soon to see married to his old college chum.

Carroll passed the greater part of the night in the buffet, smoking an endless number of cigars, calling himself bad names, and enjoying to the utmost the little thrills of happiness that would not be suppressed.

"That self-poised air"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, as he walked up and down the swaying car, "I can't help it. What would Jack say? Well, I will see it through, and then say farewell to them forever." He made a gesture of despair, and the conductor eyed him furtively.

"Altitude depressing you?" he ventured to ask.

Carroll stopped.

"What!" he snapped. "No, the *altitude* is not depressing me."

The Limited steamed into Denver early the next morning, and Carroll was the first passenger off. Jack Duncan was waiting on the platform with that self-poised air so pronounced in a "soon-to-be-married" man.

"Hello, Carroll!"

"How are you, Jack, old fellow? My congratulations. She is a beauty."

"Why, man, of course she is! But how do you know? You have not seen her."

"Never saw her? Haven't I come all the way from Chicago with her?"

Jack opened his eyes. "What are you talking about? That's her sister; that's Isobel, not Maude. Oh, this is rich! Oh, my!"

Carroll looked dazed, then his face flushed. "I said on the way out that I was first cousin to a fool. I am not. I am the fool himself. Was in a hurry, but I'm not now. Let us go back and wait for Isobel." HARRIET N. NOYES.

A RIDDLE

I SENT a note to pretty Prue
And asked her to be mine.
To be my sweetheart fond and true,
Likewise my Valentine.

And then I went to hear her say
The word I longed for, "Yes;"
But first a riddle deep and hard
She asked, and bade me guess

Why that aforesaid note is like
Policemen? I declare
I'm never good at guessing, and
It really wasn't fair.

Then an idea dawned on me,
My anger knew no bounds;
I thought her meaning surely was
That it had "gone the rounds."

But, lest her teasing hurt me,
She whispered, low and sweet,
That close to her own loving heart
She'd placed it "on a beat."

EDYTH FORBES KELLEY.

HIS MOTHER'S COOKING

WHEN Boggles reached home the other evening he was out of sorts with himself and the world in general. Everything had gone wrong (as things sometimes will) at the office that day, consequently Boggles was in a fault-finding mood, and, like a stick of dynamite, ready to explode at the slightest provocation.

His first opportunity occurred at the dinner-table, and of course he promptly improved it. Picking up a warm biscuit from the plate before him, he broke it open, sniffed a couple of times, and began:

"Chock-full of saleratus"

"Chock-full of saleratus, as usual, and heavy as a chunk of lead. It is one of the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century that some women—that's right, blush if you want to, Hannah; don't blame you a bit for it—that some women, I repeat, can never learn how to make biscuits fit for human consumption. You ought to see the biscuits my mother used to make; but pshaw! there's no use telling you about *her* style of cooking. I've told you hundreds of times before, and it didn't do any good; not a particle. You're set on making biscuits your own way, even if you have to throw them away afterward or bribe a tramp to eat them.

"Well, a tramp can take his chances on them if he wants to, but I'm not going to ruin my digestion by eating such soggy, saleratus-saturated biscuits as these. I'm not an ostrich exactly, and I object to eating biscuits that weigh a pound apiece. Understand that, Mrs. Boggles?"

"I think I do," said Mrs. Boggles, meekly; "but I forgot to —"

"I'll bet you did; you're always forgetting something," interrupted Boggles, sneeringly. "Forgot to put any shortening or milk in those biscuits, I expect. Wonder you didn't forget the flour, too, and put in nothing but salt and baking-soda. Say, Hannah, there's no use talking, you've got to begin taking lessons in cooking the very minute mother gets here; and, by the way, she wrote she was coming some time this week, didn't she?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Boggles, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "and she arrived early this forenoon."

"This forenoon?" echoed Boggles, blankly, a horrible suspicion beginning to dawn upon his mind. "And—and did she make these biscuits?"

"I believe she did," answered Mrs. Boggles, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I forgot to tell you so when you sat down to dinner, but I see you've found it out, and I'm glad you like them. Do have another, won't you, dear?"

"I believe I will," said Boggles, hoarsely; "and, Hannah," he continued, in a stage-whisper, "if you ever dare to breathe a word of what I said to mother, I—I'll never forgive you in my life. And it is all right about that new cloak and hat you wanted. I'll see that you have the money for them as soon as I get home to-morrow night. Understand?"

Mrs. Boggles intimated that she did, and a moment later, when Boggles' mother, who had tired herself out with the housework, and had been up-stairs taking a nap, came into the dining-room and asked, "How do you like my biscuits, Samuel? Did you know I made them without being told?" Boggles winked at his wife, and then unblushingly answered:

"Of course I did; knew it the minute I laid my eyes on 'em; and I was just telling Hannah I'd give almost anything if she was a first-class cook like my mother. Wasn't I, Hannah?"

And with a brand-new cloak and bonnet in prospect, only twenty-four hours distant, Mrs. Boggles wisely held her peace.

WILL S. GIDLEY.

WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

SHE was just recovering from typhoid fever. "How do you feel this morning, dear?" inquired her husband, to whom she had been married but two weeks before her illness.

"I hope she has pistachio ice-cream"

"Good. And, Charlie, the doctor says I can have some boiled rice by next Monday. Won't that be nice?"

"I guess it will. Nell, I forgot to tell you last night that I met Clara Jones, and she inquired about you."

"That was nice. Charlie, did you ever eat any of Clara's chocolate cake? My, don't I wish I had a piece now!"

"No, I never did. Do you love me this morning, Nell?"

"Why, Charlie, you know—oh, say, I was just thinking as you came in. Do you like meatballs? I am going to make some the first thing when I get up, and angel's-food, and orange pudding, and cucumber pickles, and potato salad, and cold slaw, and olives, and marshmallows, and clam chowder, and lobster salad, and pickles, and—oh, Charlie, I wish I had them all now!"

"I wish you could. But don't think of them any more. Just lie still and get well fast, so that you can be ready for Bess Graham's lawn-party next month. She was asking me if you will be out by the twelfth."

"Did she say what kind of refreshments she will serve? I hope she has pistachio ice-cream, and lemon sherbet, and some of the soft cocoanut cake that she makes, and—"

"It's too bad that you can't attend the alumni reception next Friday."

"And the banquet with it. Oh, dear! It just makes me sick to think of lying here so long. And they'll have blue points, and veal croquettes, and chicken salad, and spring chicken with mayonnaise dressing, and—"

"Never mind now, sweetheart. Just be patient and get well soon, so that we can go out on our wheels into the country again on Saturday afternoons."

"Yes. And every time we go I'm going to take a lunch. That tin box that our jelly-knife came in from Ohio will be just the thing to carry a lunch in. And I can put in some dried beef and—"

"And we can take our camera. Did you know that last night I developed the picture I took of Spoon Falls while we were on our trip? I got a fine neg—"

"Spoon Falls! What a name to make any one feel hungry just to hear it. It makes me think of rice pudding, and strawberries and cream, and—"

"Oh, Nell, did I tell you that old Mr. Wheeler—he's worth a hundred thousand—has retained me to prosecute his case against the L. S. & M. Company? If I can win that suit it will give me—"

"Say, Charlie, won't you bring home a box of those cherries I saw advertised in this morning's paper, and ask the doctor if he don't think I can have just a few of them?"

"Not quite yet, dear. Nell, are you sure you love me the best of any one in the world?"

"Why, sweetheart, what makes you ask that so much? You know I—oh, Charlie, here comes the nurse with my toast! Now scamper!"

He scampered.

HARRY NEWTON GARDNER.

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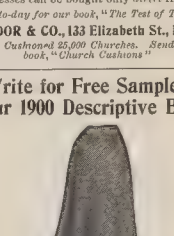

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Making White and Cream Soups

By Sallie-Joy White

FASHION changes in foods, in their preparation and their serving, just as it does in clothes and in house-furnishings. What she smiles on to-day she frowns on to-morrow; what she refused to set her seal of approval upon yesterday she holds in highest esteem to-day. A few years ago the ambitious housekeeper could not have a company dinner without a clear soup as a matter of course. It was the fashionable soup, and so consommé was served as a matter of course at dinner, just as bouillon was at luncheon.

Opinions have changed now, and delicate cream soups and bisques are considered a little better form than consommé, although the latter is still in high favor. Personally I should say that it would be a matter of choice which shall be used, to be governed by the taste of the hostess and the adaptability to the rest of the dinner.

If the roast is of beef or any of the heavier meats consommé precedes it well; if game or fowl, then the cream soups seem more suitable. In summer, too, the cream soups with vegetable flavoring are the most appropriate, just as the brown soups seem to fit the winter. As I said before, however, all this is a matter of individual taste, and is to be settled by the hostess.

MAKING velvet soup or potage à la Reine is not an easy task, and you will not care to undertake it often, but you will want to know how to make it, since you have set out to be "an accomplished cook" and to have all the knowledge possible in your head and at your finger-tips.

Then I think there is a certain fascination in trying new things; you like to see how they are "coming out." And after you have grown accustomed to cooking you reduce all your work in that line to a sort of system. You learn the relative value of ingredients, you understand the relations of different articles to one another, and you understand why certain preparations are needed. There is a reason for everything that is done. Indeed, you will speedily come to recognize the fact that there is no occupation more logical than cooking; that is, if you work with your head as well as with your hands.

Cream soups are made from white stock, which is a stock from veal or chicken. They must have nothing in them to color them, and so the seasoning is onion, celery-salt and white pepper, the thickening rice, corn-starch, flour, eggs, or the white meat of chicken chopped fine, and they are made still richer by milk or cream.

The simplest and the least expensive of the white soups is that made from veal-stock. You may have a clear, sparkling white soup, as transparent as consommé and much lighter in color, or a cream soup. The latter is really the nicer to the taste and the daintier in appearance. If, however, you decide on the clear soup, you will clarify the stock with the white of egg just as you did the consommé in the last lesson.

To make this white-soup stock you will use the knuckle of the veal, having the bones cracked and the meat cut into small pieces. The bones and marrow are highly gelatinous, and make a clear jelly when they are boiled and cooled.

JUST a word here about cooking stock—and this is true of all stock, the brown and white alike. Be sure to cool it rapidly. This is most necessary if you want it to keep a few days. If it is allowed to cool partially on the range before it is strained it will not keep well. The more quickly it is cooled off after the straining the better it is. Again, cooking meat at a high and in a dry temperature develops a richer and more savory flavor, and that is why in some of the brown-soup stocks, when it is possible to do so, it is well to brown the meat before adding the water to it. You cannot do this with bouillon or white soup on account of preserving the transparency and the whiteness. But in the family soups, where nourishing qualities are not sacrificed to appearance, it is a good thing to do.

Always cut off all the fat possible from the meat before it is put into the stock-pot; the less fat cooked the more delicate will be the soup.

As to flavoring—a most important matter—always follow the rules carefully as to the amounts used. The experienced cook may make experiments or trust to her judgment, but the inexperienced one must follow rules.

The various flavors should be so nicely blended that no one will be prominent, and the result will be a delightful combination of seasonings. This is obtained only by the accurate use of the various flavors.

But to come back to the veal soup.

Using four pounds of the knuckle of veal as a basis, you will want two stalks of celery, two small onions, one tablespoonful of salt (just the even spoonful, not heaping at all) and six peppercorns. Cut the meat into small pieces, break the bone, and put into the soup-kettle with the celery, the onions, the peppercorns and salt, and cover with three quarts of cold water. Set where it will heat slowly, and skim every bit that rises to the surface. Let it simmer slowly for five or six hours, strain just as you were directed in the lesson on consommé, and when it is cold remove the fat. It will usually be reduced one half, leaving you three pints of stock. It is better to make this stock the day before you are to use it, and then it will have time to cool properly, and there will be less work to do in one day.

WHEN you are ready to finish your soup you will want one pint of milk, two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful each of butter and flour, one salt-spoonful of celery-salt, one teaspoonful of salt and one half salt-spoonful of white pepper. About a half hour before serving-time put the stock over to boil, and also put the milk in the double boiler to heat, reserving a little with which to moisten the flour. Add the butter to the hot stock, also the flour wet to a smooth paste with the cold milk. Stir until it is well mingled and free from lumps, then add the boiling milk, the salt, celery-salt and pepper. Beat two eggs until they are perfectly light, put them into the tureen, and strain the boiling soup over them, stirring to mix them with the soup to make it creamy. It is now ready to serve.

A white soup is made just the same way from chicken or fowl, using a fowl which weighs from three to four pounds.

This stock should be brought to a boil quickly, since you do not want to waste the meat, but use it for salad, croquettes or creamed chicken, and this you could not do if you drew all the nourishment from the fowl. When the meat is tender remove it from the kettle, take the meat from the bones, and put the latter back into the soup, as they will give an added flavor to the stock. For the rest, make it precisely as you would make soup with a veal-stock.

Tapioca is sometimes used in place of flour to thicken soup. When used in clear soup it gives a gelatinous quality which is very pleasant, but the grains will be faintly perceptible. The first time I ever made this soup it was an experiment. I had not seen it in any cook-book, but the soup itself was a memory of Paris.

I determined to try to make one, and the result was very successful. I made my stock, and into a quart I put a heaping tablespoonful of the tapioca and stirred it well until it began to dissolve, the stock boiling all the while; then I set it where it would keep hot and just simmer. I gave it about three quarters of an hour, and everybody praised my soup.

THAT was in the early days of my housekeeping, and I was very proud of my new attainment. Since then I have learned from an expert cook that there is a fine tapioca which comes especially for soup, having smaller grains than the other, and that cooks in about half an hour.

There is also a tapioca-cream soup which is very delicate and nice, and is a specially good soup to serve to a convalescent. You would use for it one quart of white stock, either veal or chicken, although for an invalid I should prefer the latter. For the family the veal is just as good. Well, for this quart of stock you will want one pint of cream or milk, an onion, two stalks of celery, one third of a cupful of tapioca, two cupfuls of cold water, one tablespoonful of butter, a bit of mace, and salt and pepper to the taste. Wash the tapioca, and soak it over night in cold water. Cook it and the stock together very gently for an hour. Cut the onion and the celery into small pieces, and put on to cook for twenty minutes with the milk and mace. Strain on the tapioca and stock, season with salt and pepper, add the butter, and serve.

Cream of celery soup is most delicious served at the beginning of a poultry dinner, when turkey, duck, goose or chicken is the principal dish. You will make it by using the following ingredients, and observing carefully the proportions. One and one half pints of stock, one pint of milk, a head of celery, a small onion, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter and a small piece of mace. Boil the celery, cut in small pieces, in the stock, and put the milk, mace and onion into the double boiler. Mix the flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and add to the boiling milk, stirring it to make it perfectly smooth. Let it cook for ten minutes. Mash the celery in the stock in which it has been cooked, and stir it into the thickened milk. Add the butter, and season to the taste with salt and pepper. Strain, and serve immediately. If you want it extra nice you may make it so by adding one cupful of whipped cream when the soup is in the tureen.

POTAGE À LA REINE was referred to in the beginning of this article. It takes its name from the fact that it is Queen Victoria's favorite soup. A great many persons have an idea that no one but a professional cook can make this soup; but that is nonsense, just as are many ideas which people have concerning cooking before they have tried it. It is "fussy," and it takes time and patience, but the cook who understands herself and who governs her work instead of letting her work govern her can succeed in it.

You will use one quart of the chicken-stock, putting it over to boil with a slice of onion cut fine, and highly seasoned with salt, pepper and celery-salt. While this is heating boil three eggs hard, and put over one pint of cream to heat in the double boiler. Mash the yolks of the eggs smooth and fine and mix them with one half cupful of bread-crumbs soaked in a little milk until soft. Chop the white meat of the chicken until it is so fine as to be almost a meal, then add it to the egg and bread paste, working it until it is thoroughly incorporated; then pour the hot cream slowly over the mixture, and when all is well blended add it to the hot stock. Let it all boil for about five minutes, and add more salt if necessary. The soup should be the thickness of a purée. If it is too thick add more cream until it is of the proper consistency, and if not thick enough add some fine cracker-dust.

That this is a perfectly delicious soup goes without saying. Yet the queen of white soups isn't the queen's soup, paradoxical as this may seem. It is the "velvet soup," which is the acme of all soup-making. It is a very aristocrat of soups. Will you try it?

YOU will want a fowl weighing about five pounds, three pints of cream, one pint of stale bread, one half pint of blanched almonds, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, an onion, three stalks of celery, a slice of carrot, two bay-leaves, two sprigs of parsley, two cloves, a bit of mace, a small piece of cinnamon, one and one half tablespoonfuls of salt, one half teaspoonful of white pepper and two generous quarts of water.

After cleaning the fowl put it into a stew-pan, breast down; pour in the water, and when it has heated to the boiling-point skim carefully, and set the pan back where the water will simply simmer until the meat is tender. Then take up the fowl and skim off the fat—unless you can give it a day to cool, which under ordinary circumstances you can do, in which case you would strain it and set it away to cool and remove the fat when cold.

Tie the vegetables and flavoring into a thin muslin bag, put that with the bread-crumbs, and add it to the stock. Simmer together for an hour. Free the breast of the fowl from all skin, bones and fat, then chop it as fine as possible, and pound it to powder with a vegetable-masher. Then set it aside until you wish to use it. This may be done the day you boil the stock, and there will be this much less to do in the work of preparation. Blanch the almonds, and pound them to powder in a mortar, adding in small quantities from time to time one half cupful of cream taken from the three pints. When the chicken-stock has simmered for an hour, take it from the fire, and after removing the muslin and its contents, rub the stock and bread-crumbs through a fine sieve, add the salt, pepper, almond-paste, powdered breast of fowl and the cream, place on the fire, and as soon as the mixture boils up add the butter and flour which you have blended until they are smooth and creamy. Boil for five minutes, and strain again through a sieve. Serve with chicken-forcemeat balls.

WE ARE going to have a chapter on garnishes by and by, but I will give you the forcemeat balls now, since you may want to use them some day. Chop very fine half of the breast of a tender chicken, pound it to a smooth paste, and rub it through a coarse sieve. Into a saucepan put one eighth of a cupful of stale bread-crumbs, a bit of mace and one fourth of a cupful of cream, and cook them for ten minutes, or until a smooth paste is formed. Remove the mace, and add the meat, one tablespoonful of butter, one half salt-spoonful of salt, a bit of white pepper, and the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. Mix well, and set away to cool. When cold form into balls about the size of grapes, drop them into boiling salted water, and put the dish where the water will keep hot, but not boil; cook them for five minutes, drain them by turning into a strainer, and then add them to the soup.

When you can make the last of these soups, yes, the last two, you are expert at soup-making.

What do you say to a lesson on salads next?

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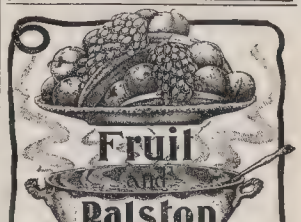

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TABLE-LINENS

By Ella Morris Kretschmar

EVERY normal woman likes pretty things, and next to personal belongings there is probably nothing she more highly prizes than a goodly store of household linens. The number of women who, as a duty, suffer a mild martyrdom from presiding at tables coarsely covered, when their artistic sense cries out for something better, is pathetic to reflect upon. Especially so when one knows that all this real but small and inglorious suffering is needless. The hard facts in the situation are that no woman who would be economical can *afford* to buy cheap grades of table-linen. For not only does cheap linen lack the wearing qualities of the higher grades, but the more frequent laundering it requires adds to its expensiveness. If, instead of accepting tradition upon practical household subjects, women would *observe* for themselves, all housekeepers would soon come to understand that poor linen is an absolute extravagance. Take, for instance, what is known to merchants as "union goods," regarded by buyers as "bargains" or simply as cheap linen. In high-grade establishments an inquiry would uncover the fact that "union" means *part cotton*, which further means poor wearing qualities, a fabric that will not take a gloss in laundering, will look rough and thin, will soil quickly, and from first to last will be soft, flimsy and unsatisfactory. "Union linens" in width run from fifty-eight to sixty-four inches, and in price from thirty to seventy-five cents a yard. After laundering they will never look as they do in the store, the starch filling not being a practical domestic process, whereas good linens invariably look better after home laundering.

IN OTHER than high-grade establishments, where one must depend upon personal judgment for the purity of a fabric, there are a few points to keep in mind. Pure linen is hard and slippery, never soft and pliable. If a moistened finger be applied to an all-linen cloth the moisture will at once appear on the other side, whereas in mixed goods it will appear slowly or not at all. The flax odor is always noticeable in linens, and every woman should learn to recognize it or its absence. There is nothing so difficult to judge as table-linen; no fabric where adulterations or exact qualities are so difficult to discern. It is better in every case, therefore, to purchase only from responsible dealers.

The lowest price at which an all-linen cloth—in a quality worth buying—can be sold is seventy-five cents. It is cheaper in the end to buy a dollar quality, for its better wearing and laundering qualities. Up to a dollar a yard there is no real double damask. Below that there is only what is called "double-faced" damask. A double damask is a linen which has twice as many threads in the filling as in the warp. A single damask has only an equal number in warp and filling. All damasks being "double-faced," a question for the inexperienced in buying to ask is whether the linen is double or single.

There are heavy double damasks and light ones, according to the weight and fineness of thread. If a buyer looked for the heaviest fabric, in order to secure the best, she might be greatly confused, though it would be hard for one experienced to conceive of any one mistaking single damask for a high-grade, fine double one. The very finest grades are usually of French manufacture, though sometimes of Irish, and are light and silky to the touch. They take an exquisite gloss and texture in laundering, and wear "like iron." Of course, they are very expensive, ranging in price from six dollars a yard up to any price one can pay.

SUCH cloths do not come by the yard, but in pattern cloths of varying lengths and widths, two and one half yards being the standard length, the one most used. But these fine French and Irish linens, even in handsomely equipped homes, are not often seen in daily use, being in the reserve store, to be brought out for festal occasions only, with the "company china."

Good Scotch linen is the daily dependence, and quite properly so, as it comes in qualities good enough and pretty enough for any table. There is more Scotch linen in the market than all others combined, and it embraces qualities from seventy-five cents to three dollars a yard, within which range all housekeepers should be able to make their selections for daily use. There are Scotch linens as high as six dollars a yard in pattern cloths (fifteen dollars for two and one half yards in a cloth), but when one pays such a price it is better to get French or Irish goods. Up to four dollars a yard one gets the best value for the money in Scotch goods; over that the best value is in the French or Irish fabrics.

At "January sales," which are common in all large cities, the ordinary dollar double damask may be bought for seventy-five or eighty cents a yard, the one-dollar-and-twenty-five-cent quality for one dollar, and nothing under these qualities should economical buyers consider. It is a fact that single damasks are a bad investment at even bargain prices; cheap linens come under the same head, and good linens cannot be bought for less than the prices here named.

HALF-BLEACHED linens will wear much better than the full-bleached ones; they may be quickly bleached at home. Before and during the bleaching process the rich or faint cream tint of such linen is very pretty and the very reverse of objectionable. All linen has to undergo bleaching, and where this is done by means of lime or other hurtful substances (instead of by the sun, as was the case before "improved" methods came in vogue) it is obvious that the *less* linen is bleached the less it has been impaired. Hence, half-bleached linens are advisable. They come in the same qualities, designs and prices as the full-bleached. In summer they may be quickly bleached by the sun if laid wet upon the grass or hung up wet on a line. In winter freezing will bleach them. The better plan is to let them bleach by the natural process of use and ordinary washing, for each shade taken on is pretty. Full unbleached goods are no longer put upon the market.

The proper width for a table-cloth is that which allows it to hang eighteen inches from the sides of the table. But as the average table has grown wider in order to somewhat keep pace with the extreme width now ordered by fashion, and the standard width of linen has remained at seventy-two inches, it follows that few cloths depend eighteen inches from the table's sides. Six inches will do, and twelve inches seem to fulfill graceful requirements, while eighteen inches has come to seem over-generous excepting in cloths for company occasions. The width of Scotch linens in qualities from one dollar to three dollars is seventy-two inches, in higher-priced goods of Scotch, Irish or French makes, from seventy-two to ninety inches. The fashion of round tables has brought about the manufacture of cloths of special widths and shapes, so that it is now possible to "fit" any table made. Formerly pattern cloths sold at a decided premium because of being in a pattern, but now they are no more expensive than the same quality by the yard.

The size of napkins is an important consideration. Formerly yard-square napkins for state occasions were used, and of course were considered most elegant. These cumbrous impossibles are rarely seen now, a twenty-seven-inch napkin by common consent having come into vogue as the proper dinner size. It certainly is large enough for all purposes, and yet small enough to be comfortably managed. Conventional breakfast, luncheon and supper napkins are twenty-one inches square; those for afternoon tea may be as small as twelve inches square.

DESIGNS in table-linen will ever know fashion's changes, artists will send out new combinations every year, and buyers will choose from fancy, sentiment or love of novelty, as they may be prompted. A woman who has a "favorite flower" will be apt to choose some of her linen embodying that flower in the design. Floral designs will ever be in vogue. Just now the orchids, poppy, pond-lily and wild-flower designs are most in favor. They will give place to others in time, and so the changes will be sung by fashion to the end of fashion's reign. There is one design—not floral—which is very effective, and which seems to come out in laundering particularly well. It is the "watered" or moiré pattern. In handsome table-linen it is as beautiful as in high-grade moiré silk.

For the past year the observant have noted that colored embroideries are gradually making a graceful but none the less positive exit from favor. This is owing partly to the difficulty in having embroidery-silks washed without fading, and partly to the growing popularity of lace for the table. The fashion of serving luncheons and suppers on polished tables with mats brought on the reign of laces, and it will remain indefinitely for its own sake, it is to be hoped. Duchess remains the finest, most expensive and effective of table-laces, and nothing could possibly be prettier. But Battenberg lace now has a rival, already so popular that it has relegated the old favorite to third place in favor. It is Bohemian lace, as substantial as it is beautiful, closer in its patterns than Battenberg, but quite as effective. In price it is twice as expensive as Battenberg, but it will wear more than twice as long.

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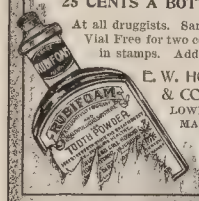

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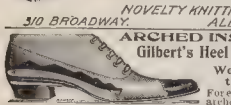

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Child-Life in the Home

By Florence Hull Winterburn

II.—THE BIRTH OF FACULTY

A CERTAIN dear little boy whose gentleness with animals had been a matter of admiring comment was observed by his mother one day, when he was about nine years old, deliberately killing a June-bug. To her remonstrance he replied in a cool, philosophical tone, "But, mamma, it is necessary. We have to find out about these things!" The same answer has been tacitly made by latter-day scientists to the bewildered outcries of all the little children who have been put through strange experiments. Their sufferings are for the good of the human race. When Mr. Preyer hurried his five-minutes-old son to the window to note the effect of light upon him; when the same enthusiast thrust an ivory ring into the mouth of another infant whose head alone was in this "vale of tears;" when Malebranche tried the effect of heat and cold upon a tiny stranger, and Darwin that of sounds, the excellent results followed of giving the world some reliable facts about infant development, upon which may be founded a practical psychology. Yet there is nothing especially new about all this. People have always experimented with children. The chief difference between the attempts of the Greeks and Egyptians in the early ages and our German, French and English speaking professors now is that the latter call their efforts "scientific." The term is a brave explanation of the infliction of pain.

SOME of us, however, feel that we may begin to profit by all the researches that have taken place. Instead of making "child-study" the object of our existence, and subjecting our infants to all sorts of tests with a view to discovering just how normal development proceeds, without any help from our experience, it may be wiser to devote our energy to giving our offspring every opportunity and aid we know how to furnish, so that they may skip over all experimental stages and plant their feet firmly in the path of intellectual progress from the very beginning.

Imagination can scarcely conceive to what a height that mortal would attain who never was confused by any false or imperfect teaching, and whose mind should be subjected only to judicious influences. To the mistakes of our educators can be attributed nearly all the adversities and follies of our later lives. It is better for a child to be left to his natural impulses than to be wrongly trained. Although it is one of our choice illusions that we can sponge out the results of our mistakes, there is, in truth, no way of checking one of those nerve currents of the human organism which has started off on a wrong tack. The brain is impressed with what it receives, not with what it ought to receive, and after using up energy to store away false quantities it cannot go vigorously to work upon matters of a precisely opposite character.

The infant comes into the world innocent and ignorant *once*, and but once. The second day he will not be exactly the same creature he was on the first. Something of moral insight, a gleam of knowledge, will have penetrated through the film of senses apparently inert and unawakened. He has touched the earth, and that preliminary shock has thrilled through him which is to establish a basis for millions of the sensations and impressions that go to make up a life-education.

AT THE mercy of his guardians! How profoundly at their mercy it is as well for them not to know, or a sense of their vast responsibility would paralyze them. There is indeed one salutary check upon their powers. The child belongs not only to his parents, but to his species, his race, his entire family. Heredity has molded him. The efforts of kindly or careless hands can beautify or mar, but can never change his form. We should not overestimate the effects of education. Every family, every institution, can show children subjected to the same kind of training who have grown into beings as utterly dissimilar as if they were the products of different nurture. When we begin to divine the true spirit of the little being who seems so receptive we can aid him in the development of that special character which is to mark him out as a distinct, separate entity in the great troupe of his generation. And to watch for indications of this individuality and seize upon them as foundations of our best work is something we must always bear in mind.

But happily for us all true education is a synthetic process. The general should precede the special. There is a certain order of development to which all normal children conform, and therefore some principles and plans that apply to all. Science would indeed have done little for us if it had not enlightened us thus far.

It is now a truism that the child passes through in little the experience of the race at large; that from savagery he grows to civilization. Modern culture rightly adapts itself to this view, and aims to proceed with the child from the simplest experiences to the most complicated mental processes. He must traverse in brief space the path of progress which it has taken humanity ages to accomplish.

YET I cannot pass this point without drawing attention to one fact which even such eminent educators as Professor G. Stanley Hall have overlooked. The child of the twentieth century is not to the same degree a little savage as the infant of the pre-Christian era. Traditions of gentleness and of high aspirations have passed into his blood. He is the "heir of the ages," and begins where his predecessors left off. And the child of a cultured family of our modern time is not either on exactly the same level as the hereditary tramp or the long-habituated day-laborer. He has an advantage over them. Our little one has gained through the culture of his parents and grandparents a predisposition toward certain pursuits and acts which enables him to leap with a bound over experiences that lower-toned natures must slowly fight their way through. So much reward has the human race for its struggles and pains.

The child of good family will, too, naturally be possessed of keener sense-perceptions than infants whose parents have not been trained to finer usages. A great boon, for upon sound sense-perceptions is based all our intellectual life. Something more is contained in this expression than the mere ordinary use of the senses. Besides the organs of sight, hearing and touch, one must possess, in order to get the full benefit of his observations, a capacity to appreciate and respond to the impressions made upon him by the outer world. A rhythmical noise in the air rushes against our ear-drums, and we say, vaguely, that we *hear*. But we really do far more than that. A cow could do so much. The thrill of recognition that went through us as we listened is made up of the accumulated experiences of many lives that have preceded ours. We *met* the sound. Something went out from us at the instant that something went in, and the shock resulted in music. To him possessed only of the outer organ, without the inner accompaniment of sensibility, there can be no understanding of delicate shades of meaning.

THE sensitiveness of diseased nerves must not, however, be confounded with that fine delicacy characteristic of nerves in a state of perfection. The pampered invalid who shrinks at sight of a spider because she is the victim of a disordered imagination has a mind of inferior caliber to that of the well-poised lass whose outdoor life has familiarized her with the ways of many of Nature's plebeian offspring, and sharpened her senses to apprehend their slightest motions and sounds. First of all, the organs themselves must be strong and healthy; then the action of the senses will, under favorable circumstances, become quick and discriminating.

So, back of all education stand our five senses. Upon them we depend for acquaintance with our environment, for the development of our intellect, for the tone of our character. It is of the first importance that a child upon his entrance into the world be guarded from shocks rough enough to work injury to their delicate organs. Although Nature mercifully shields the new-born infant by a sort of film of insensibility, and he is at first blind, deaf and more or less impervious to smells and tastes, this shield is of the airiest texture, and in some instances is not present at all. Existence is not an unreality to the little waif cast upon our shores, for his entire life is in early days concentrated in his sense of touch. Contact with even the softest objects is unwelcome to him, and we should guard him well from cold, from rough handling and strong light. "Being born" is not an especial happiness to the infant. "Harmonizing with our environment" is not a process easily and lightly accomplished. A modern psychologist declares, "There is no doubt that within the first few weeks the painful sensations overbalance the pleasant ones."

Let us, then, begin the education of our little one softly, and with sympathy for his feebleness. Nevertheless, let us begin at once. For in the infant whose wandering eyes we fondly liken to its father there is not, on this day of birth, a distinct personality, but an embodiment of his race. We have to deal now with primitive instincts, simple impulses, crude predispositions. Through the strengthening of that which is purely physical we must build the structure of his emotional, and finally of his intellectual nature.

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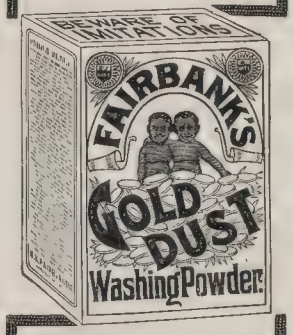

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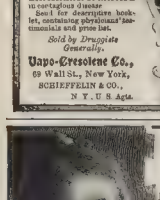

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CRAZY WORK 125 Velvet Remnants, assorted colors, with Embroidery Chenille, 40 cts; 400 Beautiful Heavy-weight Silk Remnants, all colors, enough for a large quilt, 50 cts.; big package, with floss and quilt patterns, 10 cts.; 30 fine Worsted Remnants, with 1c Wool, 28 cts. All post-paid. **LEMARIE'S SILK MILL, Little Ferry, New Jersey.**

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We send our large 16-page, 64-col monthly paper devoted to Stories, Home Decorations, Fashion, Household, Orchard, Garden, Floriculture, Poultry, etc., one year for 10 cents, if you also send names and addresses of six lady friends. **WOMAN'S FARM JOURNAL, 4308 Easton Ave., Saint Louis, Mo.**

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FAMILY RECORD. A beautiful picture, rich colors, background solid gold. Tremendous seller. Agents delighted. Sample free for 15c. to pay postage and advertising; $9 for $1.00; post-paid. **HOME ART PICTURE CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

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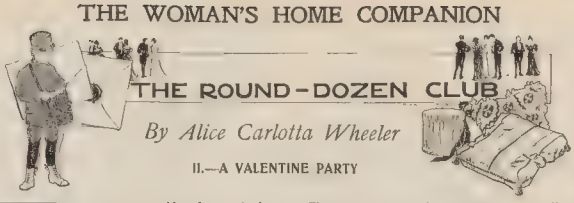

THE ROUND-DOZEN CLUB

By Alice Carlotta Wheeler

II.—A VALENTINE PARTY

FEBRUARY was considered a particularly favorable time for entertaining, inasmuch as in it there are at least two special days which may be celebrated—Saint Valentine's and Washington's birthday. The member of the club choosing this month in which to give a party hesitated between the two dates, but finally decided on the former, reflecting that Fourth of July, later in the year, offered plenty of opportunity for a patriotic celebration. Invitations were therefore sent out for the fourteenth, and preparations made accordingly for an evening of fun and frolic.

As a distribution of valentines had been announced, a box to receive them was placed on the hall table. This was made from a hat-box, covered with red crape-paper, the lid being hinged at the back with bows of red satin ribbon. An opening was made at the top in which to slip the valentines, and a very small aperture cut in the front to represent a key-hole.

As the guests were received the five-year-old nephew of the host, dressed in a miniature full-dress suit and equipped with a quiver of arrows and a Cupid's bow and arrow, stood in the hall and motioned each guest to drop the handful of valentines he had brought along in the box. When all the guests had arrived this little page of Cupid proved as useful as he was picturesque in passing paper and pencils and helping collect and distribute prize papers and awards.

TWO small rooms were fitted up as silhouette studios, one down-stairs for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies on the floor above. The guests, on arriving and before removing their wraps, were invited one by one into these rooms to have their pictures taken. Just here a word of explanation may be necessary as to how the studios were arranged and the silhouettes taken. The rooms were unlighted except by a large lamp, before which the sitter was placed in such a way that the shadow of his head in profile was thrown on a sheet of paper tacked to the wall. The artist then rapidly sketched in with pencil the outline of the shadow thus cast, afterward cutting it out with a pair of sharp scissors. The paper on which these silhouettes were drawn was black on the under side, and after being cut out they were mounted with this side up, on sheets of white cardboard, the names of the originals being written on the backs.

At this party a younger brother and sister of the host acted as artists, and they in turn had called in to help them two friends of theirs living near by. In this way the work was done very quickly, so that not long after all the guests had arrived the pictures were mounted and ready for exhibition.

PAPER and pencils were passed around, and two minutes allowed for guessing the identity of each portrait as it was held in view. This was not quite so simple as may at first appear, for pictures taken in this way are often somewhat difficult to recognize. A handsome valentine decorated in silhouette designs was afterward awarded to the lady and gentleman most successful in this contest. The silhouettes were afterward distributed to the company as keepsakes, the guests making their own selection, the ladies taking those of the gentlemen, and vice versa. The host then suggested that each write a valentine verse for the silhouette he had chosen. As all of these young people were bright and clever, and some were specially apt at versifying or at making jingling rhymes, the results proved both witty and entertaining.

The next thing on the programme was a "sale of hearts." The hearts were cut from water-color paper, and on each one was written one line from a couplet appropriate to Saint Valentine, such as, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," "My love is like a red, red rose," "Two souls with but a single thought," etc. These semi-quotations were read aloud in turn, each heart being sold to the person who first succeeded in completing its couplet. The guesses were made orally, duplicate hearts being given in case there were more than one guessing the correct line at the same instant. When all the hearts had thus been auctioned off, the couple who had won the greatest number were proclaimed the king and queen of hearts, and an American Beauty, certainly the queen of roses, was presented to each. The two who were least successful were given small heart-shaped boxes, filled with the tiniest of red candy hearts.

PARTNERS for supper were chosen in the following unique fashion: The host requested the gentlemen of the party to step with him into the next room, and on doing so the doors were closed behind them. This proceeding greatly mystified the ladies, but the mystery was solved later when the absent ones returned, their leader bearing a tray on which were six envelopes. Each lady chose one of them, and opening it, found within a tasteful card-shaped valentine, on the back of which was written a greeting and the autograph of her escort.

The refreshments, though simple, were suggestive of the day. Sandwiches tied with red ribbon and cut in the form of hearts were accompanied by a love-apple (tomato) salad; cherry-ice carried out the prevailing idea in color, and the cakes served with it were lady-fingers, kisses and small heart-shaped ones with red frosting. Salted almonds and bonbons passed around in heart-shaped glass dishes concluded the feast.

At each plate was placed a pretty souvenir of the occasion in the form of an arrow-shaped card made from water-color board. This was a dainty affair in blue and gold, having painted across the shank in scroll-like letters the legend, "Messages from Dan Cupid."

THE arrow-point was adorned with a lover's knot of true-blue ribbon, which held in place several arrow-shaped slips of paper also tinted true blue. On the shank of each of these slips was written an item of the menu, the sandwiches being termed "heart bread," the tomatoes "love apples," and the ices from their form being called "frozen heart's blood." On the shaft was written various quotations appropriate to the occasion. Some of these were very clever, and voiced the prevailing sentiment of the evening in lines from familiar poets, as:

Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine,
Love, thou art every day my Valentine.—Hood.

Cupid is a murderous boy,
A fiery archer making pain his joy.—Meleager.

Some, Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
—Shakespeare.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever.—Burns.

Archers ever have two strings to a bow;
And shall great Cupid,
Archer of archers both in men and women,
Be worse provided than a common archer?
—Chapman.

Shortly after the serving of this dainty repast a small boy appeared dressed as postman, with mail-bag strapped to his shoulder. Unlocking the box with a "golden" key, he transferred its contents to his bag, and from it delivered the valentines to those to whom they were directed. The host had previously addressed one to each of his guests, so that all had at least one valentine to carry home as a souvenir of the occasion.

Note—This entertainment is one of a series given by the Round-Dozen Club, an organization of young people wishing for some form of amusement other than cards or dancing. As the name indicates, there were just twelve in the club, so it was decided to have one entertainment a month, each member choosing a month, and a day in that month, in which to give a party. Most of these were appropriate to the time or season in which they were given, although this was not required.

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This luxurious chair (with or without arms) is made of quarter-sawed white oak, with antique, golden or Flemish finish, and of solid mahogany. Has French legs, paw feet, swell front, spring or stuffed seat, genuine machine-buffed leather covering (green, tan, maroon or red) and handsomely carved top, arms and legs.

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A dealer's prices would range from $7.50 to $12.00 for chairs of equal value. We save you the jobber's, retailer's and part of the manufacturer's profits.

For cash with order we prepay freight north of Carolina and east of the Mississippi, and shipments to points beyond are made on an equally liberal basis. Money refunded in case of any dissatisfaction whatever. Send for catalogue of the handsomest American-made furniture on the market

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WITH
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We have also a fine line of CORDUROY at manufacturer's prices. This makes an economical material for ladies' garments for fall and winter wear, and for men's and children's suits.

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Send 45 cents for a ¼-yard sample (27 inches square) of Red, Blue, Brown or Green figured **Normandie Plush**—enough to cover a chair or sofa-pillow.

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GOFF'S BRAIDS are the BEST MADE

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Shade Won't Work
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A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

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Send at once for this new two step march. It has the full swing, and the air is catchy and equal to Sousa's. Send 10 cents in money or stamps to

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WANTED WOMEN TO BIND DRESS-SHIELDS at home. Steady work; distance no disadvantage; ask your dealer to show you Kora Shields and Kora Klasp Hose-Supporters. Kora Shields snap on waist without sewing. Send 10 cents for catalogue of work.

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CANT BEND EM PINS SELF THREADING SEWING NEEDLES

Needle points, black or white, worth a dozen papers of other pins for collars and all starched goods, for you can't bend or break them. In cashmere free. Sample package of either kind pins or needles 10c., 2 for 15c., 4 for 25c., 12 for 60c., postpaid. C. E. MARSHALL, Mfr., ROCKFORD, N. Y.

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The latest "fad" in jewelry. ANY NAME or initials worked in Gold Plated wire. A beautiful Pin, post-paid, any name, 10 cents; any three names, 25 cents. Address RIGG'D JEWELRY CO., Box 262, Readfield, Maine.

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AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

(Being a Valentine Entertainment)

By Henry Cleveland Wood

Two dozen couples make a very goodly company of young folks for a pleasant little evening; therefore, send out invitations to that number. The cards of invitation might have on them, either in India ink or water-colors, an arrow-pierced heart, a whole heart or a broken one; even a cluster of them, like fishes on a string, according to the pleasure of the hostess. Have the twelve young ladies invited, and select for each a rôle that they will personate; for instance, we will say that these twelve characters to be represented are:

1. Queen of Hearts.
2. Gipsy.
3. Nun.
4. Bicycle Girl.
5. Summer Girl.
6. Colonial Girl.
7. Poster Girl.
8. Widow.
9. Old Maid.
10. Trained Nurse.
11. Columbia.
12. Valentine.

Number twelve can be either a sentimental or a comic character. If the latter, a good deal of amusement may be derived by getting a younger brother or some mischievous boy to represent this character. Have the young ladies gather at the home of the hostess somewhat earlier than the men present themselves, and when the latter have assembled in the parlors pass a tray around to them containing a dozen cards, on each of which is written a couplet. These couplets are suggestive of the rôles the young ladies play, and each gentleman may select such a couplet as he sees fit. When the cards have all been taken, the young men in rotation read aloud the couplet each has chosen, and after the reading of the couplet the one representing it is brought into the parlor by the hostess and introduced to the reader, who has thus chosen her as his valentine.

For the characters I have suggested the following couplets may be used:

1. A victim too sly for Cupid's darts,
   All fall before this lady's arts.
2. If you would pierce the veil of fate,
   Choose this one e'er it be too late.
3. 'Tho' you may sigh, and court, and sue,
   This one, I fear, is not for you.
4. Now, if you wish to make a match,
   This girl you first will have to catch.
5. At mountain haunt, or by the sea,
   You'll find this girl will ever be.
6. They say that old friends are the best;
   Old sweethearts, too, may stand the test.
7. You may not understand her ways,
   But for all that she is the craze.
8. She'll capture you, or any "feller,"
   For more remarks see Samuel Weller.
9. If you would win, be not afraid,
   But boldly choose this charming maid.
10. When aches and pains and ills beset,
    This one remains beside you yet.
11. Gem of the ocean, and the land,
    The fairest one in Beauty's band.
12. Make haste to choose, the choice is thine,
    And welcome her, your Valentine.

Among the pleasant features of the supper a "Valentine cake" may be introduced with good effect. This can be gotten up in two ways; the first, a nicely iced cake, decorated with candy hearts having sentimental mottoes on them. Let the cake be divided into twenty-four slices. In the slices the young girls draw make a small slit with the sharp blade of a knife, and insert into the opening a slip of cardboard on which is written the name of some young man who is present. First a young lady chooses a slice of cake, then the gentleman selects one.

In those slices the latter draw are such small articles as denote the sort of wife Fate has chosen to be each young man's partner for life. Thus, a silver coin signifies wealth, a scrap of silk a fashionable wife, a penny poverty, a tiny spoon a good housekeeper, a pen a literary woman, a small silver heart a marriage for love, a small brush an artistic wife, a tiny mirror a vain woman, a piece of crape a widow, etc.

Yet another pleasant divertisement would be this: While the company are at table, or after they have adjourned to the parlor, a loud rapping might be given at the door, or a postman's whistle heard, and close upon it a member of the family or a particular friend, costumed like a postman, present himself, and from a letter-pouch which he carries draw forth a bundle of letters, and proceed to call out the names and addresses of the different guests, giving them each a valentine inclosed in an envelope.

The hostess might prepare these at her leisure, and produce something quite clever and witty, taking care not to offend by too close an application of her powers as a satirist.

A RECENT INVESTIGATION

Of the Remarkable Ohio Invention, Described in a Former Issue, Was So Very Satisfactory That Every Reader of the Woman's Home Companion Will Be More Than Interested in the Following Statements

It Is Truly a God-send to All Humanity, and the Greatest Blessing Ever Bestowed Upon Man, Woman or Child

Many letters have been received concerning this wonderful Cabinet, described in a former issue. A searching investigation has been made, and readers of the Woman's Home Companion may rely upon it that the invention is just as represented and everything claimed for it.

Comfortably resting, within the cabinet on a chair, and with only the head outside, one enjoys all the cleansing, curative, invigorating and purifying effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot-Air or Vapor Bath, Perfumed or Medicated, if desired, at home for 3 cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any way weakening the system.

A well-known physician of Kansas, Dr. E. L. Eaton, gave up his practice to sell these Cabinets, feeling that they were all his patients needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases, often when others failed, and has already sold several hundred. Hundreds of other physicians are doing likewise. Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the inventor from users, some of which, referring to

RHEUMATISM, LA GRIPPE, KIDNEY TROUBLES

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies.

Mrs. Anna Woodrum, Thurman, Iowa, suffered sixteen years with ailments peculiar to her sex; drugs and doctors made no benefit her, this Cabinet cured her in four weeks, and she says it is a God-sent blessing.

G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated by Rheumatism; the first bath relieved me, and two weeks' use entirely cured me, and have not had a twinge since."

Mrs. S. S. Notzman, Hood River, Oregon, writes that her neighbor used this Cabinet for a severe case of La Grippe; cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured Eczema of many years' standing, and her little girl of measles.

Hon. A. B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes that this Cabinet did him more good in one week than two years' doctoring, and cured him of Catarrh, Gravel, Kidney Trouble and Dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted.

Hundreds of others write praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be no doubt that the long-sought-for means of curing Rheumatism, La Grippe, Bright's Disease, and all Stomach, Kidney and Urinary Affections has been found.

THE EMINENT CHRISTIAN MINISTER

Rev. John A. Ferry, of Brooklyn, N. Y., highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Kendricks, Principal of Vassar College; Congressman John J. Lentz; James M. Hamlin, editor *Christian Advocate;* many Lawyers, Physicians, Ministers, Bankers and hundreds of other influential people.

IT PREVENTS DISEASE

It is important to know that the makers guarantee that Colds, La Grippe, Fevers, in fact, no disease, can get a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in an instructive little book, issued by the makers. To

CURE BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

this Cabinet has marvelous power.

If people, instead of filling their systems with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into this Cabinet and sweat out these poisons and assist nature to act, they would have pure blood and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

THE IMPORTANT FEATURE

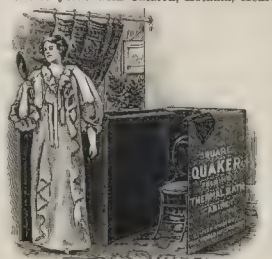
of this Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat-glands, drawing out all the impure salts, acids and effete matter which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion. The first bath makes you feel like a new being—ten years younger.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMER

In which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing the most wonderful results; removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Throat Troubles.

L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Iowa, writes: "Was afflicted 45 years with Catarrh, Asthma, Heart and Kidney Troubles; doctors and drugs did me no good; the first Vapor Bath helped me, two weeks' use cured me entirely, and it has never returned." Whatever



WILL HASTEN PERSPIRATION

every one knows is beneficial. Other methods become crude and insignificant when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative powers of this Cabinet, known as the new 1902 style

SQUARE QUAKER FOLDING THERMAL

Bath Cabinet. We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide as shown in cut. When closed it is air-tight; handsomely made of best, most durable, water-proof goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bath-room within itself. It has top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements.

The makers furnish an excellent stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions. It folds flat in one-inch space when not in use; easily carried; weighs 10 pounds.

People don't need bath-rooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room, and bath-tubs have been discarded since this invention, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick-room its advantages are at once apparent. There have been

SO-CALLED CABINETS

on the market, but they were unsatisfactory; inconvenient, simply cheap, flimsy affairs.

After investigation it can be said the Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It is better than others ask $7.50 or $12.00 for. It seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

MAKERS GUARANTEE RESULTS

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that this Cabinet will cure Nervous Trouble, Debility, Purify the Blood, beautify the Skin, and cure Rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures the most obstinate cases of Women's Troubles, La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Headaches, Obesity, Gout, Sciatica, Eczema, Piles, Dropsy, Blood and Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney troubles. It will

CURE THE WORST COLD

with one bath, and break up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Dropsy, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. It gives the most

CLEANSING AND REFRESHING BATH

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value is its marvelous power to draw out of the system all impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is truly a God-send to all humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

All readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties.

Write The World Manufacturing Company, 1169 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and ask them to send you their pamphlets describing this invention. This is a regular $12.00 Cabinet, but the makers offer it to readers of the Woman's Home Companion for only $5.00. Head attachment, if desired, $1.00 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much health, strength and vigor.

Write to-day for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and send on thirty days' trial, agreeing to refund your money after thirty days if not just as represented.

The makers and inventors will do as they agree. They are reliable and responsible; capital, $100,000.00.

The Cabinet is just as represented, and will be shipped promptly upon receipt of remittance on thirty days' trial, as above stated.

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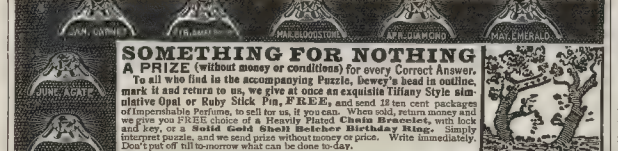
THIS CABINET IS A WONDERFUL SELLER

for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and to our knowledge many are making from $100 to $150 every month and expenses.



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To all who find in the accompanying Puzzle, Dewey's head in outline, mark it and return to us, we give at once an exquisite Tiffany Style simulative Opal or Ruby Stick Pin, FREE, and send 12 ten cent packages of Imperishable Perfume, to sell for us, if you can. When sold, return money and we give you FREE choice of a Heavily Plated **Chain Bracelet,** with lock and key, or a **Solid Gold Shell Belcher Birthday Ring.** Simply interpret puzzle, and we send prize without money or price. Write immediately. Don't put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

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No publicity, no medicine, **No Internal Support,** nothing objectionable. Makes weak women well. Makes all women graceful. Brings health, comfort, graceful poise, upright carriage, perfect freedom for all exercise. A priceless boon to the feeble woman. A benefit to all women. **Invaluable to the Prospective Mother.** Worn with any dress, with or without corset. Why suffer when health and comfort are so easily obtained? The following is one of more than 15,000 similar letters

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I have suffered 12 years from prolapsus, constipation, backache, sleepless nights, headache, nervousness, and general weakness all over. Since wearing your Brace 5 months I thank God and you that I have now health enough to work and can do two days' work in one; no more terrible backache—all gone; I sleep all night long; my nerves are wonderfully strengthened; my memory is better than it has been for years; in fact, I feel as young as ever JULIA BROCKENMAKER.

Write for our **free trial offer,** information as to prices and illustrated book, **all mailed free** in plain sealed envelope. Address **The Natural Body Brace Co., Box 122, Salina, Kansas.**

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Also many others selling **Ko-Zo** Breath Perfume and Throat Ease at 5 cents a package, and our **Sachet Powder,** the strongest and most lasting perfume known, at 10 cents per packet, or you can make a large cash commission. **NO MONEY REQUIRED** until goods are sold. Send full address and we will send you $2.00 worth of goods, 20 packages of **Ko-Zo** and 10 packages of **Sachet Powder,** when sold send us the $2.00, and we will send you a present according to our large illustrated Premium List (which we send with goods) which shows over 200 valuable presents we offer. Our goods sell at sight. All your friends will help you earn a present or cash. **NO RISK, WE TRUST YOU** and take back what you cannot sell. **H. L. WASHBURN PERFUME COMPANY, Department H. C., 119 Nassau Street, New York City.**

TEA SET FREE TO EVERY WOMAN

WHO READS THIS ADV.

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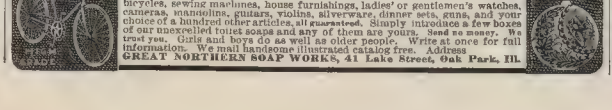

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THE NEWEST THINGS IN NECKWEAR

By L. C. Freeman

ILLUSTRATED FROM DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR

IN MIDWINTER, when one's wardrobe for the season has been fully planned and perfected, and it is yet too early to think of the spring fashions, a few accessories may well demand the attention of the woman who likes to freshen her toilets and keep up a smart appearance. All sorts of charming neck arrangements are displayed in the shops, and an endless variety of novelties in jewelry, belts, hair-ornaments and all those pretty trifles and conveniences that are so necessary to the make-up of the woman who presents the appearance of being tastefully and fashionably dressed.

Good taste in the use of these seemingly unimportant additions of the toilet distinctly mark the woman of refinement. Nothing can be more painful to the eye than a costume in itself quite charming, but utterly ruined either by a careless, soiled condition of some neck-gear or by an overdressed effect, which spoils the graceful outline of the shoulders.

HOW familiar is the sight of a woman who has purchased some magnificent creation of chiffon, lace or ribbon, which she wears wrapped around her throat with the conscious air of having on the very latest thing, regardless of how it becomes her. One often cannot refrain from an inward desire, on beholding her, to carve down or add to her outlines to produce a more graceful and proportionate effect. However simple or inexpensive a gown may be, it can be brightened and rendered most becoming, and even given an air of elegance, by appropriate and well-selected additions in neck decorations, belts, etc. And never was there such a variety of these to select from as now—such charming stocks, collars, ties, boas, belts and girdles, both simple and elaborate. One can hardly have too many of these pretty things, and with a little ingenuity wonderful results can be obtained from the bits of chiffon, silk, old lace and the various odds and ends that accumulate.

FOR the slender-necked woman there are countless fancies in bow effects made from all kinds of material and every conceivable combination of lace, ribbon, velvet, silk, satin, lawns, swiss and piqués. A white Liberty silk butterfly bow, combined with two tabs of hand-made lace attached to a stock of black velvet, gives a very dressy neck garniture when a plain silk waist needs touching up for dressy wear. There are new weaves of bobbinet brought out for the very purpose of being fashioned into airy dainties to be fastened under rounded chins. A girlish tie of this sort was made from a bobbinet of immaculate whiteness into a bow made from triple tabs of the net edged with lace, which stiffened the spreading ends. The knot portion of the bow was decorated with a lacy and coquettish butterfly medallion made from the finest point and Honiton lace-braid.

The popularity of machine-stitching as a decoration and finish on all sorts of gowns is generally admitted. It is also quite as prominent a feature of the silk and velvet collars and belts. For instance, a collar of velvet may be fitted and stiffened with crinoline, then stitched in close straight rows, in squares like quilting, or in any pattern. It fastens behind, and has attached to the fastening a scarf of soft silk with fringed ends, which passes to the front and ties in a four-in-hand bow.

One can readily see how the same design can be carried out in a different combination of materials, according to the costume with which it is to be worn; as, if the band is of silk, with the scarf of chiffon, and the edging of the scarf as elaborate or simple as desired. And the colors also could be infinitely varied. Black and white as a combination still holds its own as a favorite. The figure at the right of the group in the illustration shows a pretty effect in black and white. The collar is of white taffeta silk, and is covered with rows of black chenille and two gathers of lace, full below. The middle figure wears a pretty collar of pale blue silk on which are folds of black velvet, and the arrangement of the velvet ribbon around the lower part and crossing twice over the chiffon bow is a novelty. The figure to the left represents the pretty fashion of twisted velvet bows, stiffened with bonnet-wire also very much displayed. A new material for summer neckwear is "peau de soie," an airy combination of silk and cotton.

THE boa here illustrated could be easily copied by clever fingers with a few yards of Liberty silk and lace insertion, added to a little collar of sable or mink, with two extra heads and tails. It would convert a plain street-suit into a dressy visiting-toilet. The matrons of to-day will see reproduced in the many pretty lace fichu effects in neckwear many of the syles of neck finery worn in their girlhood days. Among these are the collar-capes made of gauzy materials and dotted all over with chenille dots, a fancy that promises to have much vogue the coming season. The old-fashioned bow with graduated and flowing ends trimmed with rows of fringe is again worn with dressy toilets. This proves a very bewitching finery in the hands of a graceful girl, and can be worn in various ways, with the ends thrown carelessly over the shoulder, or in long scarfs, with the ends crossed in front at the waist-line and tied at the back. For the woman who has any natural deftness with her fingers it is much cheaper to knot the fringe from heavy twist than to buy at the stores. So many novel patterns and beautiful effects can be achieved in hand-made fringe for trimmings that fringe-making is quite the popular fancy-work.

The little turn-over collars of linen, lawn, lace, etc., are worn as much as ever with ribbon and velvet stocks. This is a collar within the reach of even the most modest sewer, for all that is needed is a narrow half-inch band exactly fitting inside the stock, joined to a dainty inch-deep embroidered band to turn over the stock. The borders of pretty handkerchiefs can be used when making these collars, and show up with very good effect over color.

A CHARMING pattern is shown in the sketch of a dainty bit of needlework used for one of these. Seven little points of fine linen drawn-work are arranged on a band, two in front and five puckered behind. Drawn-work handkerchiefs for which the owner has no further use can be worked up very prettily into such an arrangement. This is a collar par excellence for warm and humid days, because if it becomes soiled or rumpled a visit to the laundry will bring it out as fresh and dainty as when first made; besides, drawn-work has the advantage of being able to withstand innumerable washings. For those who do not care for drawn-work these points may be fashioned from very sheer embroidery, or broad pieces of insertion may be used, binding the edges with white wash-silk ribbon.

While it seems forcing the season in February to talk of what will be worn in the warm weather, yet it is a far-seeing woman who devotes some of her leisure moments at this season of the year to getting in readiness those little accessories for dressing the neck, that she may not be at a loss for something to wear when the first hot weather of May and June makes it necessary to don shirt-waists and cotton dresses with hardly a day's warning.

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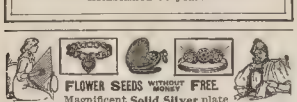

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SOME NEW FICTION

SOME of the best stories published this winter treat of Southern life and characteristics. Among these a new novel from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been an event to readers of good fiction. In fact, many are of the opinion that *In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) heads the list of all this author's works for its dramatic power. The scene of this double love-story is laid mainly in a sleepy Southern village, but shifts with the development of the plot to New England and Washington. Tom DeWilloughby, a great, tender-hearted, easy-going giant, repudiated by his patrician family for those humble qualities that afterward make him loved among his fellow-men, vanishes from his former life and people and establishes himself as a storekeeper in a mountain village. His affectionate nature leads him to adopt into his home an orphan waif, who, growing into a beautiful womanhood, makes sunshine in his barren life, and becomes the means of reinstating her benefactor in his birthright through a valuable claim for war-confiscated lands finally restored to Tom by the government. Interwoven with the story of Tom and the romance of his ward, Sheba (who is another Louisianian), is the pitiful story of Sheba's mother, deceived by a man whose identity remains effectually concealed for twenty years, until the revelation is made in the dramatic final chapters.——That Ruth McEnery Stuart's gift as a writer of darky dialect has lost none of its rare charm is proven in her latest collection of humorous and pathetic tales, called *Holly and "Pizen"* (The Century Co., New York), from the principal story, telling of the wiles of a crafty plantation "healer of diseases," who worked wonderful cures by an ingenious system of vicarious quackery. The proud heroism and grim tragedy in a New York servant-girl's life is revealed in the tale "Queen of Sheba's Triumph," and the simple story of a dime-museum freak, told in "Picayune," shows Mrs. Stuart's sympathetic understanding of the gentler intuitions of lowly hearts and rude lives.——If so gifted a writer as Harry Stillwell Edwards were inspired but once a decade to write a short story, and that to equal the eloquent tenderness of the title story of the collection *His Defense* (The Century Co.), it would be well worth waiting ten years for a story of such human power. Hiram Ard, a son of the soil, comes before a country court for "cussin'" his mother-in-law, but makes in extenuation a plea of such touching straightforwardness that the shrewish plaintiff herself is moved to "take it all back." The other stories reintroduce the Major and Isam, made famous in the book "Two Runaways."——A story of the Southampton insurrections, told by Pauline Carrington Bouve in *Their Shadows Before* (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), will be a revelation to many readers who have not supposed that the slave's longing for freedom found no answering sympathy in the heart of his master. The heroine of the tale, a high-spirited Southern girl, witnesses that historic slave uprising led by Nat Turner, the Black Prophet, a prototype of John Brown in his fanatic but well-meaning effort to hasten the day of freedom.——If any one wants to study local color in character, and to enjoy the besetting foibles of Northern and Southern people from an impartial standpoint, let them read the clever sketches in the book *How Hindsight Met Provincialatis* (Copeland & Day, Boston), by L. Clarkson Whitelock.

A NEW volume by Harriet Prescott Spofford, *Old Madame and Other Tragedies* (Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston), contains five little novels all deeply touched with tragedy. The dignity of trouble and bereavement, not its harrowing misery, is the key-note struck for every story of the collection in the character sketch of "Old Madame." All literature might be searched for a more intrepid woman-soul than she, standing with the shadows of the grave around her, desolate of home, race and land, a monument of an unfaltering spirit, unflinching in the face of a fate that left nothing to her past glories but a dying name and shattered hopes. A tragic story told over and over again in the populous centers all over the land, and doubtless written from the author's ripe observations and sympathies; hence its touching power and vividness. The last story also shows an artist's touch and deep insight into the passion-life of human hearts, telling an Enoch-Arden story of lost love; only it is the woman who returns, and seeing herself supplanted, takes up the burden of renunciation.——A pretty story of yesterday and to-day is told by Mrs. Burton Harrison in *The Circle of a Century* (The Century Co.), being a sequence of love-stories, the first of the social life in New York in the last century, when Bowling Green was the center of the metropolis' fashionable life at the time of Washington's inauguration. The loves and cross-purposes of heart affairs of the colonial lovers introduced in the first part are handed down to their descendants, who become the chief characters of the second part of this romance, which is a very modern picture of New York society life. The same publisher has brought out a new edition of *The Anglomaniacs*, which, after ten years, has still a strong hold upon readers of good fiction, because the social conditions it describes continue to mar and make society.——There has also been a revival of one of Julia Magruder's most enduring stories, *A Beautiful Alien* (Richard G. Badger & Co.), which is reviving the popularity it reaped when it first appeared as a magazine serial some years ago.

The surface flippancy of our modern lives constitutes the theme of Percival Pollard's entertaining romance, *Cape of Storms* (Richard G. Badger & Co.). It describes the gradual callousing of the finer instincts of a young artist and his sweetheart, who, fresh from the simple pleasures of their village home, come to sip the cup of vapid worldliness in a society center, and after a time find the taste of the dregs very bitter to the mouth.——A restful story, far removed from the experiences of modern times, is *Waldtraut* (H. S. Elliott, Chicago), being a translation from the German of M. Rudiger, by Corinth LeDuc Crook, which takes up the transition days of religion from the dictates of feudal lord and priest into the hands of the people and Protestant clergy. Aside from the religious significance of the story, the life of the heroine, who names the book, is a fine study of feminine fortitude and constancy.

IT IS more difficult to evolve a good story out of commonplace lives, following commonplace rounds of work and pleasure, than to weave a story out of the extremes of poverty and riches; yet this has been accomplished with success in *A Local Habitation* (Small, Maynard & Co.), by Walter Leon Sawyer. A young journalist in search of "atmosphere" for the plot of a new novel takes lodging in a cheap but respectable boarding-house, and is disposed to regard his fellow-lodgers as curiosities, even experimenting in love-making (for the sake of the novel) with an attractive little "saleslady," whose breadth of character and juster conceptions shames his snobbishness and turns his love pretense into reality. In the battle between his heart and the fear of the opinion of his snobbish friends the outcome is truer to the impulses of the masses than is generally credited them by most writers.——Another notable study of the relations of the rich and poor, written by Harvey White, takes up the social-settlement problem, and is most appropriately named *Differences* (Small, Maynard & Co.). An educated girl, finely bred in exclusive social circles, undertakes social-settlement work, and eventually leaves her home to live among the poor and study them close at hand. Her work leads her to the home of a working-man who is forced to depend upon the settlement bounty to support his motherless babes through a winter he is without work. Through the stress of poverty and sorrow this John Wade reveals to this high-bred woman a manhood and nobility she has never before met with, and before the story ends the woman born to luxury willingly chooses a lot of poverty to be the wife of the one genuine man she has ever known.——The remarkable success of "No. 5 John Street" has created a fresh interest in Richard Whiteing's stories and brought into prominence *The Island* (The Century Co.), a satirical story of an ideal community on an isolated island. The dwellers on this Eutopia fail to realize their happy situation, because they are striving after a European civilization which the hero, an English peer cast adrift among them, eulogizes, oblivious to the fact that his present environment is far superior to the older civilizations for which he longs.——When all the world's a-moving up and down the land behind the iron horse, how many of the throng give a thought to that other world of eight hundred thousand men whose lives are spent in guiding that iron horse? This has been made the theme of a collection of clever stories both gay and grave, by Othello F. Andrews, the railroad editor of the Chicago *Chronicle* in *Tales of the Rail* (published by the author, Chicago), which cover the range of a railroad man's experience, from the yarns reeled off in the superintendent's office to the actualities of railroading as seen by the hard-working brakeman, the imperturbable porter and the happy-go-lucky newsboy.

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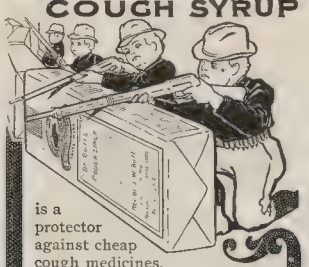

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Roses, Plants, Bulbs, Seeds. Choicest new and old. Mail size post-paid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Direct dealing will save you money. Try it. Elegant catalogue free. 46th year. 1000 acres. 44 greenhouses.
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Flowers All Summer

15c. buys this set of six full-size packets of fine seeds, one packet each of **Asters, 40 colors; Marigold, 8 colors; Mignonette, 7 colors; Pansy, Giant Mixed, 30 colors; Sweet-Peas, 75 colors; Zinnia, 10 colors.** Two sets 25c.; 5 sets 50c.; post paid to any address. **For 5 names of seed-users** we will send one packet extra on each collection and our complete Catalogue, *free.* Stamps accepted. Write to-day. **H. L. HOLMES,** Harrisburg, Pa.

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Favorite Asters, Mixed
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We have published this year the finest catalogue of seeds, plants, etc., ever issued by any western dealer, 100 pages, hundreds of illustrations, elegant colored plates, truthful descriptions and **BARGAIN PRICES.** These books are expensive, costing us about **15 cents each,** but we will mail one to you **FREE** if you mention this paper. A postal request is sufficient. Better write for it to-day.
IOWA SEED COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA.

THE MODERN VALENTINE

By Olive Percival

TO-DAY Saint Valentine is not as popular at court as he was in the days when Mr. Pepys wrote down his famous diary; yet lovers of customs old and quaint (and there are a few in this smart, hurrying age) do still send to dearest friends on this fourteenth day of the second month a bunch of flowers, a box of sweets or a bit of bric-a-brac; these in lieu of the one-time favored present of jewels, silken hose, superseded finally by a lace-paper creation mightily bedight with gilt and silver, likewise with many blazonings of red hearts, under which were imperfectly concealed some lame but honeyed verses.

The modern girl makes her valentines at home. She paints lover's-knots, floating blue ribbons all a-tangle, and red hearts on sheets of parchment note-paper, on which she writes a verse from one of the old-time makers of love-songs. Or perhaps she is clever enough to compose an original verse, in which case she indites a message of her own, without the aid of the poets. But of course she never signs her name, for valentines must go anonymously.

I AM GLAD the modern girl sends her prettiest, cleverest-fashioned valentine to a very appreciative young man; the rest of her valentines are mailed to her mother, her next-door neighbor or her dearest girl friends. And this is the way one of the envelopes is addressed:

For ye Hande of ye
Mistresse Mary Ellington
in ye faire Cittie of Rochester
atte ye signe of 1671 Wynne Streete
& in ye goodlie Province of
New Yorke

A search among the poets will bring to light many appropriate quotations for home-made valentines. The following are suggested:

There is a lady sweet and kind—
Was never face so pleased my mind—
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.
—Heine.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
For having that or this
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss the air
That lately kiss-ed thee.
—Herrick.

There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.
—Hood.

I prythee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sand o' life shall run.
—Burns.

If all the world were mine,
I'd give it all to thee;
Alas! there is no sign
Of that contingency.

Were I a king—which isn't
To be considered now—
A diadem had glistened
Upon thy lovely brow.

Had fame with laurels crowned me—
She hasn't up to date –
Nor time, nor change had found me
To thee and Love an ingrate.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever!
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!
—Burns.

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BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS & ORGANS

WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE WE WILL TAKE IT BACK.

Could anything be more fair, anything more liberal, anything more conclusive of our faith in these instruments?

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has spread over the entire civilized world and has been the means of building up a business the vastness of which is the envy of every piano maker and dealer in existence.

OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

attest the honesty of this modern method of piano selling. It would have been impossible to build up this business unless the plan was backed up by the strongest evidence of our responsibility.

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Send for particulars of the CORNISH CO-OPERATIVE PLAN showing how you can make money working for us, or a CORNISH PIANO OR ORGAN FREE.

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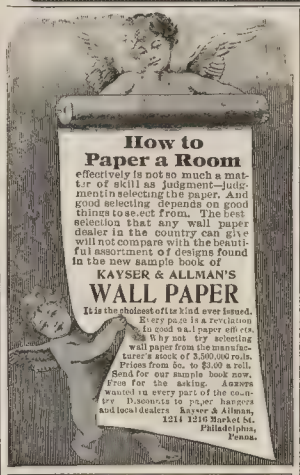

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Before buying or selling, send us a list of your wants. An assortment of catalogues and special slips of books at reduced prices sent for 10 cent stamp.

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Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.

Send 10 Cents....

For 9-inch LINEN DOILY, TYRIAN DYE WASH SILKS to work it, and our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of STAMPED GOODS. Address PHYLLIS ART CO., 100 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

A Special Offering

Ever alive to the interests of its readers, and anxious to acquire any worthy contribution which will add to their enjoyment, the COMPANION offers, as one of the special features for March, the last musical composition of Johann Strauss, the great Waltz King. The COMPANION owns the American copyright on this composition, and it can be had only in its pages.

For fuller particulars see "Notes by the Editors," on page 40.

We congratulate our readers upon their obtaining this great composition in the regular issue of the COMPANION, as the price of the music alone in sheet-music form would nearly or quite equal the price of a year's subscription.

If your subscription is about to expire, be sure to renew it at once, as this is only one of the very many special features in store for the coming year.

If you have a friend who enjoys music and high-class literature, call her attention to the COMPANION, and send in her subscription with your own.

If you are not a subscriber you are invited to become one and receive the greatest value for the subscription price given by any magazine in America.

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It is our endeavor to produce a home-paper of ever-increasing worth, quality and value. How well we have succeeded our readers will testify.

The March number, containing "Dream Visions," will be on sale at all news-stands on and after the 24th of February. If you cannot obtain the March COMPANION of your newsdealer, send us ten cents, in coin or stamps, and it will be sent to your address. If you will also give the name of your dealer we will send you our illustrated catalogue of "Masterpieces of Art," with instructions how you may obtain them absolutely free of cost.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
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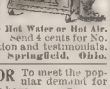
50 CHICKS From 50 EGGS

The BANTAM Does It. Over 15,000 in use. Thousands say 45 to 50 chicks from 50 eggs



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were awarded my fowls at 12 State Shows in 1899 including *Largest Ranch* in the West. **FOWLS AND EGGS FOR SALE**

Send 6c. for illustrated catalogue.

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MAN'S IDEAL WOMAN

By Carrie E. Garrett

SHE is not necessarily a peri, though man is accredited, and justly, with a decided bias in favor of good looks. Helen has always, and ever will, absorb a great many of the perquisites of life. She is the theme of song and story. She gets all the best partners at dances. The mere consciousness of her own loveliness enables her to do and say gracefully a thousand things which a plainer girl would boggle over. She has cakes and ale in plenty, and to spare, but she does not achieve *all* the substantial prizes of life; and when we consider that to one Helen we have several thousand "plainer girls," this seems a merciful dispensation of Providence. Sometimes a quiet little mouse of a girl, apparently making no effort to attract, and considered entirely harmless, will carry off the best matrimonial prize of the season. Whereat numerous ladies will exclaim, "What in the world did he see in *her?*" Ah! he did not choose her with his eyes alone. Man has a number of fixed, old-fashioned notions about the ideal woman which are quite apart from questions of complexion and dress. She is not an extravagantly peerless creature.

This vision of his dreams, which is revealed to him through the blue smoke of a good cigar, is first of all—lovable. Now, lovableness is the distilled product of innumerable delightful things cunningly blended. So when one attempts to describe a lovable woman mere language is feeble to do her justice. She is indescribable, and we can only repeat, she is lovable.

THE ideal woman has charm. That is another quality which it is most difficult to dissect and explain. It may only be *felt*. In the person of an unscrupulous woman it may do deadly mischief, for men do not and cannot resist it. But happily goodness and charm are entirely compatible, and dear to the heart of man is the woman who has been gifted with both.

One thing imperatively demanded in the make-up of the ideal woman is sympathy—that all-divining, all-forgiving quality which makes the whole world akin. Sympathy is one of the prime factors of charm. So is humor. A man is fearfully lonesome when his wife cannot see his jokes. She could hardly offer him a more deadly affront than to laugh in the wrong place at one of his pet stories.

Clever, spirited, animated women often express a laughing contempt for the traditional ideal of man—the sweet, soft, clinging, affectionate type—and it is true that these qualities often appeal to a man from their very unlikeness to his own. This was the type which Thackeray lauded to the skies, rushing to the other extreme in creating Becky Sharp as his idea of a "clever woman." The truth is that a really charming woman is a cunning compound of Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp. Either of these types without any admixture of the other would be quite insupportable.

A man does not picture a completely limp and characterless creature as his soul's ideal, however "sweet." Yet the woman as she appears in his dreams is *not too clever*. It is a pleasure to him to be a little superior to his mate—to be "looked up to"—and as the true woman desires to "look up," it is clear that Nature's arrangements in these matters are not without design.

The most charming woman of all is she who has the consummate wit to seem to "look up" when really she stands on a level with the man who loves her, or perchance a little above him

AS WOMAN detests of all things a "womanish" man, so man abhors with all his soul a "mannish" woman. He may have a jolly time with the type of girl which we call "masculine," and which men sometimes describe as a "good fellow," but she has not the slightest power to disturb the ideal, which is first, last and always pure womanly. He regards a "mannish" woman as a grotesque caricature of himself, and esteems her accordingly. He does not desire a duplicate or a parody, but an accessory.

The ideal woman is religious has the wise, sweet, old-fashioned notions about right and wrong. A man is quite capable of making merry over his wife's scruples of conscience, but I think he would be rather disappointed if she had no such scruples—if in *his* worldly way she was guided chiefly by expedience. He may not say many prayers himself, but he likes to know that his children pray at their mother's knee. Perhaps he sometimes reflects that the nightly petition from innocent lips, "God bless father," may not be quite empty of meaning.

The sober truth is that while men may seek diversion with the more showy, flippant type of girl, and are often caught by mere glitter, they have an ideal far, far above this cheap type which is imperishable.

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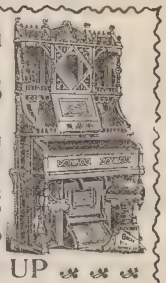

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This complete set consists of 108 pieces, as follows: 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Breakfast Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Individual Butters, 12 Handled Tea Cups, 1 large Platter (oval), 1 Platter (oval), 1 Pickle Dish, 1 Sauce (2 pieces), 1 Cream, 1 Bowl, 2 Covered Dishes (4 pieces), 1 Butter Dish (3 pieces), 1 Baker, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Teapot (2 pieces).

We positively guarantee every set to be as represented and advertised, and to give perfect and entire satisfaction. Write to-day for catalogue and full information. Address **Dept. E, ROYAL TEA COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

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No flowering plants are more grown and none more suitable for large beds where a mass of bloom is desirable, or for single specimens in pots in the house. We offer next crop seed, saved from over 50 of the finest double, semi-double and single named **Japanese** and **Italian** varieties of the most gorgeous and brilliant colors, with full instructions how the most inexperienced amateur flower lover can grow them successfully from seed and **flower the first season** if sown early.

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LOOK A MAGNIFICENT SOLID GOLD (Emerald or Ruby) Finished RING, Beautifully Engraved and Guaranteed 25 Years, all sent to you, postpaid, on receipt of address (no money). We will send you 6 pieces of 10 karat rolled gold, the BEST SELLING ARTICLES OFFERED BY ANY FIRM. When you have sold them we will send you your choice of a Watch, a solid Gold Ring and any other valuable premium on our illustrated premium list, which we send you with the pins. We pay all postage. **FREE**

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HOUSE-JACKETS AND DRESSING-SACQUES

By Marie Jonreau

ILLUSTRATED FROM DESIGNS BY THE AUTHOR

IF WOMEN realized how much of the happiness of a home depends on pretty house dress there would be a great deal more attention paid to morning-sacques and dressing-jackets. What is more charming than for the mistress or daughter of a home to appear at breakfast in some bright and dainty "matinée," which is the graceful French name for the morning-sacque? It is made such a dainty thing with ruffles and frills and a bow at the throat. House-jackets are deemed by many to be more convenient and economical than the wrapper, as they may be worn with any partly worn or old-fashioned skirt, and they are easy to slip on and off. In choosing material for these jackets attention should be given to the selection of the colors. For autumn and winter warm, cheerful colors are best; for summer cool, pale shades are more appropriate.

There are flannels of every description for winter house-jackets, and dainty cashmeres and eider-down cloth and silk. The pattern of the house-jacket is that of a loose-fitting waist with loose fronts, the decorative effects depending on the trimmings of ruffles in silk or lace, ribbon bows and insertion.

MODEL NO. 1

MODEL NO. 2

MODEL NO. 3

ROSE color and soft, pretty shades of red are charming tones for morning-sacques. Then there are the loveliest printed flannels in the most charming designs imaginable, old-fashioned cashmere effects, palm-leaf designs, figured stripes with quaint old-fashioned flowers in all sorts of beautiful colors. Then there are the spotted flannels, with the dots ranging in size from a pin-head to a pea, and also striped and lined flannels. All these sell at a very low price, and one may have a beautiful and becoming house-jacket for a very trifling sum.

For trimming, the favorite garniture for these flannel jackets is knife-plaited frills of thin silk down the front, about the collar and the wrists. Old silk can frequently be used for this purpose, as very little wear comes on it, and it will serve quite as well as new. Ribbon is also used for trimming house-jackets, and is put on plain or frilled, as one may fancy.

For the more expensive and dressy house-jackets there are lovely soft silks that make up into the daintiest of creations. China silk, Liberty silk, foulard or Swiss silk are the varieties to be chosen, as stiff silks are not at all appropriate for this purpose. Liberty satin or satin foulard, which hangs as soft and limp as China silk, are beautiful, rich-looking materials for elegant house-jackets. These are trimmed with frills of the same or frills of lace and insertion.

In the designs given here one finds a wide range of house-jackets and dressing-sacques from which to choose.

IN MODEL NO. 1 is shown a dainty and charming house-jacket of soft China silk in rose color trimmed with a paler shade of rose, almost white. It is made quite full and long, and is drawn in closely at the waist by a pale rose-pink satin ribbon tied in a bow in front. It opens at the throat in a long, narrow V, which is filled in with a shirred piece of pale pink chiffon. In summer this may be left out to show the throat if one has a pretty neck. The slender revers collar which turns away from the V is of palest rose silk frilled all about the edge with a three-inch ruffle of the pale rose silk. This is knife-plaited at the base, and left to flare out at the edge. The small sleeves have three clusters of tucks about the center, five in the top cluster, four in the next, and three in the last. The wrists are finished by a deep knife-plaited frill of the pale pink silk, and a bow of satin ribbon like the belt is the finishing touch. This sacque may be carried out in thin flannel with trimmings of thin silk, or be made of Liberty satin.

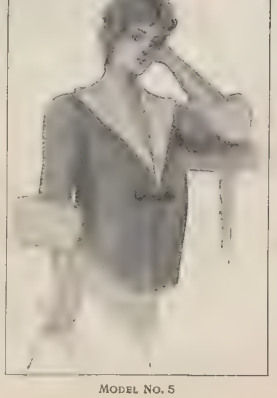
MODEL NO. 4

In Model No. 2 is shown a dressy house-jacket of spotted satin foulard, the ground color being a pale lavender and the dots a dark violet. The jacket is made quite plain to begin with, and is gathered into the waist-line and finished by a belt of deep violet velvet ribbon two and one half inches wide. This is tied in a double bow in front, with long ends. Tumbling down the front are masses of the palest lavender chiffon gathered into full cascades, and presenting to the garment a decidedly artistic effect. The high collar has a deep frill of this chiffon, and the elbow-sleeves have two ruffles of it falling over the arms. On each side, near the shoulder, is a double bow of the deep violet velvet, which gives a very dressy effect to the jacket. This garment may be made in silk, or in flannel or cashmere, with trimmings made of silk instead of chiffon.

IN MODEL NO. 3 is shown a very comfortable and serviceable house-jacket of flannel. It is a most easy pattern, and excellent for a lady who attends to her household duties and desires to be comfortable in her dress without looking slouchy. This is of printed flannel in a deep rich crimson scattered over with a design of palm-leaves in cashmere colors. The yoke is of plain crimson flannel laid in close tucks, and there are two wide ribbons of a paler crimson in satin extending from each arm-scye to the front just over the bust, where they are massed into a large rosette of loops with two long ends. To make a still more serviceable house-sacque of this one may leave off the big rosette and floating ends and have merely one strap of ribbon extending along the edge of the yoke, ending in front with a tiny knot.

An exceedingly pretty and becoming flannel jacket is illustrated in Model No. 4. It is of two kinds of flannel, spotted and plain. The plain flannel is of a deep, rich old rose color, and the spotted is of a pale shade of the same color, the dots being dark old rose. The foundation of the jacket is plain and full, and its decorative effect is obtained through the deep revers collar, which spreads out in points over the shoulders, and folds across in front in shawl fashion. It is frilled all around with a frill of pale old rose silk hemstitched in silk. The sacque is drawn in at the waist by a wide ribbon of pale old rose satin tied in a bow in front. There are deep square cuffs of the spotted flannel with frills of the silk decorating the tops. This same model would be lovely carried out in silk with frills of lace for trimming.

THE solid comfort of the dressing-sacque shown in Model No. 5 is enough to recommend it to any woman. In this case it is of eider-down cloth in a rich pale blue with deep turned-back cuffs and collar of white eider-down. It is made as simply as possible, and is just a straight short sacque fastening in front with a silk cord and two buttons covered with the eider-down cloth. It is unlined and finished only by a hem all around. Nearly all college-girls have these little eider-down sacques, in which they lounge about their rooms and study, taking their ease and comfort and still looking pretty and dainty. A cheaper garment could not be devised, as eider-down cloth is extremely cheap and very wide, and it requires but little to make such a sacque. The eider-down comes in all sorts of beautiful colors and shades.



MODEL NO. 5

MODEL NO. 6

In Model No. 6 is shown a more ambitious dressing-sacque, which is dainty and very comfortable. It is of fine China silk in a pale yellow, made up with many little tucks at the top, which fall loosely below the Empire belt of black velvet ribbon, which is tied in a bow in front. It is cut in a V, and has insertions of lace and a frill of white chiffon decorating the neck. The sleeves are elbow-length, and are finished by white chiffon frills and black velvet bows.

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a month to burn, an economy which soon makes up the entire investment. It is absolutely safe under all circumstances and in all hands and, having

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HISTORIC HAIR OF AUBURN HUE

By Will M. Clemens

"Like sun-warmed snakes, rose
On her head a storm of golden hair."

THE bard wrote of red hair, beautiful auburn, not the yellow of the gold, rather the red of the sunset, the sun-warmed golden, the deep, rich red of an eternal fire. Red hair completes the perfect ideal of beauty in womankind. The poets of all ages and all nations have paid tender tribute to the women of the sunset hair. It was the golden hair of the beautiful Delia, mistress of Tibullus, that bewitched the poet, and Catullus sang the glories of Berenice's golden hair. The radiant ideals of Titian, Murillo and Raphael were as Eugene Sue described Adrienne de Cordoville: "Her hair was of reddish hue, of that peculiar color seen in many of the most admirable female portraits."

Among the poets we remember the red-haired "Pyrrha" of Horace, Kingsley's "Hypatia," Bulwer's "Adeline de Montreal," Virgil's "Venus," Homer's "Agamede," Shakespeare's "Portia," Milton's "Eve," and Halleck's "Fanny." It was Browning who wrote of the golden-haired heroine:

"Such a wonder of flix and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too!
Gold did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross."

WITH a web of gold tresses Helen snared the heart of Paris; it was with blonde hair that the Magdalen wiped the feet of the Master. Dante's "Beatrice" was a blonde; Tasso's "Armide" was inspired by the fair and blonde Eleonore d'Este, one of the most beautiful and remarkable women of that epoch, and one with whom, of course, he was desperately in love. The beautiful Cleonice supplants all brunette rivals in the heart of her royal lover when she "veils her pearly tears in the shining gold of her hair." Venus, the goddess of beauty and love, rises from the sea-foam with dead-gold locks. The virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, have blonde hair, and Aurora, who opens the eastern gates to the day-god, has hair as yellow as the sunshine.

Paula of Toulouse, whom the people followed in crowds, enchanted by her beauty, was a red-haired blonde. She complained to the magistrates of the troublesome crowds, whereupon they in their wisdom decreed that she should not be thus annoyed. But as her beauty, being a gift of Providence, did not belong exclusively to herself, and the people had a right to enjoy it, she was compelled to stand one hour every Sunday afternoon on her balcony, that the people might gaze upon her loveliness.

Phryne, the fair, when brought before her judges, suddenly threw off her peplum, and dazzled the lawmakers with her wondrous beauty, clad only in the waves of rippling hair. Men have not changed through the centuries. Beauty was then, as now, a woman's best defense, and her pardon was granted instantly.

THE heroic women of history were of the red-haired sisterhood—Isabella of Castile, Helen of Troy, Catharine I. of Russia, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Mary Stuart, Anne of Russia, Ex-Empress Eugénie, Lucretia Borgia and Beatrice Cenci.

Red-haired women are ardent and vivacious, especially if with it they have hazel eyes, in which case they have a bright and quick intelligence. They have a great deal of natural felicity for study, and good memories. Red hair with blue eyes shows the same warmth of character, but not so much intelligence; bright golden hair, of a rich, deep color and of a crisp and waving texture, growing thickly on the head and somewhat low on the brow, shows an ardent, poetic and somewhat artistic temperament. It is the signature of Apollo, the sun. People with red-brown hair which is very thick, and redder over the ears and at the temples than on the head, are courageous and energetic. It augments the indications of force and power given by other features, and in part this sort of hair gives sense of color in painters, force of language and eloquence in poets, and power in musical composition.

The lover of the past and the lover of the present prefers his queen

"An angel with auburn hair,"

and the fact remains always that the most fascinating woman is

"Clothed in the beauty of her golden hair."
"Her radiant head in sun-bright hair adorned."
"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

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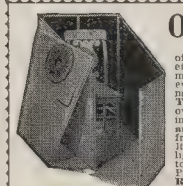

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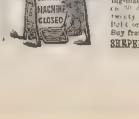

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Over the Club-Woman's Tea-Cups

By Bertha Damaris Knobe

AMONG club-women there has arisen a person commonly referred to as "the coach." The "excuse for being" of this new-comer is to give club-women—they who are given to public speaking—the finishing touches in what may be termed platform decorum.

It is an open secret that some of our most prominent club-women, prior to a notable appearance at home or abroad, have taken this training. It includes not only the cultivation of the speaking voice—club-women are painfully lacking in this particular—but touching up as to effective position on the platform, precisely how to acknowledge the presiding officer and the audience, and, on the other hand, the avoidance of obtrusive mannerisms that detract from a favorable impression.

Not for a minute does the coach expect a pupil to pose every day before the mirror in order that by certain mechanical movements she may do the supposedly proper thing. It is simply to give her a systematic idea of what is pleasing in a public speaker, so that she will be less liable to shift from one foot to another, or stand as stiff as the Egyptian sphinx, or turn her back to the audience in taking her seat, or do any of the innumerable little things that show a lack of platform culture. Nothing, on the other hand, could be more disturbing than a platform speaker whose every intonation of voice and every gesture of the hand was according to rule.

The club-woman who has been properly coached is, instead of being stilted, simply self-possessed. Confident she is doing nothing unconformable—the same ease, by the way, is produced by becoming and well-fitting clothes—she can direct her thought entirely to the thing she has to say. With no distraction the speaker is placed at her best, as is also the audience in the rôle of listeners. Certainly this is desirable for every club-woman.

LOUISE DICKINSON SHERMAN

started by graduates of this well-known school near Philadelphia. For several years she was president of the Chicago Flower Mission, devoted, as may be imagined, to floral messages of mercy to impoverished home and hospital. Aside from having held important positions in the Chicago Woman's Club she is a member of the Fortnightly, the oldest woman's club in Chicago, and the one that is exclusively literary. Among the Daughters of the American Revolution she is also a familiar figure—the family tree is fine, as the name suggests—and has been regent of the Chicago Chapter.

The name of Mrs. Louise Dickinson Sherman, moreover, is known among the club-women of the country. Not only was she sought after at the Denver biennial as the leader of the looked-up-to Chicago Woman's Club, but she has lately come into added prominence as one of a representative committee of fifteen American club-women appointed to consider the reorganization of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, that all-absorbing issue with club-women everywhere.

UNDOUBTEDLY the woman of to-day is "emancipated," for several members of the fair sex helped to organize the United States Mouse Club a short time ago. The ambition of this queer club—it is made up of both men and women—is to breed new colors and markings of high-class rodents, and to have annual exhibits, as do owners of aristocratic cats and dogs.

In this condition it has come to light that at least one woman in the world—Mrs. Edith Kingman Poyer, of Woodstock, Illinois, one of the officers of the new mouse club, by the way—is not afraid of the little fuzzy, four-footed animal long terrorizing to petticoats, for she manages a mouse-farm for the cultivation of high-class stock. Over in London, it may also be mentioned, the mouse as a pet is not a novelty. The Londoners have occasional shows, moreover, made up of all colors of mice from white to black, and conducted under the auspices of the British National Mouse Club.

The same old query, however, could well apply to any mouse club, "Cui bono?"

PROBABLY the tea is an attraction, but at any rate the increasing number of clubs for elderly women is cause for comment. There is the Wintergreen Club, of Boston, with members who boast of being at least "fifty years young." The Seventy Club, of St. Johnsburg, Vermont, is made up of women who have passed the three-score-and-ten mile-stone. The Never Grow Old Club, of Mt. Pulaski, Illinois, is composed of women in the meridian of life who mean to live up to their name.

So instances of semi-social, semi-literary clubs—and even working clubs, for that matter—might be multiplied in pleasing contrast to the not-long-ago time Ruskin wrote about, "The ordinary habits of life produce great plainness of mind in middle-aged women." Then the woman of forty was apt to be relegated to the rocking-chair and crocheting, and the dear soul, full of rich experiences and really just ready to live, slipped into nothingness.

To-day even the octogenarian may be an active club-woman whose word is mighty in counsel. At the same time she is usually so pleasing of personality as to be popular. Among club-women, in fact, this is a common expression, "The most charming women I know are over fifty years of age." This is because these elderly women, aside from their valuable experience, have that indescribable stamp that is always the result of intellectual activity. So may there be innumerable never-grow-old clubs for women.

CHICAGO club-women dropped Tolstoi recently, and tackled the "servant-girl question" in a way altogether unique. Having sent out one thousand invitations to mistresses for a "home science reception" at the largest down-town club, they offered prizes to maids—prizes for the longest service, and the finest exhibit of cooking, laundering or mending. The result was twenty-five tables were covered with most attractive samples of household skill from several hundred maids, while the prize-taker for longest service was a woman who had worked continuously in one family for fifty-four years.

These interested mistresses and their maids—each maid was entitled to five tickets of admission, and so invited her friends—rubbed shoulders socially one whole day, each gaining new ideas for her respective point of view, and each being encouraged by the other's presence. The whole affair carried with it an all-around recognition which served to elevate household work where it belongs—as an occupation of skill worthy to rank with the arts and crafts. Though a sympathetic relationship between mistress and maid was strengthened at this domestic science display, it is doubtful if it will ever be quite the same as in the old family servant era, but the spirit of appreciation once shown by Queen Victoria is worthy of application. "I am one of those," declared Her Majesty, "who think the loss of a faithful servant the loss of a friend, and one who can never be replaced."

MRS. LOUISE DICKINSON SHERMAN, president of the Chicago Woman's Club—that great working organization of one thousand members, which for a quarter of a century has been the model for women's club in the Middle West—belongs to the type of wide-awake metropolitan club-women. As gracious in the chair as is a hostess at the head of her table, expert in parliamentary tactics, well informed on the many topics of the hour in which her club is influentially interested, attractive both in personality and appearance, she understands the fine art of serving her club, not as the high and mighty Madam President on a pedestal, but as a most interested member, who for a short time has been chosen simply to guide affairs.

This woman is further interesting as one of the founders of the Ogontz Lunch Club, in Chicago—the first noonday club for working-girls in the country, it may be added, and which has been numerously copied in other cities—which was

AS THIS is the first time in this country that the servant-girl question has been managed on a social and scientific basis, with substantial encouragement to the maid coupled with the public recognition of the prize, it is eminently worthy of note that the scheme was successful. Indeed, the projectors were so enthusiastic that it is to be made an annual event, as it is over in London, it seems, though the Chicago club-women knew nothing in the beginning of the domestic science exhibit of their sisters over the sea. As women's clubs everywhere are struggling with the servant-girl question, this incident was simply one more attempt at solution. Fortunately, it turned out satisfactorily.

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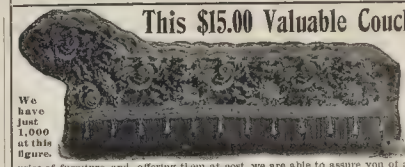

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WINTER-VEGETABLE DISHES

By Ella Morris Kretschmar

BY WINTER vegetables I do not mean the warm-climate articles that are shipped from the South during the winter, but the sturdy stand-bys of that olden time when such shipments were unknown. Not an inspiring subject? On the contrary! The possibilities of these vegetables, but half understood by the majority of housekeepers, will afford a delightful field for experiment and investigation. The cook's story of the Irish potato will never be completely told, and the manifold merits of the cabbage would require a chapter for proper exploitation. It is my purpose, therefore, to pass these two vegetables by in the present article, owing to limited space, reserving them for separate consideration.

It is only meagerly touching upon a great subject to here outline a few methods of cooking and serving the onion, squash, sweet-potato, turnip, parsnip, salsify and other winter vegetables, the chief object of such consideration being to incite by the merits of the dishes given further experiment on the part of housekeepers.

The careful cook will see that so-called hot dishes are in reality hot when they are served. In winter the only possible way of insuring hot things is to heat every dish concerned in their serving—plates, platters and serving-dishes—not to the mildly tepid point, but hot. This can be done in most warming-ovens; if not, boiling water will accomplish it perfectly.

In cooking onions it is well to first know your onion. Is it mild, strong, new or old? Whatever, whichever it is, it may be evolved to deliciousness by the cook in its preparation if wisely performed. A new summer onion or a very mild winter one is never so acceptably presented as when simply boiled in salted water until perfectly tender through and through, well drained, and dressed with butter, pepper and salt. Onions should be put on to cook in boiling water, and this water changed after fifteen minutes to fresh, boiling salted water.

Onion Dishes

OLD ONIONS BOILED—Peel, and allow to lie in cold water for an hour or two; then put on to cook in boiling water to which a level half teaspoonful of soda has been added for each quart. As soon as the onions begin to grow tender pour off the soda-water, rinse with boiling water, and put on to finish cooking in boiling salted water. Be sure to boil them long enough to be delicately tender to the heart. Any old winter onion will lose its rankness cooked in this way, but as they do not equal in flavor young summer onions, they should be dressed, after draining, in cream, or in milk thickened with butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste. Season with salt and pepper.

GLAZED ONIONS—Melt one half cupful of butter in a saucepan, put in one dozen medium-sized white onions, and move about until all are well coated with butter; then sprinkle with a tablespoonful of sugar, just cover with strong soup-stock (salted), and simmer until the onions are tender; then uncover the saucepan and let the stock boil down to less than one half cupful. Glazed onions should be served in a hot covered dish as an accompaniment to a roast.

SCALLOPED ONIONS—This being properly a winter dish, boil as directed for winter onions. Butter a baking-dish, cover the bottom with small boiled onions or large ones halved, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter, and cover with soft bread-crumbs; continue these layers until the dish is full, then pour on enough mixed milk and cream (in which blend one teaspoonful of flour for each cupful) to more than moisten the mass; cover with bread-crumbs moistened in melted butter, and bake to a rich brown. There should be enough milk and cream used to make a generous sauce around the onions when served.

BAKED ONIONS Boil as directed until tender, place in a baking-dish (crowding a little), season with salt and pepper, dot over generously with butter, and bake until delicately browned. When the onions lack the sweetness of summer onions it is well to dust a little sugar on those to be baked. Onions may be peeled without shedding tears by taking the precaution to dip them in water from time to time while peeling.

Sweet-Potatoes

BOIL with the jackets on, and as soon as done drain, draw to the back of the stove and cover with a cloth to steam a few minutes. Scrape off the skin quickly and send to the table hot, covered with a hot napkin. Bake only until just done, then break or pierce the skin at some point, and serve at once. If not served at once roll in a hot towel and keep in the open oven.

MARYLAND SWEET-POTATOES—Boil, scrape off the skin, and cut lengthwise in half-inch slices. Dip each slice in a syrup made of melted butter and sugar, equal parts (or dip in melted butter and roll in sugar), arrange in a dripping-pan, and brown in the oven. If liked very sweet pour a little extra syrup around them in the pan.

CREOLE SWEET-POTATOES—Prepare as Maryland sweet-potatoes, pouring around them in the baking-pan enough cream to just about half cover them.

SWEET-POTATO SURPRISE—Dress some plump young quail, rub each well with butter, and dust with pepper and salt. Select some fine large sweet-potatoes, halve lengthwise (without paring), scoop out a little from each half, lay in a quail, and cover with the corresponding half, tying firmly together. Bake until potato and quail are both done (an hour, perhaps more, will be required), replace the string with ribbon, and send to the table.

There is a field for salad experiment in the sweet-potato. There must be some possible "happy combination" of which a boiled, dry sweet-potato would form part. It has a decided boiled-chestnut flavor when cold, and that certainly is a highly eligible salad possibility.

Parsnips at Their Best

PARSNIPS are not good until after they have been frosted, and are best in the spring after being in the ground all winter.

BOILED PARSNIPS—Wash, scrape, split them, and boil until tender, which will require from one to two hours or more, according to the size and condition of the vegetable; add salt when half done. When perfectly tender drain, dress with butter, pepper and salt, and send to the table in a hot, covered dish.

FRIED PARSNIPS—Slice lengthwise the halved, boiled parsnips; dip each slice in melted butter, dust with pepper and salt, dredge with flour, and fry in ham or bacon drippings and butter in about equal proportions. If a very little sugar is melted with the butter in which the slices are dipped it supplies the proper vegetable sweetness when it is lacking. The flour dredging may be omitted if preferred. Be sure that parsnips have been boiled until perfectly tender for frying, and be careful to fry only to a rich brown.

STEWED PARSNIPS—Wash, scrape and slice across the grain, as potatoes. Just cover with boiling water, adding salt, one heaping tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar to a quart of the sliced vegetable. Stew, closely covered, until perfectly tender, when the water should have quite boiled away.

CREAMED PARSNIPS—Prepare as in last recipe, adding one and one half cupfuls of mixed milk and cream (or one cupful of cream) in which one teaspoonful of flour has been blended; cook five minutes, and serve.

PARSNIP FRITTERS—Mash boiled parsnips fine (or, better still, those prepared as stewed parsnips), and after seasoning them add to one pint of the pulp one teaspoonful of flour and one well-beaten egg; make into little cakes and sauté in a spider, or make into croquette shapes, dip in egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Beets, Salsify and Beans

WINTER beets are *sometimes* worth cooking—more often not. When they are sweet, juicy and *not* woody, boil in plenty of water until perfectly tender, which may require two hours or five. When done pour into a colander, dip in cold water, slip off the skins, and return as many to the saucepan as will be required for dinner. Slice the beets after they have been put upon the stove, season well with salt, pepper and butter, and serve very hot. Slice the remainder of the beets, cover with good vinegar, add a piece of horse-radish (to keep vinegar from molding), and stand in a cool place to use as pickles.

SALSIFY OR VEGETABLE OYSTERS—Scrape the tubers, dropping them into cold water as finished. When all are done slice them quickly, to prevent discoloring, into a granite or porcelain-lined stew-pan, cover with boiling water, and cook for an hour, salting when half done. When done drain, and dress with butter, pepper and salt, adding cream and a little thickening if preferred.

NEW ENGLAND SALSIFY—Prepare as above, cover with water, and lay on top of the vegetable a small piece of codfish; when done remove the fish and dress as above.

DRIED LIMA BEANS—Wash and soak for three hours in warm water; to one quart of beans add three quarts of water and one teaspoonful of soda; bring to a boil and then simmer for fifteen minutes. Now drain, rinse thoroughly with boiling water, return to the stove and cover with fresh boiling water. Cook until perfectly tender—one and one half hours, probably—adding salt the last half hour. When done the water should be nearly all boiled away. Thicken what remains with butter and flour smoothly blended, add more salt if necessary, and some pepper.

Carrots and Squash

IT IS not advisable to use winter carrots as a vegetable. Though so valuable in soups, stews, braizes, etc., they are rather rank alone. Still they are very palatable (and very healthful) when cooked as directed for winter onions. Summer carrots are delicious (when small) cooked as you would cook summer onions, or with peas, or served with a dressing of rich cream, butter, pepper and salt. Old or new, it is better to slice them before cooking.

SQUASH—Peel, remove seeds, and cut into pieces; then lay in a steamer and steam until soft, or boil in as little water as possible until soft. Drain, and dry for a short time in the oven, mash fine, and dress with butter, pepper and salt. If as dry as is desirable some cream may be added to the dressing. It is better to rub squash through a sieve or put it through a vegetable-press to avoid lumps. Heat again before dressing.

BAKED SQUASH—Use the hard-shelled squash; split, break into pieces, removing the seeds, steam for a half hour, then season with salt and pepper, and bake until done. Scrape then from the shell and dress with salt, pepper, cream and butter. If the several pieces of the squash are of uniform shape and size they may be laid on a napkin in a platter, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and served in the shell.

How to Cook Turnips

IN THIS case it is "first catch your turnip;" that is, find that sweet, little white turnip which is flat, with purple top (not big, round, with blue or pink top), fine of flavor raw, and delicious when cooked. Peel, quarter, and boil in salted water to which a little sugar has been added. Boiled quickly they are much better than when boiled slowly, so hasten the process, being sure to cook long enough to be *thoroughly* done. Drain when done, and slice, returning to the stove to dry off extra moisture. Dress with butter, pepper and salt only; serve in a hot, covered dish. It is quite as well to cut the quartered turnips into slices before cooking. They must never be mashed in any case, mashing developing a bitterness in turnips.

BAKED TURNIPS—Boil as above, slice, season with salt and pepper, adding butter generously; arrange in a baking-dish and nearly cover with cream in which a beaten egg-yolk has been blended, cover with bread-crumbs moistened in butter, and brown in the oven.

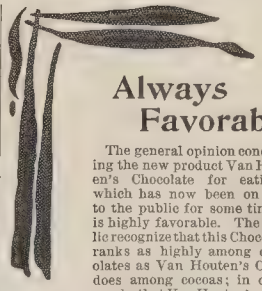
CANADA OR RUTABAGA TURNIPS—This large, reddish turnip is often very sweet and of fine flavor. In preparing it for the table it may be treated exactly as the white turnip.

Hominy

THERE is no doubt that hominy, when properly prepared and cooked, is one of the most wholesome and nutritious articles of food that can be set before the family. It is especially appropriate as a winter dish. Get fresh white hominy, *not* kiln-dried, and you will have a dish giving the very essence of Mother Earth's sweetness.

BOILED HOMINY—Perfectly cooked hominy should be white, the grains distinct yet *soft*, and with just a suggestion of creamy moisture through the mass. There are two ways of cooking it—one in a double boiler, the other in a porcelain-lined iron pot. The first method is by far the easier. Cover one pint of hominy with three pints of cold water, and cook in a double boiler five hours—or until perfectly tender—adding salt the last hour, stirring it in *very* carefully so as not to break the grains. When done add butter generously, and serve. To cook in a pot (which somehow seems to give the most satisfactory result), put on to cook in warm water, standing the pot on the back of the stove, where the contents will heat slowly—not reaching the boiling-point during the all-day process of cooking. Ironing-day is a good day for cooking hominy, as then it may be watched and "coddled" without special trouble. As the water simmers away more (that is, boiling water) must be added; but no stirring must be done after the grains begin to soften. If the hominy is put on after breakfast, add salt about noon, just moving the mass gently with a wooden open-spoon to incorporate it. Before serving add a generous amount of the best of butter. Hominy may be eaten plain or with cream. What is left over may be sliced and fried, or it may have grated cheese added to it, bound together with an egg, made into croquettes, egged and bread-crumbed, and fried in deep fat.

Mrs. Kretschmar's "Answers to Queries" will be found on page 36 of this issue.



Always Favorable

The general opinion concerning the new product Van Houten's Chocolate for eating—which has now been on sale to the public for some time,—is highly favorable. The public recognize that this Chocolate ranks as highly among chocolates as Van Houten's Cocoa does among cocoas; in other words, that Van Houten's chocolate excels in delicious flavor, and in wholesomeness of composition.

Every day much harm is done by the excessive consumption of cheap confectioneries and chocolates of inferior quality, doubtful taste and doubtful composition.

Why not abstain from these altogether, and substitute the digestible, wholesome

Van Houten's Chocolate

(For Eating)?

Sold in Tins of Croquettes and Tins of Drops. Also in Square Tablets and Small Bars.

NUT MEATS

Are carefully blanched, sterilized and predigested, made into a score of dainty, delicious food products by the Sanitas Nut Food Co., Ltd. They build flesh and make blood.

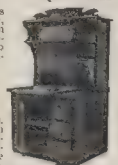
EIGHT FREE SAMPLES

and recipe-book will be sent, postpaid, for 25 cents, to cover postage only.

SANITAS NUT FOOD CO., Ltd.
72 Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

WOMEN, SPARE YOURSELVES

The long, weary hours traveling between *stove*, pantry and cupboard when you can bring the cupboard and the pantry to the *stove* by using a Kitchen Cabinet.



But Don't Buy a Kitchen Cabinet

Until you see our No. 10. It is a whole pantry on wheels. Contains flour bin with sifter attachment. No musty, stale flour can accumulate. Drawers for knives and forks, groceries, teas, coffees, table linens, a tilting sugar bin; cupboard for ironware and kitchen utensils; a large moulding board which is out of the way when not in use. Made of Solid Oak, handsomely finished and an ornament to any kitchen. No wonder that our Kitchen Cabinets are praised as the

HOUSEWIFE'S DELIGHT

By every woman fortunate enough to possess one. Send 2-cent stamp for complete catalogue of Kitchen Cabinets. Our prices range from $6.00 to $14.50. We prepay the freight north of Tennessee, east of the Mississippi and west of Pittsburg. Points beyond on an equal basis.

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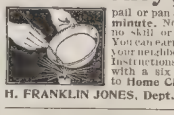
116-124 Second Street, ALBANY, INDIANA

THE "CLEAN CUT" CAKE TIN

prevents cakes from sticking and produces a perfect cake. It is made of best quality tin with a flat, thin knife, securely riveted in center and at rim. Simple and durable. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents. Agents send 6 cents postage for FREE sample. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Wearever Granite and Tin Ware in the world. Address Dept. J. HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Make Money with a stick of Electric Solder and a Candle.



You can make a leaky pail or pan as good as new in one minute. No iron, no acid, no rosin, no skill or experience required. You can earn $3 doing soldering for your neighbors with the Solder and Instructions we send you FREE, with a six months' subscription to Home Cheer for 10 cents.

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NEEDED IN EVERY HOUSE. Good for various uses. Sample post-paid, 12 cents; $1.00 per dozen, express prepaid. Indispensable Kitchen Utensil. One agent writes: "Sold dozen in 30 minutes." F. E. KOHLER CO., 1006 East 3rd St., Canton, Ohio.

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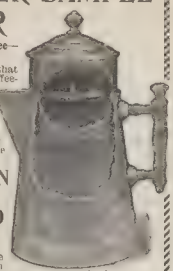
Don't Blame the Coffee—Investigate the Pot

We feel so sure that this Percolator Coffee-Pot is the best made, not only in principle, but in the quality of enamel, that we are willing to let it be the standard by which you judge the balance of

COLUMBIAN Triple-Coated ENAMELED WARE



A Coffee-Pot above all other Kitchen utensils should be **kept sweet and clean.** This is possible in Columbian Ware, as well. **Inside** and **outside** is **triple-coated,** making it so hard and smooth that it will not discolor. Hot water alone will **keep it like new for 3 years.**

This Sample Offer of

3-Quart "Queen Percolator"

for $1.00 until March 1st, delivery charges paid by us, is made so you will be a friend of Columbian Ware. In buying it you get **double your money's worth,** not only in this pot, but in every article that you find on a dealer's shelves, or which you may select from our Illustrated Catalogue of Cooking and Household Utensils, which is sent **FREE.**

A full line carried by dealers. Address

BELLAIRE STAMPING CO.,
Sample Dept. B, - - - Harvey, Ill.

See 1 quart **Shallow Pudding Pan Offer** for **15 cents** in last month's issue.

A TURKISH BATH AT HOME

Write at once for full particulars of a

$12.00 BATH CABINET for $5.00

REMEMBER The **ROBINSON CABINET** is the only Lawful Self Secreting folding patented cabinet made.

DANGEROUS Persons buying infringements are liable. Suit has been filed in the U. S. Court against four companies for infringing on Robinson Cabinet.

$2.00 BOOK FREE to patrons.—Prof. Robinson has recently returned from Europe where he has visited all the leading water cures. Much information is contained in his New Book pertaining to the treatment of all chronic ailments at home, such as Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Skin Trouble, General Debility, etc. Also how to secure a **Beautiful Complexion.** Don't be deceived by misleading advertisements. We send you literature and samples of goods free.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Write at once for Special Agent's "1100 Proposition."

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO.,
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Libby's Premier Soups

OX TAIL
MOCK TURTLE
CHICKEN
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These appetizing soups enjoy the distinction of being constantly used by those particular people who, previous to trying them, always had special soup stock prepared at home.

Ask your grocer. If he can't supply you write us.

A postal gets new booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
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A MAGIC SKIN

HAS NO EQUAL

For Polishing Silverware

This is not a woven fabric. It is a **soft LEATHER BURNISHER** for gold, silver, etc., producing a brilliant luster. No powder needed with this.

Single Skins, 25 cents, post-paid

Dearborn Supply House
A, 153 La Salle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

HEALTH FOODS AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM ..... Most practical Cook book of the sort. Nothing like it. Live proof on 25 cents per day. 258 pages. Bound in cloth, $1. Circulars free. **NATIONAL INSTITUTE, Dept. W. C., 20, Chicago.**

PLAYS Speaking Dialogues Recitations

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ACTS Send 5c. for Catalogue free

YELL Pride Plan Cheers Yells Songs Stunts Novelties

WHAT HOUSEKEEPERS SHOULD KNOW

By Fannie Malin

Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpet is a sure preventive of moths.

If **linoleum** is beeswaxed once a week it will look better and last longer.

Every housekeeper should have a clock within convenient sight in the kitchen.

To destroy roaches. Sprinkle powdered borax or insect-powder in their haunts.

In **cooking string-beans, peas and spinach** a little nutmeg improves their flavor.

Fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

A hand-towel and basin are needed in every kitchen for the use of the cook or house-worker.

The kitchen should be large, airy and well ventilated, perfect in its arrangements and spotlessly clean.

Good flour always costs a little more than poor flour, but like most other things in the food line it is cheaper in the end.

To cut warm bread or cake. Use a sharp knife dipped in hot water to make it warm, and warm bread will cut easy

Dish towels and cloths should be washed, scalded and thoroughly dried daily, or they will become musty and unfit for use.

To cleanse chicken. Use a little soda and salt in the water—this cleans and whitens it—then rinse in clean cold water and it is ready to stew.

A clean, tidy kitchen can only be secured by having a place for everything and everything in its place, and by frequent scourings of the room and utensils.

Meats to be roasted or broiled should be given the greatest amount of heat possible at first, so that the surface may be hardened and the juices all retained in the roast.

In cold weather when using frail china or glass dishes, rinse first with tepid water before pouring into them any hot liquid, to prevent them from cracking or breaking.

To polish metal, as copperware, tea-kettles, reservoirs, etc., use one teacupful of vinegar and one tablespoonful of salt; heat it hot and apply with a cloth, and rub till dry.

When washing windows do not choose a day when the sun shines on the glass, as the water is sure to dry on the pane before it can be rubbed off, leaving streaks that no amount of polishing will remove.

If compelled to use an inferior grade of kerosene in lamps, the light may be improved in clearness by soaking the wick in vinegar before using; also put in the lamp-bowl with the oil a small lump of camphor.

To clean cut glass or glassware for table use. Make a good suds of warm water and common soap. Then take a brush and scrub each article. When the dirt is removed rinse it well with cold water, drain and polish.

To keep brass bright. Articles made of brass may be kept bright and free from tarnish if you will cover them with a thin coat of varnish made of colorless shellac and alcohol, which may be procured at any drug-store.

To cut layer-cake. Use a small glass to cut a square from the center, then cut as usual. Taking the piece from the center prevents the cake from crumbling at the point and gives a neater look to the cake and the plate.

Pickles should be well salted in strong brine or they will be tasteless and insipid. Better have too much than too little salt. Add a little alum; it makes the pickles crisp, while horse-radish and nasturtium-seed prevent the vinegar from becoming muddy.

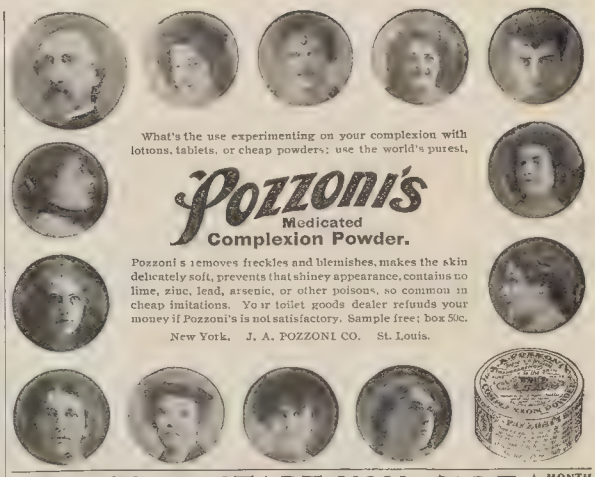
If the range be wiped carefully with a soft cloth, after cooking greasy food, it can be kept bright with little difficulty. The range should be kept free from soot in all compartments. A clogged hot-air passage will prevent any oven from baking well.

To keep the cellar clean. Brush down the cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coat of whitewash. It will sweeten the air in the cellar, the parlor and the bedrooms, and it will save the family from the afflictions of fever.

To remove ink-stains from carpet. Dip a clean sponge in milk, and sponge the ink-spot, cleansing the sponge in clean water before putting it again in the milk, so as to avoid smearing it; continue the operation until all the ink is removed, then wash the milk out of the carpet.

Embroideries and articles made from wash-silk launder best if they are not allowed to dry before ironing. Wring them loosely from the rinse, and spread out smoothly on a dry sheet and roll it up. After a half hour press with a cloth laid between the fabric and a moderately hot iron.

Cut flowers can be made to keep fresh many days by burying the stems in a vase filled with a mixture of powdered charcoal and sand, which must be kept moist with water all the time. Any hard-stemmed flower, such as roses or carnations, can be kept for a long time in this way.



What's the use experimenting on your complexion with lotions, tablets, or cheap powders; use the world's purest,

Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder.

Pozzoni's removes freckles and blemishes, makes the skin delicately soft, prevents that shiney appearance, contains no lime, zinc, lead, arsenic, or other poisons, so common in cheap imitations. Your toilet goods dealer refunds your money if Pozzoni's is not satisfactory. Sample free; box 50c.

New York. J. A. POZZONI CO. St. Louis.

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MR. REED MADE $88 FIRST 3 DAYS. Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Plate 80 sets a day. Elegant business." Mr. Woodward earns $60 a month. Agents all making money. So can you. **Grists or Ladies, you can positively make $5 to $15 a day** at home or traveling, taking orders, using and selling **Prof. Gray's Platers.** Unequaled for plating watches, jewelry, tableware, bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. **Warranted. No experience necessary.**

LET US START YOU IN BUSINESS. We do plating ourselves. Have experience. Manufacture the only practical outfits, including all tools, lathes and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. **Guaranteed. New modern methods.**

WE TEACH YOU the art, furnish recipes, formulas and trade secrets FREE. Failure impossible.

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WE ARE RESPONSIBLE and Guarantee Everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. **WE START YOU. Now is the time to make money.**

WRITE TO-DAY. Our New Plan, Samples, Testimonials and Circulars FREE. Don't wait. Send us your name and address.

GRAY & CO., PLATING WORKS, 196 MIAMI BUILDING, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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TO LADIES, BOYS AND GIRLS,

we send this elegant small size Solid Silver Nickel Open Face Watch, warranted 5 years, FREE to any one selling 1½ dozen sets of our Ladies' Jeweled Rose Pins at 25c a set. This is a ladies' watch and we give a beautiful Chatelaine or Neck Chain FREE with each. Or will send this STERLING SILVER or SOLID GOLD Plated Bracelet, magnificently engraved, with a daisy Rose lock and key, and 5 extra Silver Friendship Hearts or a Solid Gold Scarf Set Free for selling 3 sets of Pins. Our rings are set with an exquisite Ruby or Emerald stone, that is the equal of any $60.00 RING.

Send your name and address only, NO MONEY, and we mail you the Pins postpaid. You sell them among your friends and neighbors, send us the money, and we send you choice of above premiums, or many others which you will find in our premium list sent free with each lot of Pins. Those honest enough to offer made by a strictly reliable house. We take back all you can not sell. A handsome present FREE in addition. If you write TO-DAY.

This Sewing Machine FREE for selling 7 doz. sets.

Every stylish lady and girl in the land must have several. We sell over a million of them each month. This is an honest offer. We take back all you can not sell. A handsome present FREE in addition. If you write TO-DAY.

ST. LOUIS PREMIUM CO. Dept. N 39 **St. Louis, Mo.**

☞ This firm is well known for its honest goods and valuable premiums.

LAND AND A LIVING

PASTURE AND PLOUGH

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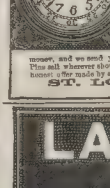

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These beautiful Royal Lace Parlor Curtains are of the newest Savoy design, three yards long, 36 inches wide, are washable and will last a lifetime. You can get two pairs of these choice curtains (same design as in cut) and four beautiful Sash Curtains (one yard square each) **FREE for selling our GREAT COLD REMEDY and HEADACHE CURE. Cures Cold in One Day! Relieves Headache at Once!** We will give the curtains absolutely free to any one taking advantage of the great offer we send to every person selling six boxes of our Tablets. If you agree to sell only six boxes at 25 cts. a box, write to-day and we will send the Tablets by mail post-paid. When sold, send us the money and we will send four Sash Curtains, unlemmed, so they may be made to fit any window, together with our offer of two complete pairs of Royal Lace Parlor Curtains, enough to furnish a room, same day money is received. This is a grand opportunity for ladies to beautify their homes with fine Lace Curtains of exquisite design. All who have earned them are delighted. Address **NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., 1070 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. Box 60 B.**

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bears on the label, in perforated letters, the date of manufacture, so that the purchaser may always insist on having oil of the latest season's production, and know that he is getting it.

Moller's Cod Liver Oil is put up only in flat, oval bottles, and bears our name as sole agents.

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Watch, Mackintosh, Dinner Set, Cape, Lamp or Writing Desk by selling our Flavoring Extracts. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** You will be surprised how quickly you can earn a premium when you have the goods with you to show and deliver. We pay express charges. Write today for new catalogue and order blank.

PETERSON & CO.,
52 Dearborn Street, Dept. 124, CHICAGO, ILLS.

The Jingle of Dollars Saved is Always Musical ....There's Lots of Music in the Air Here ....

OLDEST IN AMERICA **CHICKERING PIANOS** BEST IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

Our Immense Stock of

HIGH-GRADE PIANOS

Bought before the rise in prices
TERMS CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS

THE W. G. WOODMANSEE PIANO CO.
THE PRICE-MAKERS
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Sole Western Representatives Chickering, Vose, "Orchestral Crown," Bruno, Opera, Sterling, Kroeger, Huntington, Angelus (orchestral Piano Player), Symphony (self playing Organ), Pianophone, and 32 other leading makes. **N. B.**—Write for Clearing Sale Circular with description and prices. **Correspond with us: it will pay.**

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A $35.00 Watch

In appearance, and the best **GENUINE GOLD FILLED** watch in the world for the money. Double hunting case, stem wind and stem set, superbly engraved. **STANDARD AMERICAN** ruby jeweled movement absolutely guaranteed for

25 YEARS

Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you can see it at the express office, and if not represented pay express agent our special introductory price, $5.95 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. State in your letter whether you want GENTS' OR LADIES' SIZE and order to-day, as we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only

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FREE TO LADIES

How to be Beautiful, and How to Earn Money at Home; two large books free. **ZANZEMETTO CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

With the Young People

THE CAPTAIN OF THE NINE

By William O. Stoddard

ILLUSTRATED BY F. A. CARTER

CHAPTER II.

THE REBELLION OF THE NINE

"THAT'S it! That's the right key! We're going to beat old Robbins this time!"

It was a pretty dark piece of business. Here was Ike Nelson at midnight in front of the cannon-house on the village green. This was made of several acres of grass and trees in the middle of the village. On it, in a row, were the meeting-houses and the academy building. There would have been more grass, or better, but for the base-ball ground, that began in front of the academy and spread out in all directions.

"It's a kind of cannon burglary," said Ike, as his key clicked in the padlock, and he pulled open the wide doors before him.

If he himself had ever been shot by any burglar, that was two weeks ago, and he was all right now. The man whose leg he had peppered with buckshot was still in jail waiting to be tried. So were several others who had been captured with Uncle Jed's goods in their wagon.

Ike had been made a sort of hero of by his mother and some other people, but Uncle Jedediah Kershaw had blamed him for shooting so much glass and crockery.

"This here string of keys," said he, jingling them in his hand, "must be hung up in the gun-shop again pretty early, so old Crocker can say 'There they are!'"

He was inside, looking rapidly around him. Just about large enough was that public building to serve as a stable for the one old brass six-pounder field-piece that it contained.

"There she is!" said Ike, triumphantly. "We took her from Burgoyne, at Saratoga. That cannon doesn't belong to old Robbins. It belongs to the Fourth of July!"

Then while he was more closely examining the gun he seemed to be informing it or anybody else within hearing that Squire Robbins must be a very influential man in Greenville, for he and other leading citizens had decided against the usual Fourth of July celebration. Especially had they vetoed the firing of the Revolutionary gun. Fire-crackers, double-headers, wheels, fire-snakes and volcanoes were to be ruled out; but they had failed to take due account of Ike Nelson and his base-ball nine, for these were as a patriotic secret society by themselves.

IKE went to the door with his fingers on his lips, and blew a shrill whistle. In a minute or so there were footsteps hurrying toward him, both light and heavy. Then dim shapes came out of the darkness, but no loud voices.

"Ike," said one of the shapes, "I took Uncle Parker's team. We won't have to haul it by hand. Let's hitch on."

The span of large gray horses he was leading was now backed into the cannon-house, surrounded in solemn expectation by the base-ball nine of rebellious conspirators.

"Ready!" said Ike. "Sam Hopkins, you lead and I'll drive. Keep still now!"

A long pull, and the cannon moved. It was a moment of breathless excitement. The old gun was drawn down the planked slope to the level ground beyond. Then Ike went back and carefully padlocked the doors.

"Now, boys," he said, "for the lake! They won't beat us this time."

Out across the green and down the main street marched the silent procession, and Parker's team was amply able to do its share of the dark work. Fully a mile they hauled the artillery, and not a living human being was met, for all the village folk were quietly in bed.

"The right spot is about ten rods beyond the boat-landing," said Ike. "I picked it out. The water's deep enough to cover it, but I guess it'll take more'n one team to haul it out."

"Here we are," said Sam Hopkins.

The nine plotters worked in silence while the cannon was wheeled around and ropes were hitched to it to let it down the bank. The lake stretched away smoothly into the darkness, and there were no houses near.

"Hold hard, boys!" said Ike at last. "Sam, unhitch 'em! Ready now! Let her go!"

The gun must have understood what was required of it, for down the bank it went, nearly dragging after it the plotters who held the ropes. Down, down, down it sank, deeper and deeper, and that cannon was drowned.

"She'll stay there," they all said, and away they scattered to their several homes in the village, more than one of them seeing fit to remark, "Everybody'll lay it to Ike, anyhow."

As for him, very shortly he was locking behind him the back door of the store of Jedediah Kershaw, Sons & Company. His shoes were off, too, and he went up flight after flight of stairs to the office, as if there might be some danger of being shot for a burglar. Whether or not he slept any more that night, he was again out of bed bright and early in the morning, and was busily brooming the floor of the counting-room when the book-keeper came down.

"Ike," said Mr. Milman, "I'm glad you wicked boys made no more fuss about not being allowed to fire that old cannon. Squire Robbins and the trustees know what's best."

"Yes, sir," said Ike. But hardly had he left the store to go to his breakfast before the stern book-keeper whanged shut a ledger he had opened, and remarked:

"This 'ere chasing bad boys at midnight gives an old man like me a dreadful appetite. I wonder how many teams they'll need to haul it out! I could get them two of Kersbaw's. Uncle Jed'd lend 'em his last horse!"

"The four quadrupeds leaned forward under the whip."

It was plain, therefore, that the secret of the rebels and conspirators was entirely safe thus far. Even while old Milman was putting on his coat, however, and muttering some energetic words about beefsteak and coffee, a strident voice at the front of the store vociferated:

"How are you, Squire Robbins? What got you out of bed so early?"

"Kem to see about a plaow," he responded, in a tone that rasped and crackled. "Tell you what, though, Uncle Jed, we've fixed that cannon. It won't be fired off an' busted this time."

"Fixed it, have you?" shouted the white-haired merchant, standing close in front of him. "Got 'em this time, eh? This 'ere plow is the thing for you. There won't be any racket this Fourth of July, but you'd better keep an eye on the boys."

"That's just what we're doing," replied the long, lean, authoritative manager of village affairs. "We keep an eye on 'em. We know just what they're doing."

"You'd better nail up the cannon-house," interrupted Uncle Jed. "Somebody might sneak in at night and steal that gun."

"That's what we'll do!" exclaimed the Squire. "I was there to look at it last evening. 'Twas all safe. We'll go right away and nail a plank across the door."

"Humph!" grumbled Uncle Jed, as he turned away. "If I were a boy— Good-morning, Mrs. Gersham! How are all the children? Tom, 'tend to Mrs. Gersham. What is it, Milman?"

The book-keeper was silently sliding past him, and his tongue was in his cheek. He whistled softly as his eyes met those of Uncle Jed.

"Ike?" said the latter, inquiringly.

"Ike!" responded the book-keeper.

"Do all the good you can, Mr. Milman," shouted Uncle Jed. "Never neglect your opportunities. Good-morning, Aunt Jones!"

Off went the book-keeper, and Uncle Jed for once spoke in a low tone of voice, but it was to himself, "If Ike doesn't beat old Robbins in some way or other I'll discharge him!"

The last words of Squire Robbins were, after settling his mind about the plow:

"Now I'll get the trustees and we'll follow Uncle Jed's advice. It's sound as a nut!"

HALF an hour later he and several elderly men, accompanied by some who were younger, and a gathering rabble of the very young, stood exultantly in front of the cannon-house.

"It is our duty," remarked Squire Robbins, putting a key into the padlock, "to look in and assure ourselves that all is safe up to this hour."

Open swung the door, and he strode in, followed somewhat tumultuously.

"Gone!" he gasped. "Fellow-citizens, our precious relic of the Revolution has been stole from us! This 'ere town has lost its cannon!"

Loud and excited were the comments of the good men who came with him, but one small boy dashed out upon the ground, yelling at the top of his voice, "Hoorawr! hoorawr! The fellers have stole the ca-an-non!"

"Fellow-citizens," said the Squire, "an outrageous burglary has been committed! This village and vicinity must be s'arched for our cannon. We shall find it concealed."

They had help enough in their public-spirited undertaking. The church basements were visited, and the empty places under the academy. Barns, hen-houses, pig-pens, all were inspected. The Squire even climbed into hay-lofts, but before night he sat wearily down to declare, "Fellow-citizens, they couldn't ha' kerried it fur; it's too heavy. That there cannon is out in the woods. We must s'arch the fawrest to-morrer."

It was late in the evening when Ike had finished doing up his last lot of parcels behind one of the counters. On the other side of the counter towered the dignified presence of Uncle Jed.

"Tie 'em up carefully, my son," he loudly commanded. "I'm glad no clerk of mine can be accused of stealing cannon. You were in bed in the attic. You could not have taken it up there with you. So I told Squire Robbins, but I said he might search the garret if he desired to do so."

"Guess it isn't up there, Mr. Kershaw," replied Ike. "I don't know any boy in this village that could lift a cannon."

"Humph!" said the merchant, "that's what puzzles me. I'm glad all our blasting-powder (that's cannon-powder, too) is safe. We can't keep it in the store, and it's locked up in the little barn away back by the creek. Joe Milman wouldn't sell any cannon-thief a pound of it. They wouldn't think of going to him, anyway."

The next day was the third of July, and all Greenville was astir concerning its artillery. The mystery was great, for the key of the padlock had been hung up all the while, as Squire Robbins proved, in the gun-shop of Trustee Crocker. Scouts who searched the woods and corn-fields returned disappointed, and all the villages within ten miles sent back word that they did not contain the venerable gun.

Ike Nelson was aware that he was being closely watched that evening up to the time when his watchers saw the store tightly shut up, with him inside. Then everything was awfully silent, and he was ready to go up-stairs with Mr. Milman and his lantern.

"Ike," said the book-keeper, "come to the back door; I want to feel sure that it's safe against burglars. Come along!"

Ike followed him, and just before they reached the door the book-keeper stood still.

"Isaac," he said, pointing to a row of small packages on the floor, "Uncle Jed thinks there is too much powder in the back barn just now. It isn't safe. It might go off and blow up the village. You'd better take that lot out onto the green to-night and burn it up. You'll be careful not to make any noise with it. You and I'll put it outside now."

There was an empty box outside of the door, and the packages were quickly put into it.

Then two hours went by, each as long as a rainy week. There did not seem to be anybody astir in the village even then, but away down by the lake, where a dull mist had settled along the shore, there was a coming together of fellows who seemed to be in a hurry. Two of them led teams of harnessed horses. Two more began at once to undress, as if for a midnight swim. In they plunged, and they were tiptop divers. The next minute there were heads above the water, and one of them called out, "I've fished up the rope, Sam. Back 'em down and hitch on."

"All right! All ready!" came back in a nervous, excited way; but by the time the two swimmers were out and dressed the horses were in position for what they were to do.

Ike Nelson was a pretty good teamster, and he had good help. Steadily, slowly, the four quadrupeds leaned forward under the whip. A strain, another, and the weight under water began to move. "Up she comes!" he said. "Don't hurrah, boys. Keep still till we get her to the green. The powder'll be there—three times as much as we bought of Crocker."

THE teams were driven hard as soon as the cannon was out in the road, and it was only a little after midnight when old Squire Robbins suddenly woke and sat up in bed.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

Hardly had he asked his question when something like distant thunder seemed to answer him.

"I declare!" he shouted. "I ought to ha' been up and dressed! Somebody's firing that cannon out on the green! I'll stop 'em!"

Only the nine conspirators were there when the first report rang out to startle the sleeping population of Greenville.

"It's thirteen times for the old states!" shouted Ike. "We'll fire for the other states till the powder's all gone."

"Go it, boys!" said Sam Hopkins. "We'll fire till they take her away from us."

"Boys, boys," anxiously inquired a loud voice out in the mist, "did you say there wasn't powder enough? Joe Milman, what did I tell you?"

"It's all right, Uncle Jed," responded the voice of the book-keeper. "You and I won't stop 'em; we'll wait for the trustees."

Bang! bang! bang! roared the old Revolutionary six-pounder, as fast as they could load and fire, and nobody seemed to be keeping any count of the national Fourth-of-July salute.

"Here comes old Robbins!" screamed a small boy in a night-gown; "he's mad as a hornet!"

Arriving faster than the Squire, however, was a miscellaneous and rapidly increasing throng that was inclined to keep pretty well behind the cannon. They were scolding, shouting, yelling, laughing and asking useless questions as to how on earth that gun managed to get there.

"Stop! Stop firing!" squealed the angry man of authority. "Where did you get her? Who stole her? Where did she come from?"

A ripping report was his first answer, but now not one of the base-ball nine was anywhere near that cannon. Instead of them was a mob of grown-up fellows, and one of these, as he rammed in a fresh cartridge, sang out:

"In with it! I say, Squire, what did you leave her right out here on the green for? You might ha' known she'd be found and fired."

"Why, Squire," said another big chap, "she was blazing away on her own account. She knowed her dewty, an' we're helpin' her."

"Stop! Stop!" commanded old Robbins.

"I say, Squire," suggested Ike, close behind him, "she might bust this time. I wouldn't go too near if I were you. Blow you all to pieces!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 33]

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Your favours nor your hate."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

The cannon was now altogether in the hands of the general mob of Greenville, and they were getting excited at having also so much powder to fire away. None knew where the gun came from, and Squire Robbins was now almost alone in his demand for its return to its house.

"Haul it there yourself," they crustily told him; "that's the best you can do."

"I'll have a new lock on the cannon-house," he asserted, "and I'll keep the key myself hereafter. This is exceedingly mysterious."

"Ike," said Uncle Jed, "Isaac, my son, go back to the store. You ought not to be out here. They might lay it to you."

"I'll go right away," said Ike, for his employer spoke sternly, walking along at his side.

They were nearly at the edge of the green before he spoke again, and then he chuckled:

"Isaac, my son, I won't tell. How did you do it? I may want to hide something some day."

"Well, Uncle Jed," said Ike, "if ever you want to hide a cannon, haul it out and run it under in the lake; put it in deep."

"But the cannon-house was locked! How about that?" asked the merchant.

"Well," said Ike, "all you'd have to do would be to let 'em hang up the key in Crocker's gunshop. He'd go out to take home a rifle he'd been mending just as soon as he saw you come in."

"Look here, my son," said Uncle Jed, "you go to bed now. When you see your mother to-morrow morning you tell her you're not to do any more store-sweeping unless I tell you to. You'll sleep there, of course. Your wages'll be three dollars a week till I find out if you're really good for anything. Good-night! Get along!"

"Thank you, sir," said Ike, and away he ran.

"He'll do," muttered Uncle Jed. "I guess I can make something out of him—governor or congressman or something."

"It's a big thing for mother," Ike was thinking. "I wouldn't like to tell him what a lift three dollars a week'll be for her."

He reached the store, and there was old Milman waiting, lantern in hand, in the doorway.

"Isaac," he demanded, "where have you been? I shall have to tell Mr. Kershaw about this! What was all that firing on the green? Squire Robbins and the trustees won't like it."

"I guess the powder's about gone," was all Ike could think of to say.

"Sorry, sorry," said the book-keeper. "It's dangerous stuff to have around. Go to bed."

Up they went, and before long Ike was lying broad awake, staring at the window, and thinking, thinking: "Three dollars a week! Then four, ten, fifteen, twenty, and by and by I'll be one of the company, and then I'll have a store of my own—" And he dropped asleep, for this thing had made an out and out tired boy of him.

[CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ISSUE]

KNOTTY POINTS

EDITED BY RUTHVEN

Everything relating to this department must be sent to Edwin R. Briggs, West Bethel, Maine, and marked for "Knotty Points."

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES

No. 2,600.—Every lassie has her laddie.

No. 2,601.

X
FYT
PILES
PAROLES
FIREPLACE
XYLOPHILANS
TELLINITE
SEALICE
SCATE
ENE
S

No. 2,602.

T
COB
COLOR
COVERED
TOLERATED
BOTANICAL
RETICULES
DECUPLE
DALLY
LEE
S

No. 2,603. Shaddock.

No. 2,604.—

OSELLA
SARES
ERUCAS
LECAMA
LEAMER
ASSART

No. 2,605.

FOISON
FLAMEN
EREBUS
ANUBIS
SLICED
ALEGAR
ESOPUS

No. 2,606 Agent.
No. 2,607. Unanimity.
No. 2,608. Staple, peltas, palest, petals, plates, pastel, palets.
No. 2,609.—David Copperfield.

NEW PUZZLES

No. 2,620. NUMERICAL ENIGMA

The whole, composed of 27 letters, is a quotation from John Keats

The 1, 21, 8, 23, 17, 14, is a quarrel.
The 2, 3, 27, 4, 25, 10, is to prosper.
The 6, 12, 24, 16, 13, is a visitor.
The 9, 12, 22, 20, is a float.
The 11, 23, 7, 12, 16, 26, is to animate.
The 18, 19, 15, 5, is to unite.

York, Pa. DON.

No. 2,621. PENTAGON

1. A letter. 2. A sheet of cotton prepared for filling quilts. 3. An egg of a fish. 4. A dog. 5. A shake. (Mus.) 6. Barks, as a dog. 7. A plant and flower. PERPETUO.

Hartford, Conn.

No. 2,622.—SQUARE

1. The revelations of God. 2. The act of retaining something due. 3. Pertaining to that power in the sun's rays by which chemical changes are produced, as in daguerreotyping, etc. 4. Stamped and legitimated metal for a circulating medium. 5. Formed like a half-moon. 6. Formed or originating on the earth's surface. 7. Withdrawn from fellowship, communion or association.

Saltsburg, Pa. W. H. EWING.

No. 2,623. TRANSPOSITION

A youthful artist, not inspired,
Made pictures that his friends admired.
And, much elated by their praise,
He tried his skill in various ways.

At last he thought such talent fine
Might venture on a bold design,
And so he made a picture which
In coloring was gaudy, rich.

But in his too ambitious flight
He overdid the matter, quite,
Then showed it to an artist wise,
Requesting him to criticise.

"Your picture," said that critic smart,
"Is quite too *primal* for fine art;
Too much high coloring I detect,
It needs more *final* for effect."

Nelson, Ill. NELSONIAN.

No. 2,624.—OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

1 A letter. 2. A bovine ruminant of central Asia. 3. A vessel used for pleasure trips. 4. A South American alligator. 5. A Turkish police officer. 6. To fatigue. 7. Blocks of stone as brought from the quarry. 8. Arranged for the weaver's sley. 9 The shrew-mouse. 10. A letter.

Cincinnati, Ohio. RED CLOVER.

No. 2,625.—RIGHT RHOMBOID

ACROSS 1. A genus of plants. 2. Approaching. 3. Gallinaceous birds. 4. Colors which age gives to works of art. 5. Distinguished. 6. To cleave again. 7. A town of England.

DOWN—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. To prepare for use, as flax. 4. To cry out like a child. 5. Tapestry. 6. Scattered rubbish. 7. Enlivens. (Obs.) 8. A French Diplomatist, 1765-1834. 9. An Italian historian, 1552-1623. 10. To betray. 11. A decree. (Obs.) 12. Union. 13. A letter.

Lyons, N. Y. POPULO.

No. 2,626.—ANAGRAM

This ancient king was a man of wealth,
Of riches he had plenty,
And where of pennies I have one,
Of dollars he had twenty;
Now the secret of his wealth I've found,
I know you are interested,
He saved the dollars that he earned,
And in SURE CO'S. invested.

Newburyport, Mass. KNOX.

No. 2,627.—CHARADE

To flit or move is *one;*
A smaller portion is *two.*
A "ne'er-do-well" is ALL.
Who wants no work to do.

Rockville, Conn. HALIFAX.

No. 2,628.—ANAGRAM

The strains of the orchestra rose and fell,
The pianist looked *total* cute,
The air was carried by violin,
And sweetly ALSO BY LUTE.

West Branch, Iowa. KIBBITH.

No. 2,629. METAGRAM

When Myra sings the listeners stare,
And say, "None can with her compare,
No bird can sing a sweeter song,
O'er meadow *prime,* that wings along,
And joyous makes the sunny air."
The critics in accord declare
"She is the Song-king's rightful heir,"
And praises to her well belong,
When Myra sings.

And then she is a maiden fair,
And lovers have her in their care,
As numerous as the *last* the throng;
Their estimate is far from wrong.
And words of praise they never spare,
When Myra sings.

Centralia, Ill. ASPIRO.

Answers in two months

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS

For the first correct answers to the "Knotty Points" in this issue we offer five premium books:

No. 2,624.—"Giant Almanac" for 1900.
No. 2,625. "Life of Washington."
No. 2,627.—"Standard Cook Book."
No. 2,628 "Life of Lincoln."
No. 2,629.—"New People's Atlas."

Solutions must reach us prior to February 20th to be acknowledged in the April number.

DECEMBER SOLVERS

M. A. Chandler, Marion Miller, Kappa Kappa, E. Frances Betz, Madeline, Ann Eliza, Vinnie, Frank Wright, Mam, Oldcastle, Ina M. Vance, Cal I. Fornia, Mary P. Campbell, Martha Knight, Katie Smith, Hebby, Geraldine, Naomi, Artemisia, Undine, Ell Z. Abeth, Belva Walter, Kibbith, Mrs. Clayton Searle, May E. McDonnell, Bert Rand, Lizzie McNulty, Mrs. C. C. Apker, Ida May, Laura Heilig, Teddy, Mrs. D. C. Burdick, V. L. Hall, George H. Sinsbery, W. F. Cox, A. Hare, Black Hawk, Katrina, Martha Pierson, C. E. Eglinton, Alice Bushnell, Mrs. F. O. Wilson, E. C. Garrigues, Tabitha Tansy, Ma Ni Ac, Halifax, Idle Ike, Cracker Jack, Mrs. B. H. Thompson, Mrs. H. M. Warren, Mrs. Herman Miles, Lillie Eaton, Skylark, J. D. L., J. H. Lawson. Knox, Alta Hawley, Sukey Sunflower, A. Mary Khan, Augusta M. Schneider, Beulah, Lizzie Armstrong, Amateur, Mrs. A. S. Payne, Anna E. Davis, Rufus, Ella Martin, Vyvyan, Stella M. Peterson, Elizabeth, Deborah Doolittle, Nicholas, Lottie, Good Hugh, Sleepy Sam, Essay, O. P. Q., Puritan.

Seventy-eight solvers for December.

PRIZE-WINNERS

No. 2,601.—Marion Miller, Baltimore, Md.
No. 2,602.—E. Frances Betz, Denver, Col.
No. 2,607.—M. A. Chandler, Waltham, Mass.
No. 2,608.—Kappa Kappa, Hawley, Minn.
No. 2,609 Madeline, Woodstock, Ontario, Can.

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THE OCTOBER, '99, NUMBER gives designs for Centerpieces, Doilies, Pincushions, Shopping-Bags, Photo-Frames, Sofa-Pillows, Child's Crocheted Cap, Drawn-Work and Morris Embroidery. Don't miss this number.

THE JANUARY, 1900, NUMBER, just out, besides the latest designs, contains valuable article on "Shading," illustrated by Colored Plates. Read Mrs. L. Barton Wilson's "Lesson in Embroidery." Subjects this month: "Double Rose" and "Morning-Glory;" finely illustrated. Decore Lambrequin and Cravat-Case Designs; also Rules for New Crocheted Silk Purses and Chatelaine-Bag. A splendid number. Single copies cost 10 cents each, *but*

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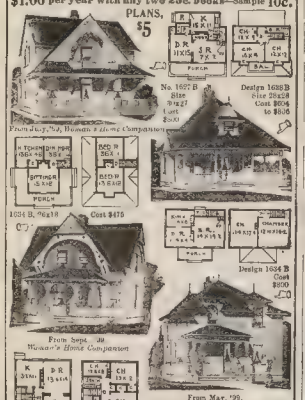

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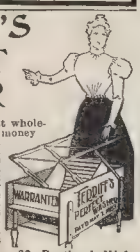

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The Conard & Jones Co., Box D, West Grove, Pa.

A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE AS AN INVESTMENT

By George H. Keith

TWO-FAMILY houses are becoming more and more popular, especially through the Eastern states, and they are often quite a problem to their builders. Of the faults usually found in such houses, that most noticeable is perhaps the repetition of the exterior design, giving a sameness to the house, which is not artistic and which at once stamps the building as a double, or two-family, house. Another error commonly found is the placing of the two entrances on the front of the house, usually next to each other, or worse yet, a single entrance and hallway to be used by both families.

Even a two-family house may be so arranged and proportioned that it is as pleasing to contemplate in its way as a mansion or a palace; but it requires labor and thought to arrive at these results. Common sense is too often left out of plans, and then the result is pitiful. In this design it has been remembered that a happy home must first of all be a healthy one, and these requirements have been well looked after.

IN MAKING the working drawings of the design shown three things have been especially observed—appearance, practicability and cost. As two-family houses are invariably erected as investments, and are oftentimes the home of the owner, great attention has been paid to economical construction and the obtaining of artistic effects by simple detail, reducing the expense to the minimum and still getting first-class work.

For the construction it is intended to use an eighteen-inch stone wall for the basement. In localities where stone is expensive a twelve-inch brick wall may be substituted. From the water-table to the belt course narrow siding is planned, with the second story and gables shingled. All framing-timbers are spaced sixteen inches on centers. The house is back-plastered, face-plastered two coats, sheathed diagonally with six-inch matched fencing, covered with heavy building-paper, and then finished as described. Double floors are throughout the entire building, with building-paper between the under and finish floors. The finish floors in halls, dining-rooms, kitchens and bath-rooms are of hard wood, polished and waxed except in the kitchens.

The hallway of the first story has been made a pleasing feature by the hall-seat beneath the high window and the columned archway leading to the sitting-room. The sitting and dining rooms have bay-windows, and the pretty built-in sideboard in the dining-room, and the fireplace and the book-case in the sitting-room, are pleasing features of the interior, adding much to the completeness and coziness of the home.

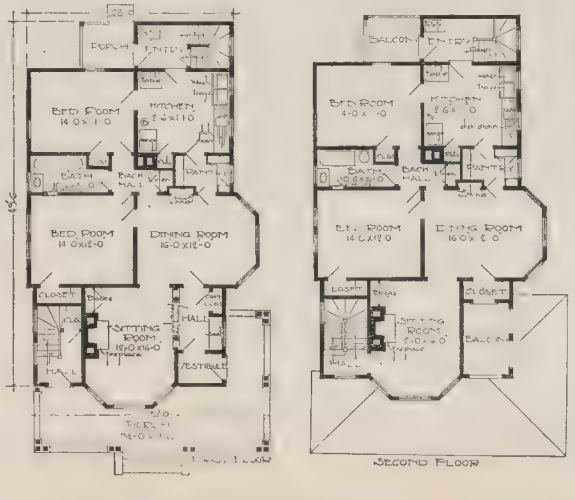
The kitchen and pantry arrangement is excellent, the pantry being provided with both open and inclosed shelving, flour-bins, cupboards and drawers. A separate closet for the cooking dishes and kettles is provided in the kitchen. Laundry-trays have been placed in both kitchens. These have wooden covers, so when not in use they serve the purpose of a table. Under the drip-drain of the sinks are two drawers for the accommodation of the smaller cooking-utensils.

A hallway leads to the bath-room and rear chamber. A very desirable though unusual feature in a house of this character is the linen-case provided here. It is convenient to the chambers and bath-room and yet is easily accessible from the living-rooms. The bath-room plumbing is all open, the tub and closet being of porcelain and the lavatory of marble. All fixtures have nickel-plated fittings. In the center of the lower sash of the bath-room window is a bevel-plate mirror. This location is particularly advantageous, as it affords light on all sides of the face. In each bath-room is a little built-in cupboard, for medicines and soap.

It is intended to heat the house with two separate hot-air heaters located in the basement, which is partitioned off for use by both families. The basement provides separate coal-bins and vegetable-rooms for each family. One room is finished in the attic, ample space remaining for another if it were required. Storage-room for the lower floor is provided in the basement.

BELOW is a detailed estimate of the cost, and also a list of the prices used in computing same.

Mason-work	$ 350
Plastering	225
Lumber	600
Mill-work	950
Carpenter labor	700
Hardware	150
Painting	175
Heating and ventilating	250
Plumbing and gas-fitting	400
Tin-work	75
Electric-work	15
Hard-wood floors	80
Miscellaneous	30
Total	$4,000
Excavating, per cubic yard	$ .18
Rubble-stone work, per perch, 16½ feet to the perch	1.85
Brick laid in wall, per 1,000	10.85
Lathing and plastering (two coats), per yard	.20
Dimension lumber, per 1,000, No. 2	13.00
Flooring (No. 2 D. and M. fencing)	14.50
Sheathing-boards ("6" D. and M. No. 3)	11.00
Shingles, "A"	2.25
Siding, "C"	20.00
Finish lumber	$-2.00 to 35.00
Tin-work, per square	8.00
Carpenters, per day, 9 hours	2.25
Masons, per day	3.50
Common labor, per day	$1.75 to 2.00



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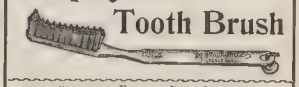

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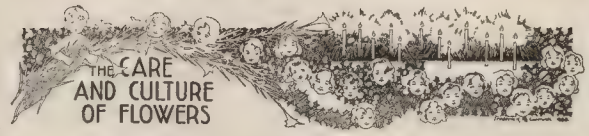

Edited by Robert R. McGregor

HINTS ON GROWING CHRYSANTHEMUMS

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are not necessarily difficult to grow, and if a few all-important rules are kept constantly in mind one is fairly sure of good success. The novice too often makes a mistake at the very start in the kind of plants she selects for growing. One naturally would suppose that the largest, strongest and thriftiest plants obtainable would produce the best results, but such is not the case. The florist who must make his bread and butter out of his flowers discards the large plants, which are usually woody and hard-stemmed, and selects in place the younger and tender-stemmed plants, about six or seven inches high and having one stem only. Such plants should be procured during the months of April or May, and kept potted from that time on.

One of the chief points to watch is that the plants never become pot-bound, so that constant and oft-repeated shifting to a larger pot will be necessary. The soil used for potting should be quite rich and porous, containing a liberal quantity of well-rotted manure and some finely chopped sod, also a little sand, unless the soil is naturally porous. A small tuft of inverted sod placed in the bottom of the pot will assist drainage.

As soon as the plants have become eight inches high they should be cut back an inch, causing them to branch freely. If a number of fine flowers are wanted, allow three or four branches to remain to each plant, removing all others as they appear. As these stems grow keep all sub-branches and laterals pinched off. When the buds appear at the terminus of the stems select the terminal or center bud, which is usually the strongest, and carefully pinch out all others. If all buds were allowed to remain the flowers would be small and insignificant.

If it is desired to grow only one very large flower to each plant, the plants should not be topped as suggested above, but left as a single stem, and all branches or laterals removed as they start, also all buds except the one terminal bud. As the plants increase in height it will be necessary to stake them, tying the stem or stems to the stake with soft cotton cord.

One important item in growing Chrysanthemums, and, in fact, all other plants, is the watering. Endeavor, by exercising some judgment, to strike a happy medium in this matter, applying an abundance of water when water is needed, and strictly avoiding watering when the soil is moist. Overwatering is disastrous, turning the foliage a sickly yellow, and underwatering starves the plant and stops its growth.

There is practically but one insect foe to battle with in Chrysanthemum culture, and that is the black-aphis, or black-fly, as it is commonly called. Frequent fumigation with tobacco-smoke, spraying with weak tobacco-tea, or dusting the plants while the foliage is damp with tobacco-dust or snuff will generally effectually exterminate this pest. Carefully brushing the insects from the plants with a soft brush into a vessel held below is another easy and successful method.

During the summer it will be best to plunge the plants (the term plunge means to set the plants, pot and all, in holes in the ground, filling the soil around just to the rim of the pot) in a partially shaded place where they will get a fair amount of sunshine. Place a small quantity of cinders in the bottom of each hole before setting in the pot, to act as drainage. In selecting varieties one can hardly go astray, as the sorts usually grown and offered now are nearly all fine, varying somewhat in one respect or another.

SEVERAL MERITORIOUS PLANTS

THE Gynura Aurantiaca, or, as it is often called, Velvet-Plant, is a very attractive tropical plant, grown for its beautiful leaves, and requiring a rather high temperature and a moist atmosphere, with an abundance of water. The leaves of the Gynura, which are ovate in form, are of a deep green under color, but the entire surface is furnished with a beautiful purplish pubescence, or soft, short, silky hair. This velvety covering is more brilliant in coloring and appears in a more striking manner in the younger foliage than in the older leaves. The veins of the leaves are a deep purplish-crimson. The Gynura is not a new plant, but will add brightness to any collection. Propagation is afforded by means of cuttings.

The Paris Daisies, or Marguerites, are such general favorites and so universally admired that it is remarkable that more attention is not paid to that charming little daisy, Agathea Coelestis, allied in family relations to the Marguerites. The flowers of the Agathea, or Blue Daisy, are not so large as those of the Marguerite, being only about one and three eighths inches across. The petals of the ray are bright blue, with a faint lilac cast, while the disk is a bright golden yellow. The leaves are quite small and oval-shaped instead of much divided, as with the Marguerites. As a pot-plant and when in full flower the Agathea presents a very pretty appearance.

A very showy plant indeed, and one that produces about as many flowers as could possibly be borne at once, is the Linum Trigynum, a species of flax. As a pot-plant the Linum Trigynum is beautiful. It begins flowering about Christmas-time, and continues for some time during the winter. When in full bloom the plant is a blaze of gold. Each individual flower measures about one and one half inches in diameter, and is a bright golden yellow.

One of the most striking and brilliantly colored Coleus ever introduced is the Beckwith's Gem. I think this same sort was at one time known also as Vick's Gem in some parts of the country. The leaves of this charming variety are quite large and heavy, with well-scalloped edges. The center is a deep, rich maroon, bordered with very bright red. The edges are bordered with green at the base of the leaf, paling to creamy white toward the point, or apex. I suggested to a friend the planting of a bed entirely to Beckwith's Gem, with the yellow Coleus, Golden Bedder, as a border. The bed was so planted and the effect was exceedingly bright and showy. As the variety described is a strong grower, the tops should be kept constantly pinched back during the summer.

A plant for everybody, especially those who like to water and dust plants whenever they happen to think of it, without fear of danger, is the Yucca Aloefolia Variegata. This variety is similar in form to the plain green Yucca native in the South, often appearing as a tuft of foliage on a long bare stem. The leaves of Aloefolia Variegata are banded with creamy white on the edges, and sometimes show a little pinkish cast, and are not so wide as those of the plain green variety. The Yucca increases by throwing up suckers from the base, which take root and can easily be cut off, thereby securing another plant. The variety described is not hardy, and is grown as a pot or tub plant, very suitable for the house or for the veranda.

The hardy Yucca Filamentosa is one of the most ornamental of our hardy evergreen plants, and once established becomes a very permanent thing. It is reproduced readily from seed or by division, and a number of plants make a very handsome appearance when they are planted in a clump. The tall panicles of white flowers borne on a stem rising perhaps four feet from the ground are exceedingly showy.

POTS AND THEIR SIZES

AN ERROR very frequently made in repotting palms and other ornamental plants is in transferring them into pots entirely too large in comparison with the one last used. The sizes of different pots are calculated by inches. The smallest pot in use is commonly called by the florist a "thumb-pot," and measures about one and one half inches in diameter at the top. Into this he pots many of his newly rooted cuttings, and as soon as they fill the soil pretty well with roots he shifts them to the next size, a two-inch pot. From this they go to a two and one half inch, then to a three or three and one half inch; from that to a four, then to a five. From a five the next shift is to a six. Above six inches the sizes seven, eight and nine inches may be used. It is always well to use the next size above that last used.

After the plant has attained such proportions that it requires something larger than a nine or ten inch pot it is better to use a tub, and just here is where the mistake is often made. The trouble of repotting so often tempts one to use a very large tub, with the result that the plant does not do so well. A much larger tub or pot than a plant really requires often retards rather than advances its growth. Very often the florist, when he has a plant that does not seem to be doing well, will remove it from the pot, shake off the soil from the roots, and repot it into a size smaller than it formerly occupied until it starts into more active growth.

The cause of the slow growth or seeming cessation of growth in many ornamental plants can be attributed to the fact that they are kept in pots or tubs entirely too large for their needs. With very large and heavy specimens, when it is undesirable to repot them as often as they really require, it may become necessary to furnish food in the form of soluble fertilizers. Many preparations are offered for this purpose, the directions for use accompanying each package of fertilizer.

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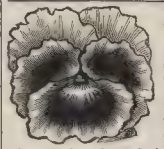

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VARIETIES

THE COOK RESPONSIBLE

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There is a right and a wrong way to prepare each article of diet. How many cooks take the trouble to properly prepare the oatmeal or other breakfast food for the morning meal? In most homes a little water is poured over the cereal and allowed to cook a few minutes and then served. Prepared in this manner they abound in starch, and form a starchy, sticky mass in the stomach, which is not only difficult to digest, but retards the assimilation of other foods.

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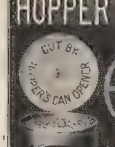

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Mrs Kretschmar's Answers to Queries

MRS. HOWARD W.—**Sour Beans**—Blend one tablespoonful each of butter and flour in a spider until slightly brown, add one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt, a little nutmeg, and one cupful of vinegar, or, better still, one cupful of the pickle from any pickled fruit. Now add a can of string-beans, and simmer on the back of the stove for a half hour or more.

JENNIE D.—**Care of Hands**—The principal point in caring for the hands is to avoid strong soaps, and to use only the very best. This measure alone—if one does not use their hands roughly—will insure a smooth skin, freedom from chapping, from hard points of dead skin around the finger-tips, hangnails, etc. Gloves worn at night make the hands oversensitive and easily roughened. The stains from kitchen-work may generally be removed by rubbing the hands well, after washing, with lemon-juice, to be followed by a few drops of glycerine (rubbed in) before drying. **To Soften Leather**—There is nothing so penetrating and softening as neat's-foot oil. It will come where other oils will not make a surface impression.

EUNICE—**Beating Eggs for Cake**—It is not well to use a rotary-motion beater in making angel-cake, or, indeed, *any* cake. By the old-fashioned wire-spoon beater the bulk of the beaten whites is greater than when any rotary-motion beater is used, and this greater bulk gives greater lightness to cake. A pinch of salt will make whites beat more quickly, and chilling them well before beating will also hasten the process. Make the beaten whites the last ingredient that goes into cake, and do not stir or beat them in, but use a sweeping, folding-in movement of the spoon. Sponge-cake is an exception to this rule, the flour being the last ingredient. It also should be folded in, never beaten, as by so doing the bulk of the batter is decreased. **Age of Eggs**—To test: Dissolve four tablespoonfuls of salt in a quart of water. A perfectly fresh egg will sink to the bottom; at three or four days old it will come to the surface; older it will rise above the surface. The heavier the egg the fresher. A vessel of brine can be kept in the pantry for testing.

FANNY P.—**Almond Icing**—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually one half pound of confectioner's sugar, one half pound of almonds blanched and pounded to a paste, and one half teaspoonful of essence of bitter almond. Lightly dust the top of the cake with flour, spread on the almond paste, and when nearly dry cover with ordinary icing. In pounding almonds in a mortar, first dry them, and use a little rose-water to prevent balling. Almond icing makes a good filling for a layer-cake. **Love-Cake**—Love-cake is simply angel-cake baked in layers and filled with cream whipped very stiff, sweetened and flavored. The cream may be colored with the bought "fruit colorings." **German Honey-Cakes**—Heat one pound of pure, strained honey and one pound of powdered sugar together; when cool add one pound of chopped blanched almonds, the grated peel of a large lemon, half a grated nutmeg, one salt-spoonful of ground cloves, and mix; now take from the stove, blend in gradually one pound of sifted flour and a wine-glassful of brandy Let it rise in a cold place for *a week*, then roll out and bake as cookies, or bake in sheets and cut in finger-strips when half cooled.

MRS. SARAH G.—**Strudels**—"Strudel" may be said to be the German equivalent of our roly-poly pudding, though the dough may be somewhat different, and the variety of fillings more extended. Fruits, fresh and dried, cheese, and even cooked vegetables are used in strudels—in the latter case it being served as a vegetable with meat course. **Apple Strudel**—Make a noodle-dough, and roll it (on a table-cloth put over a table) as thin as tissue-paper (or a good, rich short-cake-dough, and roll it as thin as you can), daub with bits of butter, cover thickly with tart apples cut into thin ribbon slices, sprinkle with sugar, chopped raisins, cinnamon or nutmeg, roll up, and bake brown in a bread-oven, basting with a thin sugar-syrup to which a generous amount of butter has been added. **Cheese Strudel**—Cover the strudel with dry cottage cheese rubbed through a sieve, to which has been added three eggs, three fourths of a cupful of sugar and the grated rind (yellow part only) of a lemon beaten together until light; add two tablespoonfuls of almonds blanched and pounded fine, one half cupful of seedless raisins, one tablespoonful of chopped citron and the juice of the lemon. Bake, basting with cream.

MRS. ARCHIE T.—**Crumb Pancakes**—Soak some stale bread over night in buttermilk, or in milk that is not old enough to be strong. In the morning rub through a colander, and to one quart of this mixture add one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, three eggs beaten separately, and enough flour to make a medium thick batter. There are no hard and fast rules about the consistency of griddle-cake or waffle batters. "As thin as can be baked" is the best rule to insure tenderness and delicacy of texture. **Sour Milk**—Milk may be soured quickly in winter by placing it near the stove. Remember that one teaspoonful of soda (or of anything else) *always* means a rounded teaspoonful, as much above the bowl of the spoon as in it, no more. **Cheese Fritters**—Bring one cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of butter to a boil in a saucepan, stirring all the time; add (all at one time) one cupful of sifted flour, and stir until it has cooked two or three minutes; when cool add four eggs, one at a time, beating well after each one; then add eight tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Fry in dessert-spoonfuls in hot fat, as doughnuts. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and serve hot. **Celery-Root Salad**—Pare and wash the celery-root, and cook in salted water until perfectly tender. When cold cut in dice or in slices, cut across into ribbon-like bits; mix with an equal quantity of boiled potatoes (similarly cut), and blend through the mass some mayonnaise dressing. Spread some mayonnaise over the top when the dish is arranged for sending to the table. Decorate with capers. If a sweet salad is desired, substitute for the potatoes a small quantity of boiled raisins. **To Keep Game**—The best plan is to pluck, draw and thoroughly clean as soon after killing as possible, wiping every part dry; then dust with pepper, put a piece of charcoal inside, cover with paper or a cloth, and hang in a cool, dark place.

E. W. C.—**"Rye'n Injin"**—Scald one cupful of corn-meal with one pint of *boiling* water, add one pint of scalding-hot milk, one level tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of New Orleans molasses. When nearly cool add three cupfuls of rye-meal (rye-flour will do, though not so satisfactory) and two thirds of a yeast-cake (compressed or dry), and beat together; allow to rise over night (mix rather late), stir down in the morning, and put into pans, brushing over the top with cold water to prevent quick browning. When light again bake in a moderate oven four hours, protecting it from overbrowning above and below. The dough should be as thick as can be well stirred. Equal measures of corn and rye meals and Graham flour may be used instead of as above.

HARRIET MCL.—**Baked Sardines**—Scrape and skin the sardines, dip them in a mixture of equal parts lemon-juice and melted butter seasoned sharply with cayenne, place them on toast-fingers, and stand in the oven until *very hot* through and through. **Fried Smelts**—Smelts should not be opened, but cleaned by squeezing the insides out at the gills with thumb and finger, beginning at the tails. Wipe with a wet cloth, dredge with flour, then dip in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, and fry to a golden brown in deep fat. Drain on a sieve, then lay them on brown paper in the open oven until all are done; arrange on a hot platter—heads and tails—and garnish with parsley. Serve with sauce Tartare, or any preferred sauce that has a "snap" to it. **Devilled Crabs**—One dozen crabs cut in small cubes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cupfuls of fine bread-crumbs, one cupful of cream, one cupful of crumbs moistened in melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one fourth of a teaspoonful of paprica, and one teaspoonful of mustard; mix the crab meat and two cupfuls of crumbs, add the butter cut into bits, the salt and paprica; pour a little of the cream on the mustard, and mix until smooth; then add the rest of the cream, and pour the whole over the meat mixture. Now mix the mass well, fill into scallop-shells, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake brown.

MRS. J. B. L.—**Truffled Capon**—This may well be called "a king's dish," both for its qualities and expensiveness. Melt a scant half cupful of butter in a spider, and fry in it one tablespoonful of finely chopped onions to a straw-brown; now add one quart of chopped fresh mushrooms which have been well sprinkled with lemon-juice, and cook (covered) until tender; then add one half teaspoonful of powdered mixed herbs and a canful of truffles finely chopped; cook another few minutes, stirring all the time. Loosen the skin of the capon over the entire breast, and spread a thin layer of the truffle mixture (when it has cooled) on the flesh under the skin. To the remainder of the mixture add bread-crumbs soaked in cream and seasoned, and fill this into the bird. Roast, basting frequently with a mixture of three fourths chicken-stock and one fourth melted butter, adding to this mixture toward the last some rich cream. **Crayfish a la Cardinal**—Brown one scant tablespoonful each of chopped carrot and onion in butter, add one dessert-spoonful of flour, blending it in carefully; now add one cupful of cream, a little nutmeg, with salt and pepper to taste; cook for three minutes, then strain onto a pint of crayfish meat (previously boiled) in another saucepan. Heat together for three minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of Madeira, cook two minutes more, and serve *hot*.

P. T. M.—**Beefsteak Hollandaise**—Heat a spider very hot, rub the bottom over with butter, and lay in it a steak from the round of *prime* beef. Before turning grate over the meat half of a good-sized onion, and sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Repeat this when the steak has been turned. When done lay in a dripping-pan, cover, and "finish" in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Add one cupful of roast-beef gravy to the little meat-juice in the spider, and season it with one half salt-spoonful of ginger, a little nutmeg, and one dessert-spoonful of walnut catsup; add more salt and pepper if necessary. Simmer for five minutes, and pour around the steak when it has been placed on a hot platter. Cheap and excellent. **Fillet of Beef a la Marengo**—Make a marinade as follows: Three quarts of water, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of whole peppercorns, a dozen whole cloves, one sliced lemon, three bay-leaves, one level teaspoonful of powdered thyme and one cupful of strong vinegar; boil together for fifteen minutes. When cold lay in a fillet, allowing it to remain for twenty-four hours. To roast, take the fillet out of the marinade, rub it over heavily with butter, put it in a baking-pan, and roast, basting frequently with the marinade boiled down to one third the original quantity. When done thicken the bastings with flour and butter browned together in a spider, and pour around the meat in a hot platter, straining it, of course. Add a border of young onions boiled and seasoned.

MRS. MARION V.—**Yum-Yum**—Yum-Yum is practically a lemon souffle under a new name. Grate the yellow part of the peel of one large or two small lemons into one cupful of sugar, add this sugar to two thirds of a cupful of butter rubbed to a cream; beat them together until very light, then add six eggs beaten as light as possible; mix thoroughly, and pour into a baking-dish lined with puff-paste rolled thin. A granite (whiteined or not) baking-dish is better than a thick porcelain or earthenware one. **Apple Surprise**—There are so many "apple surprise" dishes that it is not possible to determine which one you mean. A pretty "surprise" to one who has not eaten of it is made as follows: Cut off the top of some fine, tart baking-apples, and scrape out the insides without breaking the peel. Mix the scrapings with sugar, chopped raisins, some nutmeg or cinnamon, a little grated lemon-peel, some lemon-juice, and a few almonds blanched, dried, and pounded to a paste; all these ingredients in quantities as preference or taste may dictate. Return this mixture to the apple-peel shells, put on the top as a cover, crowd together in a granite baking-pan, and pour over the top a light sugar-syrup. Bake until done, basting with the syrup. When cold heap with whipped cream delicately sweetened, and flavored with orange extract. Stand the baking-dish in a silver one (or a china one in lieu of the regular silver holder for baking-dishes), or pin a napkin around it to send to the table. Do not disturb the apples after baking.

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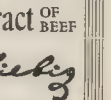

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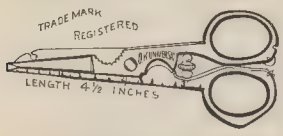

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PROBLEMS IN DRESSMAKING

By Mary Katharine Howard

Under this head all questions relating to home dressmaking will be cheerfully answered.

HOUSEWIFE—Your question is a little out of my latitude, but will say that all table-linen should be hemmed by hand.

PAULINE—Hook the vent in the back of your dress-skirt with patent hooks and you will have done with the difficulty of having it come open and show the petticoat beneath.

L. S. T.—If you will dampen your crinoline or canvas and press with a hot iron it will take on a greater stiffness; but if pressed quite dry the fabric will become limp, and is unfit for stiffening.

DORAH L. SNOWDEN—In wearing ribbon or any soft collars you must wear a high, well-stiffened, plain collar underneath, else you will always have the outer arrangement slipping down and away from the neck.

HENRIETTE—Tucks are not on the wane in popularity, and are seen on the handsomest bodices and skirts. Yes, cords, too, are used, but are not as pretty as tucks, and will not wear nearly so well.

FRED.—Line your black-lace sleeves with white tulle, and the arms will show through white rather than red. Make them either quite long or just to the elbow. Sleeves of medium length are not worn for evening and dressy occasions.

JANUARY BRIDE—No, you could not have three pretty gowns in good style, an evening wrap, street-coat and two hats, all of the best materials, for fifty dollars. You could have that many articles for the money, but of course they would be inferior.

L. L. H.—A black net dress is always a dressy one for the evening, and you should have it made with two or more colored silk slips to wear beneath. Then with one high-neck and one low-neck bodice you have several gowns in one, and are fixed for evening or daylight functions.

MARY J. S. Overdresses will be worn all through the coming spring and summer, and will be made on the same long, graceful lines we are wearing now. Underskirts will be worn long and quite frilly at the bottom, in thin materials, so you are safe in making your crepe de chine at any time.

CARRIE L.—You can alter your gowns with plain-fitting backs by cutting them through the center of the back and inserting a width which must be plaited and fitted well to the figure. The newest ones have the plaits stitched down quite closely for about five inches down, beginning at the waist-line.

TRAVELER—Your best wrap for traveling is a long cloth or tweed ulster that will cover you all over. It is better especially for steamer wear, and less in your way in deck-promenading and lounging than a three-quarter golf cape. Made of quite small, almost invisible checks, they are amazingly smart.

MAUDE M. MORRELL—You should wear pure white or lilac for your first evening affair after removing real mourning-garments. Crepe de chine is your best material, and I would advise the absence of any black for touches here and there. Keep the white solid in color, and use the shades of lilac in the other.

L. M. H.—For a morning wedding the groom must wear a frock-coat in black or quite dark coloring, and light trousers. Waistcoat matching the coat is in the best form, although a fancy one is allowable. Patent-leather shoes, and gloves, at the option of the wearer, depending, too, upon whether or not the bride wears them.

DRESSMAKER—All waists should have an inside belt made of strong webbing, which, in order to hold the waist down well, must be so adjusted that the lower edge of the belt comes a good half inch above the waist-line in the back, where it should be firmly sewed to the boned, middle and side seams. It should fit with easy snugness; that is, as tight as the bodice.

PREVIOUS—Yes, you are quite safe in buying India silks for early spring and summer gowns, as they are voted an immense popularity for women's adornment the coming warm-weather months. Reds, relieved with black and white in their patterns, will be one of the leading styles, with all the shades of heliotropes and violets as the next in choice. Blues, too, are good, but have had such a rage for several years they cannot be called new.

REMODEL—You can make a charming gown of your soiled white cloth by having it dry-cleaned and trimming it with bands of sable or some other dark fur. In lieu of fur you can use black braid or tiny black velvet ribbon applied in pattern. One seen a short time ago had a pierced design in fine black broadcloth, which was applied on both bodice and skirt. This style must be utilized with an eye to keeping in light; in effect, making the design quite open and in narrow bands or small motifs.

MARGARET S.—The reply to L. M. H. answers one part of your query. For an evening wedding, whether at home or in church, the groom must wear full evening dress, which is a swallow-tail coat, trousers and waistcoat of black broadcloth, white lawn string tie, and patent-leather shoes. If the bride wears gloves, so should the groom. In any case where the bride wears a white satin, low-cut bridal-gown, with veil, the groom *must* wear full evening dress. No, a Tuxedo coat is not suitable for him to wear at the wedding.

RETTIE S.—All sorts of silks are used for petticoats, though ultra-particular dressers have them made to match the lining of the gown with which they are worn. Women who are quite stout and wish the all-clinging effect with which all women are now so much in love have the upper part of the skirt made of a sort of stockinet that hugs the body skin-tight until it passes the fullness of the hips and abdomen, and from this point the fit is easy. Several sets of frills are made to fasten on with hooks and eyes at the point of the knees, whereby several changes are rung in on the petticoat to suit the coloring of different gowns.

JANET—If you have gowns made quite plain-fitting in the back, by all means wear them, but in no case cut a new gown in this manner.

MODISTE—Wrinkle your waist-lining one and one half inches above and below the waist-line and you will find the outside will be smooth and the lining will wear much better.

GRADYS N.—Your questions are so numerous, asking for such full descriptions, that this entire column would not be adequate space for reply, and the answers could not possibly have reached you in time for use.

BRIDE—You will find the linen laces give much better wear for underclothing trimming than embroideries. Point de Paris also wears well and is dainty, and like the cotton maltese is the least expensive and very effective.

MADAME—For an apron to wear when visiting your own kitchen with a view to preparing dainty bits, those made of linen, covering the entire bodice, sleeves, front and sides of the dress-skirts, are by far the most practical and serviceable.

HENRIETTA—Girls of fourteen should wear frocks long enough to reach to the shoe-tops. As to color, that must depend upon her complexion; blues are always in good style, and serviceable. The style of making follows very closely the lines of those worn by women.

NANCY S. A.—It is quite impossible to advise you about a new gown unless you stipulate the amount you wish to spend and for what kind of wear you intend it. Simply stating the color of hair and eyes and your height is no guide, as there are all sorts and conditions of gowns.

HERMIONA—Yes, you can wear an Empire gown for receiving visitors in the evening and afternoon, but do not make the line of distinction between this gown and a wrapper too fine, else your appearance will be one of negligee, which is decidedly not in good form for entertaining visitors.

LOUISE O. M.—Yes, red is one of the leading shades for tailor-made gowns, and as a rule have jackets to match, though I cannot advise this for you if you are to have no other street-gown, and go out a great deal, as you say. Black is your very best choice, and is really the smart costume of the day.

MARTHA R.—In February all the New York shops are showing their wash materials for summer gowns, as well as India and foulard silks, and will mail samples to you on application. Prices a yard, and widths, are always stated. The really exclusive fabrics and designs are shown during this month, and are seldom duplicated.

DRESSMAKER—No, there is no boning material other than featherbone that holds fast to the seam in its entire length. Steels and whalebone are only caught here and there, and must be done with the utmost care to avoid bulging between the points tacked, while the former is held taut the entire length by a long machine-stitch.

SAMANTHA S. R.—Living in the country, I should advise blue as your best choice in coloring for a tailor-made gown for general use. Have skirt and jaunty jacket, and wear odd silk waists in solid coloring, using cream lace as a trimming up near the neck. You should have a hat of cloth and stiff feathers rather than velvet and ostrich-plumes.

EVA L. T.—The theory of dressmaking cannot be learned by reading all the works published on that subject. True, one can learn much from them, but must have the practice before she can correct defects in fitting and tell how they may be remedied. A padded, manufactured form is not a good model upon which to practise. One must have a flesh-and-blood model to know how to fit for the allowance of breathing and the play of muscles.

D. D. S.—You must be guided very much by the appearance of the child as to how to dress him. Velvet and light-weight cloth suits are much worn if he is in trousers, though I think him much too young. A cap is quite proper. Cloth is one of the most stylish and suitable materials for a cape for a middle-aged lady, being inexpensive as well. A black cloth gown is the best for church and street wear, and is quite the most stylish thing. Black for coats, unless worn en costume.

L. D.—Your bodice wrinkles at the arm-hole in front because it is not cut away sufficiently at that point. Soft white ties are much worn as neck decoration, as well as all sorts of fur and feather boas. Belts as a rule are made of the same material as the gown. Dressing-sacques may just reach the waist-line, or may be made quite long, in matinee style; in fact, any length that may suit the figure. Seven-gore skirts are best, with fullness kept at the back, with any sort of trimming you may fancy.

TEACHER—A rainy-day skirt with a snug jacket or cape would be far more practical for your use than any mackintosh. Have the skirt made tailor finish, lapping all seams except that in the middle of the back, open at the left side of the front, and plait the fullness in the back into two box plaits. The full length should not be shorter than the shoe-tops, nor longer than the curve of the ankle. This skirt could serve you for a wheeling-costume, and be the most appropriate thing you could wear on your walking trip through Scotland next summer.

MOTHER—Do not make an elaborate or extensive layette for the expected infant. Have fine materials, but make dresses and slips rather plain. Tiny tucks, Valenciennes insertions and narrow edgings are your best choice for yokes, sleeves and neck-trimmings. Silk flannels wash better, but are not quite so warm as all wool, though are really quite warm enough. Ribbed wool shirts are the best, but must be as soft as silk, and should always be dried on a stretcher after they have been washed. White merino stockings of thin weave are far better than socks, and should also be dried on a stretcher to prevent them from shrinking.

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Baltimore Brussels Carpet, 56c. per yard
Union Ingrain Carpet, 33c. per yard

We furnish a quality sample of each grade of Carpet for a 2-cent stamp. We make 16 different grades. Price of samples may be deducted from your Carpet order

We Prepay Freight, Furnish Wadded Lining Without Charge, Cut and Sew All Carpets Free

We also issue a 304-page catalogue of Everything to EAT, WEAR and USE, containing exceptional Furniture bargains, which you may wish to order with Carpets. Both books are Free. Which do you want? Address this way:

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"American Made for American Maids"

G D Chicago Waists

Have become so popular that they are now made in various shapes to fit every woman.

All Shapes **$1.00**

Ladies' Model long waist
Cutaway low bust and hipless
Small Shape slender form
Nursing cutaway hips
Try Them

The Most Popular Corset Waist in the World

Made of fine sateen, fast black, drab or white, clasp or button front. Sizes 18 to 30, waist measure; 31 to 36, 25c. extra.

Ask your dealer for the G D CHICAGO WAIST. If he hasn't it, send a money-order or stamps, mentioning color, shape and size desired, and we will send you one, prepaid.

GAGE-DOWNS CO., 270 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Spotted Calla Begonia

20 Packets SEEDS. FLOWERS 10 Choice Bulbs.

For 25c. we will send the following choice collection **for 25c.** post-paid

1 Pkt. Double Chrysanthemum, hardy, great novelty
1 Pkt. Polyantha Baby Rose, bloom in 90 days from planting
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1 Pkt. Sweet William 1 Pkt. Agella, Love in Mist
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10 BULBS 1 Spotted Calla, 1 Begonia, 1 Amaryllis, 2 Montbretias, 1 Cinnamon-Vine, 1 Madeira-Vine, 2 Gladiolus, brilliant colors; 1 Tuberose, double. All the above Seeds and Bulbs, together with our new colored-plate catalog, sent post-paid for 25c. NOTICE A return check good for 25c. sent with each collection.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

This Neat Little Garment is a Combined

Bust and Skirt Supporter

It comes quite to the waist-line, is self-adjusting and fits beautifully. In ordering give bust and waist measure. Price in drab, white, black or netting, $1.00, post-paid.

We Want Agents for this fast selling Waist and to any lady who sends us, with her order, the name and address of one good agent, we will allow a reduction of 30 cents in the price, making the cost 70 cents instead of $1.00.

The Crescent Works, Manufacturers of High-Grade Custom Corsets, Waists and Skirts,
22 MAIN STREET, ANN ARBOR, MICH.
General Agents Wanted.

Wedding INVITATIONS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRINTED AND ENGRAVED. Latest styles. Fine work. **Samples FREE.** 100 Visiting Cards 75 Cents.
J. W. COCKRUM, 524 Main St., Oakland City, Ind.

Enrich the Blood

Impoverished blood is the secret of half the disease known to humanity—rheumatism, dropsy, stomach and liver trouble, with all their attendant misery, may nine times out of ten be traced to the circulatory system. Correct that and all goes well. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People increase the red corpuscles in the blood and thereby give it new life and richness. They also tone up the nerves and are a specific for many serious disorders.

Mrs. Joseph M. Evans, of Carterville, Mo., says: "Two years ago I had dropsy of the left limb so severely that my physicians said I could not recover. I had been sick about a year, and most of the time was bedfast. The treatment of the physicians did me no permanent good. I steadily grew worse.

"My brother finally insisted that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box effected a change for the better in my condition, and I continued to improve steadily.

"I took about six months' steady treatment. The result is that I do not now feel a trace of my former ailments." Mrs. Lue Evans.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a notary public, this 12th day of October, 1898. WM. B. WOLCOTT, *Notary Public.*

At druggists or direct from
Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
50 cents per box; 6 boxes $2.50.

FREE
A NEW CURE FOR
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists the *Piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Rev. John H. Watson testifies in the *New York World* that it has saved him from the edge of the grave when dying of Kidney disease and terrible suffering when passing water. Mr. Calvin G. Bliss, North Brookfield, Mass., testifies to his cure of long-standing Rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at the age of eighty-five, writes of his cure of Dropsy and swelling of the feet, Kidney disorder and Urinary difficulty. Many others, including Mrs. C. Fowler, Lockport, N. Y., and Mrs. Sarah Tharp, Montclair, Ind., also testify to its wonderful curative power in Kidney and allied disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific and cannot fail. Address The Church Kidney Cure Company, 425 Fourth Ave., New York.

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FLOWER SEEDS FREE

This Mammoth Collection contains the cream of all flower seeds—just what you want to make a **Magnificent Garden**—25 Exquisite Varieties of elegant, brilliant, dazzling flowers, as follows:

Dewey Victory	10 col.	Zinnias	12 col.
Balsam Choice	8 "	Sweet Williams	14 "
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A WHOLE FLOWER GARDEN FREE

To introduce our Beautiful Ladies' Magazine in new homes we will on receipt of **10 cents** in stamps or silver send it three months, also **all** the above Flower Seeds, **25** different kinds. Order Quick.

SOCIAL MAGAZINE, Box 2139, Boston, Mass.

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WATCHES, RINGS, WATCH-CHAINS AND CHARMS, &c. As a grand premium, any one can earn this **Beautiful Gold-Plated Hunting-Case Stem-Winder Watch, Charm and Chain,** a perfect timekeeper, by selling our **ELECTRIC LAMP WICKS.** They can be sold in a few hours. They are practically indestructible. No trimming; no smoke; no smell.

OUR SPECIAL 90-DAY OFFER, which is apart from the above: Send us your name and address (no money); we will send you 20 wicks, post-paid; sell them at 5 cts. each and remit us $1, and we will mail to your address, *free,* a Beautiful **Gold-Plated WATCH-CHAIN AND CHARM, also a Handsome Gold Finished Ring.**

ELECTRICAL WICK CO., Dept. R, Orange, New Jersey.

FREE
A BOX OF PAINTS
to any Boy or Girl sending this advertisement and 2 cents for postage to **Popular Novelties Co., Box 1067, N. Y.**

A WOMAN'S WAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2]

for awhile, and yet really separate from her husband. Strangely enough she resented most bitterly that he should not be willing to abandon the other woman.

"If he would really repent and tell me *everything* I might forgive him—a long time after. But he *clings* to her. He may say he is angry, but he clings to her!"

And then all the pent-up passion that lies deep in the New England heart would wake and rend her until the light dawned on a frantic creature, smothering her moans in her pillow. But Amy was away, and Johanna accepted the languid smile and talk of neuralgia with trustful sympathy.

SO THE days dragged on. She often wondered would she have found them heavier were Dudley in his coffin; but she was unable to believe in his love.

To-day, watching at his bedside, she went back through them, not in any consecutive fashion—for who recalls torment by inches?—but in a broken chain of vision, as lightning paints the landscape for the traveler on a railway train. In one of the flashes of memory came the words of a wise woman that she had known in the clubs, "There is nothing hopeless but death. Dishonor is worse, but it is not so hopeless."

Was her case so hopeless, she wondered, if Dudley lived? Among all the possibilities, the plans to conceal and show the world and the children a specious front, one plan had never been considered—to simply and from the heart forgive her husband. What if she believed in Dudley's contrition, and forgave him? Was fidelity the only virtue? Did not his sweetness, his unselfishness in so many things, his never-failing sympathy, count for much? For an instant she faintly perceived that the highest love suffereth long and is kind, and that she, untempted and merciless, might sin against her marriage vow as gravely by her hardness of heart as he by his weakness; but it was only for an instant. She was sorely wounded. She was a woman of magnanimity, but magnanimity is on the heights, and her soul was like a bird with a broken wing, which flutters, but cannot fly.

"IF HE would tell me everything; if I were sure he didn't care for her still," she thought, "I could maybe forgive him, but not now—not now!"

The sick man stirred. He turned his eyes toward her, and instinctively she moved out of his gaze. But there was no need of caution. The blank eyes went listlessly around the room, seeing nothing.

"There is nothing hopeless but death. Dishonor is worse, but it is not so hopeless." Dorothy heard the words as if some one had said them, and suddenly she knew that her first necessity was that Dudley should live.

"I have the dishonor," she cried to her tortured soul; I *will* not have death, too!"

The man on the bed tossed restlessly, beginning to talk.

"There, there!" he soothed some one. "Don't cry; she'll never find it out. Tell? Did I ever tell on any one? Do you think I'll begin with you?"

"He thinks he's a little boy," whispered the nurse, nodding her head and smiling. "He was a great deal worse yesterday."

Dorothy's lips tightened.

"It doesn't matter," she thought. "He may say what he will; I'll save him if I can; I'll save him if I have to lie!" But each word was a lash on a bruised heart.

HE SEEMED to doze for a moment, and she watched him. The scene which had turned cruelly real to her dulled again, and again she seemed to look at herself as at another woman. This Dorothy had been a just woman; was she just now? But it was not a question of honor with him. He loved that woman still. Yet Dorothy must save his life. When he should open his eyes and look at her she must say to him, "It's all right." Would she need to say "dear?" She always had said "dear," but now wouldn't it do to say "It's all right, all right," in a cheerful, gentle voice, with a smile; "be still; go to sleep?" People always told sick people to go to sleep when they came out of delirium—as if they hadn't been asleep. But that was what she would say. He had been a kind husband; not faithful, but always indulgent and kind. She must not let him die.

He was speaking again, so low that she could only catch her own name, "Dodie," and a word now and then of no import.

"Is that his daughter?" said the nurse. "He was talking about her all yesterday."

MRS. OSBURNE changed her position slightly and bent over the bed. "No; it's my name," said she.

The nurse's eyes brightened with ready sympathy.

"He seemed to long so to see her, but he talked as if she were a young girl! I suppose he was back. He seemed to be going to school."

"Yes," said Mrs. Osburne.

"I wonder if the ice-coil around his head wouldn't help, he rolls it so much? If you don't mind staying here I'll go get it."

"Oh, no, not at all," said Mrs. Osburne, eagerly, glad to be left alone with him.

So the nurse went. She rose and stood looking at him. He looked so pale. He was lying there because he had tried to save another man—a man who could never reward him. That was like Dudley. He was brave; he was so kind! Oh, if he were only true! If she could only believe in him again! Perhaps—perhaps it was only honor that kept him from telling.

HE STIRRED and smiled. "Oh, Dudley," she breathed, inaudibly, "don't say anything more about *her!* I can't bear it; I want to forgive you so!"

But he said, in a coaxing, light, laughing voice, "You might kiss me *once!*"

His wife's face turned as if to stone. He smiled on that white and rigid mask a wheedling, boyish smile.

"I didn't tell. *Please!* Just one!"

She forced herself to smile; she bent and brushed his forehead very softly with her lips. She knew that he mistook her for that other woman. What lie on her lips could be so loathsome as this? But she *would* save him.

He smiled again—the same smile. "Never you mind; teacher can't expel me; I ain't afraid. Yes, I did say Dodie Meredith was the nicest girl in school, but you're nice, too. Don't cry, Kitty, darling; it's all right. I didn't mind the licking; indeed I didn't mind it. Pshaw!"

His wife laid her head down on his shoulder. She choked back the sobs that struggled to come. It was not of that other he was thinking. Long, long ago, when they were children at school, there had been an old playmate, and Dudley had been punished for that girl's fault. She had forgotten the time. She had forgotten how miserable his passing fancy for pretty, foolish, timid little Kitty, who hadn't the grace to bear the penalty for her own misdoing, had made her then; how for a month she had fiercely shunned him; how at last persistent penitence had prevailed and she had forgiven. Kitty long since had married. Poor Kitty! She was dead now, but ages ago she had passed out of their lives. Poor Kitty! Poor, silly, sweet, pretty Kitty! How long since she had been jealous of Kitty! Away back in school-days.

A FLOOD of tenderness sudden as her relief swept over her. He had come back then; he had come back now. It was honor, not love, that sealed his lips. And then he opened his eyes and knew her.

"It is all right, dear," she said.

"But—I can't tell you who she is," he muttered, his brow contracting.

"You don't need to. I know you don't care for her any more. I know you were only sorry for her in the beginning. I don't *want* you to tell now; it would be mean."

"But I was such a driveling, idiotic scoundrel! You can't forgive—"

"Oh, my darling!" said his wife, "what is love that can't forgive?"

When the nurse came back with the ice-coil she smiled with a pleasure that was quite as much womanly as professional.

"Why, he has waked up!" said she; "that's nice. And he's ever so much better."

"Yes; my wife's come," said Osburne, feebly, but with infinite content. "She'll cure me!"

TWO FINE SPECIMENS
Of Physical Manhood

No form of athletic exercise demands such perfect physical condition as prize-fighting. Every muscle in the body must be fully developed and supple, and the heart, lungs and stomach must act to perfection.

Whether we endorse prize-fighting or not, it is nevertheless interesting to know the manner by which men arrive at such physical perfection.

James Jefferies, the present champion heavy weight of the world, and his gallant opponent, Tom Sharkey, in the greatest pugilistic encounter that has ever taken place, both pursued much the same course of training, and the first and most important part of this training was to get the stomach in condition, and keep the digestion absolutely perfect, so that every muscle and nerve would be at its highest capabilities.

This was not done by a secret patent medicine, but both of these great pugilists used a well-known natural digestive tablet sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and composed of the digestive ferments which every stomach requires for healthy digestion.

Champion Jefferies says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets prevent acidity, strengthen the stomach and insure perfect digestion. They keep a man in fine physical condition." Signed, James J. Jefferies, champion of the world.

The gallant fighter, Sharkey, says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets remove all discomfort after eating. They rest the stomach and restore it to a healthful condition. I heartily recommend them." Signed, Thos. J. Sharkey.

The advantage of the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is that they keep the people well and ward off sickness and are equally valuable to well persons as to the dyspeptics. Another advantage is that these tablets contain no cathartics, or poisons of any character, but simply digestive ferments which are found in every healthy stomach, and when digestion is imperfect it is because the stomach lacks some of these elements and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets supply it.

They are no cheap cathartic, but a perfectly safe and efficient digestive, and the demand for them is greater than the sale of all other so-called dyspepsia cures combined. No remedy could possibly reach such a place in public esteem except as the result of positive merit.

Full-sized packages are sold by all druggists at 50 cents, and the best habit you can possibly form is to take a Stuart's Tablet after each meal. They make weak stomachs strong and keep strong stomachs vigorous.

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Last year, when times were hard, we purchased from a manufacturer, who was compelled to get cash, an immense lot of games for much less than the cost of making. We have sold thousands, and all are pleased with them; they are great value for the money. We still have a quantity on hand, and to dispose of them we will give one complete set and three months' subscription to **The Illustrated Companion** (a 64-column Family Story Paper) for **10 cents.** Don't miss this chance—worth many times the money. **See what you get all for 10 cents.**

1 Set of Dominoes	1 Game Parchis
1 Checker Board and Men	54 Magic Tricks
1 Game of Authors (48 cards in pack)	1 Game Clairvoyant
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A **System** by which you can write to another person and **no one can read it** without the key. 50 charming conundrums with answers and **Illustrated Companion** for three months. All the above sent securely packed with three months' trial subscription to **Illustrated Companion** for **10 cents.** If not satisfactory money will be refunded. This offer is made simply to introduce our paper, believing all who get it will continue to subscribe for years. **ILLUSTRATED COMPANION, Dept. K, 296 Broadway, N. Y.**

Sofa Cushion Squares full size, stamped with choice designs. **Free** Latest rich shades. Better value than sold by department stores at 50 cents each. We send one post-paid and our great family paper, six months, for **10c. Home Cheer, 696 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.**

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We will send **FREE,** securely sealed, full information how to remove successfully superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms or any part of the person without the slightest injury to the skin. Write to-day. Inclose stamp. It is FREE. Address

TOILET IMPORTING CO., C-67, Kalamazoo, Mich.

BOYS AND GIRLS

This Watch and Chain FREE

We send this **Nickel Watch,** also a **Chain** and **Charm,** pkgs of **Bluine** (blue), **Blacko** each. **We ask** Send full address and we will send an assortment of **Bluine** and **Blacko** to sell at 10 cts. each, and when sold send us the money, $1, and we will send you the **Watch** and **Chain,** or a premium list. Remit the **Watch** and **Chain,** or a premium, as you may select. **We Trust You.** This is an honest offer. Write for assortment to-day. If not wished, will be sent you by return mail.

CRESCENT TEA CO., Dept. 29, Springfield, Mass.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 packages of **Excelsior Bluing** at 10 cents. We ask no money. Send your name and address and get outfit and premium list with instructions post-paid. When you sell the Bluing send us the money and select your premium. **We Trust You.** This is an honest offer. Write for outfit to-day.

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when applied, is most BRILLIANT, and that is the effect you want when using a stove polish. When an old stove is polished it should look as bright as new—that is the result when you use Enameline. It is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Remember that every package is guaranteed.

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50 cents a box at drug-stores or by mail. Send stamp for sample. Address

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A Positive Relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing,** and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Get Mennen's (the original). *Non-spirits.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, New Jersey.

REDUCED TO $4.50

To place our **best $10.00 TOLEDO BATH CABINET** in every home we send it complete for **30 days** with best alcohol stove, directions, formulas, to any address upon receipt of $4.50. Face Steamer 75c. extra. **Order to-day. Ours best of all Cabinets,** has real door, steel frame, top curtains, inner-lined, folds flat 4 in. space. **Money refunded after 30 days' use** if not just as represented. It's a home necessity. Turkish and vapor baths at each prevent colds, cure without drugs colds, la grippe, rheumatism, complexion, all blood, skin, kidney, nervous troubles. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE FREE. We make Cabinets from $2.25 up. Agents Wanted. Easy terms. Exclusive territory. TOLEDO BATH CABINET CO., 614 Cherry St., Toledo, Ohio.**

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Deafness is incurable till the cause is removed. Therefore ear Drums and other artificial aids never cure. 95 per cent of all cases of Deafness caused from Catarrh, and as Catarrh cannot exist under the use of "Actina," nobody need be Deaf where the Actina Pocket Battery is obtainable. Are you seeking a cure? Then invest 25c in "Actina." Write to-day for a pamphlet. Prof. Wilson's Dictionary of Disease, Free. NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASS'N, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

MUSIC SALE

To close out our stock we send by mail 10 pieces, full sheet-music size, all parts complete, all for 20c.; or 4 lots 50c. Money back if not suited. **HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN and 100 Songs with Music, 5 cents.** H. O. HATHAWAY, 339 Wash St., Boston, Mass.

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and will gladly tell you all about my work. It's very pleasant and will easily pay $18 weekly. This is no deception. I want no money and will gladly send full particulars and will send you 20c. stamp. MRS. L. H. WIGGINS, Box 24, Boston Harbor, Mich.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

LADIES realize large profits from sale of home-needed [illegible] Address [illegible] Toledo, O. [illegible] SAVING MEDICATED [illegible] Soak or any form desired. [illegible] Agents wanted. DEPT 2, BERLIN CHEMICAL CO., BIRMINGHAM, ALA

1427 [illegible] Transparent Jewel Easels, Calendars, New Puzzles, New Games, Premium Articles, 25c. Finest Sample Book of Visiting and Hidden Name Cards. Biggest Catalogue Send 2c. Stamp for all. OHIO CARD COMPANY, CADIZ, OHIO CARDS

GOSSIP WITH READERS

ERSKINE—Well-bred persons do not ignore the servants in the houses where they are accustomed to visit. It in no way lowers any one's social standing to give the servant who admits you a courteous greeting.

BRENNER—It was Homer who wrote in the Odessey, "For love deceives the best of womankind." 2. The phrase "Alter Ego" literally translated means "the other I," and is used to signify a very dear friend, a second self.

DIANA—Clean the standard of the onyx table in this way: Take putty-powder and thicken to a stiff paste with lemon-juice; cover the brass entirely with this mixture, and rub briskly; finish by washing with soap and water, and polishing dry with chamois.

BLANCHE E. B.—The following preparation will make an excellent bath sachet if a good-sized handful is placed in a bag made of loose crash and this used instead of a sponge: Make a mixture (any quantity desired) of three parts of grated castile soap, two parts of almond-meal, two parts of bran and one part of orris-root. Keep in closed jars in a dry place.

UNCERTAIN—You are mistaken. It is in the gentleman's place to resume the correspondence if he wishes it continued, just as it was in his place to write the first letter when the correspondence was begun. The lady when returning home owed only to her hostess a first letter to thank her for a pleasant visit. 2. We have been unable to identify the authorship of the quotation.

TELFER—A set-ring is never appropriate for a wedding-ring; use a plain band, not too heavy or broad to make it clumsy on the finger. 2. Yes, it should be marked before the wedding, as some women have a superstition about removing the ring after it is placed on the finger at the altar. The date of the marriage is always added to the Christian name of the bride and groom. If the initials are used, those of the bride before marriage are correct.

SECRETARY—An eminent parliamentarian decides that a motion for "suspension of rules" can refer only to special regulations concerning details of club-work. The term "rules" cannot include the constitution, and can refer only to such by-laws as are capable of temporary suspension. Every club should incorporate into the by-laws of its constitution an article clearly defining what shall be considered under the term "suspension of rules." 2. Two very useful handbooks in deciding such perplexities are Olive Thorne Miller's "A Woman's Club," published by the United States Book Co., New York, and Harriette R. Shattuck's "The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

F. C. L. Your query came too late for answer even in the January number. A query should reach us six weeks or two months prior to the issue in which an answer is expected. 2. An introduction need not be acknowledged by any set form of expression. Those persons who appear entirely at ease in society avoid as much as possible a formal phrase of greeting. When a man is introduced to you it is not necessary to say anything; simply bow, and the bow and look in acknowledgment can be made to express almost any degree of cordiality you may wish. In the case you mention it would be perfectly proper in order to break the ice of conversation for you to remark to the stranger that you had heard of him favorably through mutual friends.

SAVIN K.—The difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive is that of the certainty of the inheritance. The heir apparent is the one most certain to succeed to the inheritance, as an eldest son to a father's estate, while the heir presumptive is that person who is likely to succeed under existing conditions, but who may be set aside should those conditions be altered; as in certain courts a daughter is considered the heir presumptive unless a son is born later on, then her right of succession would be waived. 2. Each court has its special title for the heir to the throne. In England he is called the Prince of Wales (the heir presumptive being termed the Prince or Princess Royal); in Germany and Sweden, the Crown-Prince; in Austria, the Prince Imperial; in Russia, the Czarevitch; in Italy, the Prince of Naples; in Spain, the Prince of Asturias.

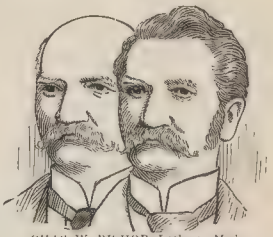
GRACE M.—When addressing a letter to your pastor use either the form R. J. Phillips, D.D., or Dr. R. J. Phillips, but never the form Rev. R. J. Phillips, D.D. When a professional man has attained the degree of D.D., LL.D. or Ph.D. it is customary to address him by the title Doctor. 2. It would require too much space to explain here how a scholastic degree is obtained. Write to your state university or to Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for catalogues and circulars of postgraduate departments, which will give you full information on the subject. 3. It is not necessary for a hostess to accompany her guests to the outer door, but she should always rise when they depart, and bid them adieu at the reception-room door. 4. Olives should be taken in the fingers; cheese is cut with a knife; salads are eaten with a fork. 5. The book "What Women Can Earn," published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., New York, will give you full and reliable information on your last question.

ELLEN M.—Certainly you should see great similarity between the Sistine Madonna and the Dresden Madonna, these being two different names for the same picture painted by Raphael for the Benedictine monastery of St. Sixtus at Piacenza, in northern Italy, in the fifteenth century. Three hundred years later it was sold by the monks to the Elector of Saxony and taken to Dresden. Napoleon seized it and carried it to Paris as a trophy, but it was afterward returned to the Dresden gallery, where it has remained. The figure on the left, at the foot of the Virgin, represents St. Sixtus, and was introduced by the artist in compliment to the monks for whom he was painting the picture; on the right is St. Barbara, the maiden who gave her life for the faith of Christ. Artists do not interpret any special meaning for these two figures in the picture, because it was the habit of the old masters to introduce saints into their Madonna pictures to typify the mediation between the divine and the human through the consecrated lives of holy men and women. The cherubs at the foot maintain the artistic balance and finish off the picture.

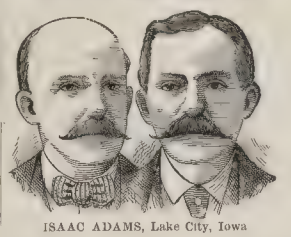
Free Cure for Baldness

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff, Restores Prematurely Gray Hair to Natural Color, Stops Itching and Restores Luxuriant Growth to Eyebrows, Eyelashes and Shining Scalps—A Trial Package Free

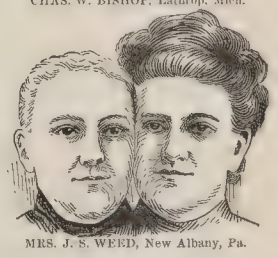
MISS EMMA EMOND, Salem, Mass.



CHAS. W. BISHOP, Lathrop, Mich.



ISAAC ADAMS, Lake City, Iowa



MRS. J. S. WEED, New Albany, Pa.

Those who are losing their hair or have parted with their locks can have it restored by a remedy that is sent free to all. A Cincinnati firm has concluded that the best way to convince people that hair can be grown on any head is to let them try it, and see for themselves. All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for falling hair, but after all it is the remedy we are after and not the theory. People who need more hair or are anxious to save what they have, or from sickness, dandruff or other causes have lost their hair, should at once send their name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 813 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will forward, prepaid, by mail, a sufficient free trial package of their remedy to fully prove its remarkable action in quickly removing all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases and forcing a new growth of hair.

MISS EMMA EMOND

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond show what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicles not only upon her head, but upon her eyebrows, being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair being found. She sent for a free trial of the Foso Remedies, and was rewarded by a growth of hair which for thickness, quality and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington Street.

ISAAC H. ADAMS

Isaac H. Adams, of Lake City, Iowa, is a conspicuous example of the fact that baldness can be cured. He says: "My hair came out so bad that I got bald all over the top of my head and the scalp got shiny. I used the Foso Treatment, and in forty-eight hours the remainder of my hair stopped falling out, and in a few weeks I had as fine a growth of hair as any man would want." Mr Adams sent his photographs to the proprietors of the Foso Remedies to show what a remarkable change had been produced.

MRS. J. S. WEED

Mrs. J. S. Weed, Treasurer of Swartz Corps No. 91, W. R. C., with headquarters at New Albany, Bradford Co., Pa., owes a luxuriant growth of hair to the famous Foso Remedies, and although past fifty years of age, her hair grew out with astonishing luxuriance. Mrs. Weed kindly consented to permit her photographs to be sketched, one taken some time ago when she was prematurely bald, and a later one taken recently showing the beautiful effects of this remarkable hair-grower.

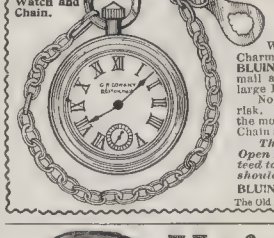
CHAS. W. BISHOP

The experience of Chas. W. Bishop, of Lathrop, Mich., will doubtless encourage many another bald head to "go thou and do likewise." Mr. Bishop sent for a free trial of the Foso Remedy, and by diligent application has secured a fine growth of hair, as shown in his portrait above. Mr. Bishop says: "Although I am 57 years old and had a shining crown for many years, I am glad to say that this wonderful remedy has made my hair grow out in a most remarkable manner. It began with a fine fuzz, gradually getting stronger and thicker, until I could comb and brush it as in the days of my youth. I can honestly recommend it to every one."

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL

The thousands of people who are bald or are losing their hair, and think the condition is incurable, should send their name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 813 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial of this wonderful hair-grower. It is not a patent-medicine product, but the discovery of a well-known chemist and author, Professor Stokes, on the subject of hair and its growth. It has had a most remarkable success, and has fully settled the fact that hair can be made to grow on the baldest head, no matter what caused it to fall out or how many years the scalp has been shiny. Send for the free trial to-day and make a test of this truly marvelous hair grower. Send for it whether you have any faith or not. It will astonish you with its wonderful effect on the scalp.

This Cut is 1-2 Actual Size of Watch and Chain.



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No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Bevelled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and with Proper Care should last ten years.

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The Old Reliable firm who sell honest goods and give Valuable Premiums.

Hair Like This

WE WILL MAIL FREE on application, to any address, full information how to grow hair upon the baldest head, stop hair falling, cure weak eyebrows and eyelashes, scanty partings, scurf, dandruff, itching scalp, and restore gray and faded hair to its natural color, after all other remedies have failed. Inclose 2-cent stamp for sealed package. Address

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Others are realizing good incomes with only $5 or even NO capital invested. Why not you? Fair talking ability and earnest business attention required. We fo the rest. Write us immediately. If you have had experience in soliciting, please specify it. Your option of business in your own town or elsewhere. Address The Crowell & Kirkpatrick Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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in all its forms Neuralgia, Sciatica, Inflammatory, Lumbago, Gout, etc. Writers' Cramp—Operators, Type writers, pianists, weak joints or cramp from whatever cause, and Asthma. These ailments are due to the presence of Acid in the Blood. The Ring in connection with the acidity of the blood—creates an Electro-Chemical action, removing the acid and curing the disease.

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Creates a Perfect Complexion

Cleanses, whitens, refines, beautifies. Sample bottle and book "How to be Beautiful" 10 cents. Ladies wanted to represent me in every town. Energetic women can make big money. Particulars free

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No money paid till proven satisfactory. Washes clean and easily. A child can run it. Freight prepaid. Circulars free. Write to-day.

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on Cotton, Fast to SUN, AIR, SOAP AND ACIDS is made with new "PERFECTION" Dyes. Twice the strength of other kinds. Sold by druggists. No spots or streaks. ALL COLORS GUARANTEED. A large package, to color 2 to 4 pounds of goods, mailed for 10 cents (2 packages for 25 cents). Large assortment of beautiful pictures free. Write us, stating name and address plainly. Don't waste time. Send for our free book. FREE. LEWIS MFG. CO., Address W. CUSHING & CO., Dept. F., Foxcroft, Maine.

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No Paste or Oil used. Warranted not to injure the most delicate Kid. White especially. Not sold by grocers. Sufficient to renew Gloves, Mitts, Shoes, Furniture, Carriage Tops, etc. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. Agents wanted. D. D. GRIFFITHS, Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

30 Pieces Beautiful Silk Remnants, Lot of Silk Ribbon, with Quilt pattern book, also Aluminum Thimble and package of lace, all for 10c., post-paid, to introduce our fancy-goods list. Address H. C. BUCHANAN & CO., Dept. C, 58 Ann St., NEW YORK, N.Y.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

A Popular Illustrated Family Magazine

EDITED BY J. F. HENDERSON

Published every month by

THE CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK CO., Springfield, Ohio

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Chicago - - - - - Marquette Building

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Single Copies - - - - - - Ten Cents

NOTES BY THE EDITORS

IN MANY respects the March WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION will be the most interesting number that has yet been issued. The literary and pictorial features will embrace the work of such writers as Mrs. Burton Harrison, Anna A. Rogers, Francis A. Lynde, John Kendrick Bangs, Josiah Allen's Wife, Waldon Fawcett, Margaret E. Sangster, Bertha Damaris Knobe and Florence Hull Winterburn, and of such artists as W. T. Smedley, Fletcher C. Ransom, J. A. Knapp, F. T. Richards, Albert D. Blashfield, Karl J. Anderson and F. A. Carter. Supplementary to that part of the magazine devoted exclusively to literature and art there will be many timely articles of an entertaining or instructive character, including the cookery articles of Ella Morris Kretschmar and Sallie Joy White, the fashion and fancy-work pages, an illustrated paper on china-painting, a familiar talk about the home-life of children, the club-woman's gossip, lessons in dressmaking, pretty designs for baby-caps, and floral hints. Above all there will be a *musical surprise*, which will make the March COMPANION particularly welcome to those who play the piano.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT DRIVES

A PAGE devoted to a description of the driving turnouts and state-carriages in use at the White House will be one of the most unique features of the March COMPANION. The article will be illustrated from new photographs, showing President McKinley driving his favorite team, Mrs. McKinley's carriage, the White House stables, and the saddle-horses which are used by the chief executive and the "first lady of the land" when they indulge in equestrian exercise. An interesting comparison is made of the democratic simplicity of our state equipages with the magnificence and number of the royal carriages used by the rulers of other countries.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUBS

ONE result of the growing popularity of physical culture among women is a disposition to organize women's athletic clubs. Chicago now claims the only complete organization of this kind—a club with a handsome home of its own, fitted up with every 'convenience and equipped with all the paraphernalia for healthgiving exercise. The president of this club is Mrs. Philip D. Armour; the secretary and manager, Mrs. Paulina Henriette Lyon. An article on "The Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago" will appear in the March COMPANION, with ten illustrations and portraits. It is by Bertha Damaris Knobe, herself a member of the club.

THE LAST MUSICAL COMPOSITION OF JOHANN STRAUSS

THE COMPANION congratulates itself and its readers on being able to make a most important announcement for the March number. It has been fortunate enough to secure the American copyright control of the last musical composition of Johann Strauss, which was completed only a short time before the death of the great Waltz King a few months ago. The piece has never been published, and will appear for the first time in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for March. The title of this composition is "Traumbilder (Dream Visions)," and those who have heard it played pronounce it one of the finest pieces of music that ever emanated from the brain and heart of the famous Viennese artist. "Dream Visions" is arranged for the piano, and is as simple as it is beautiful and inspiring. It cannot be obtained elsewhere than in the March number of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, as the American copyright is owned by the publishers of this magazine.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE NAVY

SINCE the United States navy has been brought into such prominence by the circumstance of war with a foreign nation everything pertaining to that branch of our military service holds a new and peculiar interest for American readers. "Social Life in the United States Navy" is the title of a two-part article, the first half of which will appear in the March COMPANION. It is written by Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, well known as the author of many charming naval stories, and the wife of a naval officer who has been stationed at Manila during the war in the Philippines. So little is known by the general public about the social side of life in the navy that the editors predict an unusual demand for the numbers in which the article is to appear. Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom.

COMING FICTION

IN AN early number of the COMPANION will be commenced a short serial by Hester Caldwell Oakley Ward, entitled "The Confessions of a Camper." It is a delightful love-story, written in the author's best vein, and illustrated by Orson Lowell. A little later will appear the opening chapters of Francis Lynde's new story, "The Plutocrats," which will then continue to the end of the year, with a series of striking illustrations by B. West Clinedinst. In this tale Mr. Lynde has surpassed all his previous achievements in the line of story-telling. Arrangements have been made to give the readers of the COMPANION more and better fiction this year than in any previous volume, making each number bright with short stories from the pens of the best writers. Moreover, it is the purpose to give greater attention to the pictorial and artistic make-up of the magazine, to the end that there shall be a larger number of illustrations and of a better quality than has been the rule in the past. In short, there is no department or feature of the COMPANION that is not to be steadily improved from month to month.

CHINA-PAINTING FOR GIRLS

IT IS the purpose of the COMPANION to publish a series of articles on china-painting, the first of which will appear in the March number. The author of these articles, Mary Moss Caldwell, is herself a teacher of this beautiful art, and understands how to communicate her knowledge to others through the medium of lucid description, aided by photographic illustrations. Each article will be illustrated from photographs taken from selected specimens of her own work.

ROASTS ARE GIVEN A MOST DELICATE AND APPETIZING RELISH, IF JUST TOUCHED UP A BIT WITH

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

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Warranted 20 Years. ARE THE LOWEST

Before you buy it will not cost you a cent to examine this great bargain. Watch and Chain, complete, $4.50. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name, post-office and express-office address and we will send it C. O. D. for examination at the beautiful engraved, 14k double hunting case, gold-plate, stem wind and stem-set watch filled with a richly jeweled movement, guaranteed a perfect timeker per and equal in appearance to any $50.00 watch. A long gold-plated chain for ladies or vest-chain for gents and our 20-year guarantee goes with each watch. After examination if you are satisfied it is a great bargain pay the express agent our special price, $4.50, and express charges and it is yours. Mention if you want gents' or ladies' size.

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SOLID GOLD plated bracelet sent free to any one for selling five packages of our LADIES' GOLD plated Dress Pins (a pin set with an exquisite jewel). Simply send your name and address and we will send you the pins post-paid. When sold, send us the money and we will send you the bracelet. The chain is beautiful, opens with a dainty little key. We trust you and will take back all pins you cannot sell. Write to-day. Address

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Send us your name and address and we will send you, postpaid, fifteen packages of vegetable or flower seeds, your selection. Sell the seeds for five cents a package, send the money to us and we will send you a pair of SOLID SILVER-PLATED SALT and PEPPERS that we guarantee to last for years, or select from our catalogue, which describes and illustrates the best and useful presents we give FREE to those who sell or use our seeds. FORREST SEED CO., Cortland, New York.

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For 10 cts. Coin. Send photo (cabinet preferred) and receive postpaid, pin back Celluloid Medallion with your Photo on same. This low price given to introduce goods. Photos returned. FREE. Send five orders with 50c. coin and we will set one of them in handsome, easel back, metal frame. Agents Wanted. H. H. PALMER & CO. 137 Devonshire Street, Boston.

SEEDS 100,000 lots to introduce FREE 25 packets and 4th Sweet Peas, 1 pkt CHOICE VEGETABLE Seeds, also 1 Water Heater (cabbage, best under New 1900 Cucumber, prize of Doubles the Peach, seeds in a row, Earliest on Record Tomato, etc., with first order. Postpaid, for 15c.

SWEET PEAS Beautiful Home Mixture of 75 choice varieties, 25c. per pkt. Beautiful Dewey Flower, 25c. per pkt. Both 50c. Free with $2.00 Dewey Flower Bouquet, consisting of 14 packets and over 500 varieties of other flower seeds. Just Think! 14 packets of Vegetable Seeds, 4th Sweet Peas, Dewey Flower, 14 packets of Flower Seeds and our catalogue only 5 cents and we will add Free check for 50 cents' worth of Flower Seeds, selected from our catalogue. Address J. J. HILL, DEPOSIT, N.Y.

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It is unique but not elaborate. Everything in the plant line at Bargain prices.

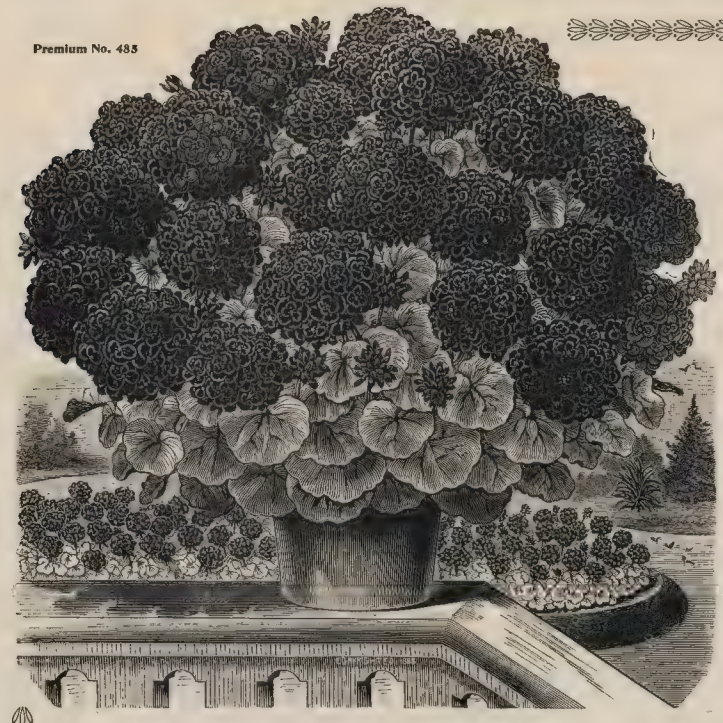
FLORAL GLEN GREENHOUSES, Des Moines, Iowa.

FREE—Our handsome Garden Annual and Seed Catalogue—or for a 2c. stamp, Catalogue and a Packet of the LARGE GERMAN PANSY SEED.

If you will send us the names of 5 or 6 neighbors who buy seeds by mail, we will send you the Pansy Seed free for your trouble. COLE'S SEED STORE, Pella, Iowa.

10 Weeks The biggest, brightest and best Western Weekly paper in existence. Grand views of new country, stories of adventure and full mining reports weekly. Truth your object. To introduce the paper it will be sent 10 weeks on trial for 10c., clubs of 6 for 50c., 12 for $1. Stamps taken. Illustrated Weekly, Denver, Colo. 10c.

Premium No. 485



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THE Geranium is the most popular plant for bedding and house culture. It blooms profusely the year round and always has luxuriant, green foliage. The Geranium is perfectly at home in every part of this country. It withstands hot sun and droughts like a weed. It is so easy to cultivate that every one can grow it, yet in foliage and flower it is splendid. It grows very rapidly and yields a mass of bloom in a short time. (When wanted for winter blooming keep it in a pot and pick off the young buds during the summer.)

The Geranium has been wonderfully improved during the past few years. New colors, new styles and profusely blooming sorts have been developed. The collection here offered includes the latest and best varieties.

8 DIFFERENT COLORS, AS FOLLOWS

One pure snow-white, one brilliant crimson-scarlet, one brilliant carmine-rose, one nankeen-salmon, one splendid scarlet, one dark rose shaded violet, one peach-blossom, one lavender-pink.

ORDER NOW. Do not wait until you are ready to plant. If you do not want your plants until some later date, we will have them reserved and shipped when desired. When you order state the time you wish the plants sent.

Grand Bargain in Superb Plants

HOW TO GROW
Full instructions how to plant and care for them will be sent with each box of plants.

By ordering many months ahead and having 25,000 of each of these Geranium and Rose collections grown especially for our use we were enabled to get them at what is practically the cost of production. We now offer these live plants as premiums in connection with the COMPANION at just what they cost us. We make no profit whatever on the plants, but offer them to induce subscriptions and clubs. This explains how we can afford to offer such extraordinarily good bargains in the very best Geranium and Rose plants grown anywhere in America—all of the choicest and most expensive varieties. Only the most popular, best-growing and finest-blooming varieties are included in the collections. *All of the plants will be large, healthy and well-rooted*, and will bloom the coming season. We guarantee them to be exactly as described, to arrive in perfect condition, and to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. *Send your order at once.*

Premium No. 367

10 of the Choicest Ever-blooming Roses

The Rose, as it has been perfected by scientific culture during the past few years, is a marvel of beauty and fragrance. Those who grow Roses at all should have only the latest and best kinds, such as are offered below, especially when they can be had so very cheaply. No finer plants or varieties are grown than these. They will grow in pots or in the garden, and can be left out of doors all winter. **All double-flowering.**

THERE ARE 10 DIFFERENT COLORS AND VARIETIES

THE YELLOW RAMBLER (*Aglaia*)—A double yellow hardy climbing Rose, a thing which has been sought after the world over. It is perfectly double, very fragrant, entirely hardy, having withstood, unprotected, a prolonged temperature of from zero to two degrees below. It is related to the Crimson Rambler, and like it blooms in large trusses. The flowers last three to four weeks without fading. It is a very vigorous grower, making shoots eight to ten feet in one season when well established, so that it possesses all the requisites for unbounded popularity.

THE COLLECTION OF 10 ROSES INCLUDES ALL OF THE FOLLOWING COLORS

Yellow Rambler as described above, one rich golden amber, one clear bright rosy red, one rich deep crimson, one delicate creamy white, one deep golden yellow, one ivory-white tinted peach, one rich flesh-colored, one waxy snow-white, one lively pink with bright yellow center. All will bloom freely during the coming season.

It is almost certain that we will receive orders for more plants than the florists have agreed to furnish us. **Order at once** and your plants will be marked with your name and kept growing. They will be mailed to you on any date you may specify. When the supply of plants becomes exhausted money will be refunded.

We will send EITHER the Collection of 8 Geraniums or 10 Roses, and the Woman's Home Companion one year, for . . . One Dollar

(No more than one collection with one yearly subscription. When the above offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

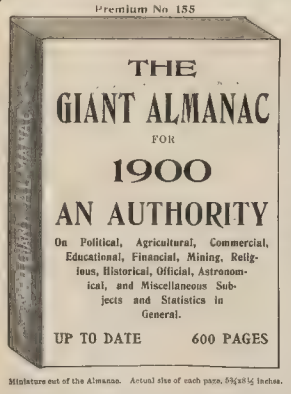
Free **We will send either the collection of 8 Geraniums or the collection of 10 Roses FREE for a club of TWO yearly subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion; or any two collections for a club of FOUR; or any three collections for a club of SIX, and so on.**

NOTE.—Seventy-five cents is the clubbing price for yearly subscriptions to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION without a premium to the subscriber. And members of clubs may accept any of our offers at the advertised prices and their names may be counted in clubs (unless otherwise stated in the advertisement). RENEWALS and new names, including a club-raiser's own subscription, can be counted in clubs. No reduction allowed in the clubbing prices.

Postage on the plants paid by us in each case

Address WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Springfield, Ohio

Premium No. 155



Miniature cut of the Almanac. Actual size of each page, 5⅝x8½ inches.

The Best Year-book Ever Published

Our Giant Almanac is the most complete, reliable and up-to-date Political Register, Treasury of Facts and Annual Reference-book ever published. We guarantee this absolutely or money refunded. It is an authority on the things you want to know about. The book contains such a voluminous array of facts and figures, and so many subjects are treated, that it is an utter impossibility to give more than a faint idea of its contents in so small a space. Give the book a chance to speak for itself. It will surely please.

600 PAGES

EACH PAGE 5⅝x8½ INCHES

ESPECIALLY VALUABLE THIS YEAR—1900 brings the Presidential and State elections again, and as the Giant Almanac contains the detailed statistics of all the elections, including those of 1899, it is indispensable for purposes of comparison.

ANSWERS THOUSANDS OF QUESTIONS which come up in connection with current events.

It is a veritable encyclopedia of useful, up-to-date and authentic information.

Here is a Hint of Its Contents

A Complete Record of Political Information, as Popular and Electoral Votes by States and Counties for President, Congressmen, State Officers, etc.; Party Platforms, and other political facts.
Statistics of all Recent State Elections, including the Fall Elections of 1899.
Complete Monetary Statistics, including those on Silver and Gold.
Tariff History and Laws and Rates in United States and Foreign Countries.
Government Statistics, Officers, Salaries, Names of Congressmen, etc.
Population Statistics, States, Counties, Cities, etc.
Educational and Religious Statistics
Immigration Statistics.
Manufacturing, Commercial and Railroad Statistics.
Postal Information, etc.
A complete Calendar and Almanac for 1900, and other facts and information too numerous to mention in ten times this much space.

We Will Send the Giant Almanac, and the Woman's Home Companion One Year, for 90 Cents

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

The Giant Almanac for 1900 Given as a Premium for a Club of TWO Yearly Subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion.

Handsome Silver Bake-Dish

WE HEREWITH display the cut of a genuine Quadruple Silver-plated BAKE-DISH. This is one of the finest-appearing and longest-wearing pieces of silverware made. It is built on a base of pure white metal and plated with genuine coin-silver. It is fitted out complete with four pieces, a silver bowl, a blue and white porcelain cooking-pan, silver rim, and ornamented crown top.

A dish of this standard usually retails for $6.00, in many cases for much more. In elegance of finish and artistic design it is unsurpassed. The dish rests on four beautifully ornamented feet, which gives it a stately appearance and prevents erosion of the ware. The bowl is finished in satin-glaze, but the top is highly burnished. Dimensions, 8½ inches in diameter and 3 inches in depth. This dish is warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. We are prepared to stand by every sale.

Premium No. 297

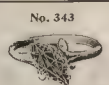
We Will Send the Woman's Home Companion One Year and this Elegant Bake-Dish for $3.50

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

Our Premium Offer We will send the above Bake-Dish FREE as a premium for a club of TEN yearly subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion. Transportation charges to be paid by the receiver in either case.

No. 345
Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11

No. 344
Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10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No. 342
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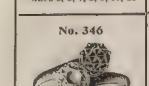
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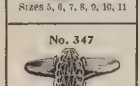
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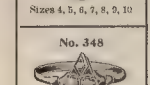
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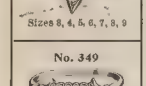
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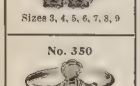

No. 350
Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

SOLID GOLD ...Rings Free

All of these rings are warranted solid gold. All of the settings are open on the back so they can be easily cleaned. These same rings sell for $2.50 and upward. No. 345, if bought in a city jewelry-store, would be considered cheap at $3. Warranted to be solid gold and to give full satisfaction or money refunded. The stones set in the rings are only imitations, yet are so perfect that none but good judges can tell the difference.

No. 342.—A solitaire imitation Diamond in Tiffany setting.
No. 343.—An Emerald (green)—a very popular ring.
No. 344.—Has three Garnets (red)—one large and two small ones.
No. 345.—Fine, large Amethyst (purple)—a great favorite.
No. 346.—One imitation Diamond and one Garnet—very stylish.
No. 347.—A Sapphire (blue)—a very beautiful ring.
No. 348.—Two Turquoises (light blue) one small Pearl on each side.
No. 349.—One Garnet and one Topaz (brown)—pleases little girls.
No. 350.—Three Pearls—an attractive ring.

NOTE that all of the above-named stones are imitations and not real diamonds, garnets, emeralds, etc.

FREE Any ONE of these Solid Gold Rings given Free for a club of THREE yearly subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion.

We Will Send the Woman's Home Companion One Year and Any One of the Gold Rings for $1.50

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

To find the size of the ring you wear, take a narrow strip of stiff paper that just meets around the finger you want to fit; lay this strip on measure shown here, one end at A; the other end shows the size to order. Each ring is made in seven sizes only. Always give the size you want.

A $2 Sealskin Pocketbook Free

Premium No. 697

This Genuine Seal Pocketbook Given for a club of THREE Yearly Subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion.

This pocketbook is made of real sealskin leather. It is lined with finest smooth black calfskin leather, and is 4½ inches long, 3 inches wide, and has five compartments, including card-case and money-purse. Very fine and stylish.

Showing It Opened

YOUR NAME in PURE GOLD-LEAF will be stamped on the pocketbook for 25 cents EXTRA, or for ONE extra name in the club.

This Pocketbook sells in stores for $2. We buy them direct from the manufacturers, and sell them without profit in order to get the subscriptions and clubs. It is guaranteed to be real sealskin of the finest quality and to give entire satisfaction or your money refunded.

Price of the Pocketbook, and the Companion One Year, .. $1.50

(When the above offer is accepted the club raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

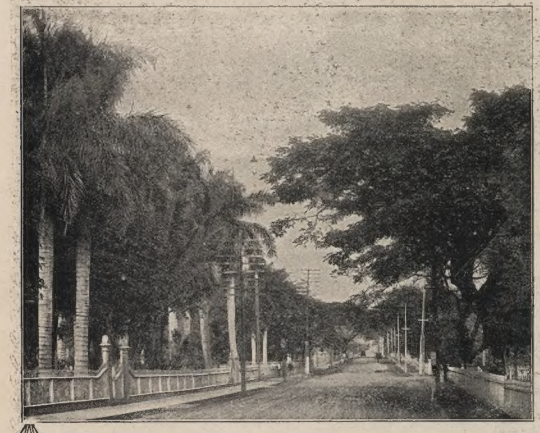
NOTE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS is the clubbing price of yearly subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion without a premium to the subscriber. And members of clubs may accept any of our premium offers at the advertised prices and their names can be counted in clubs (unless otherwise stated in the advertisement). Renewals and new names, including a club-raiser's own subscription, can be counted in clubs.

Postage or expressage on premiums paid by us except when otherwise specified in advertisement.

Address WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Springfield, Ohio

Photographic Panorama of Our New Possessions

MOST INTERESTING PICTURE-BOOK OF THE YEAR



The photographic camera tells no stories. It does not exaggerate, neither does it leave out anything The photograph gives a scene to you as it would look if viewed through your own eyes. Our new book of photographic views contains

OVER 300 ENGRAVINGS

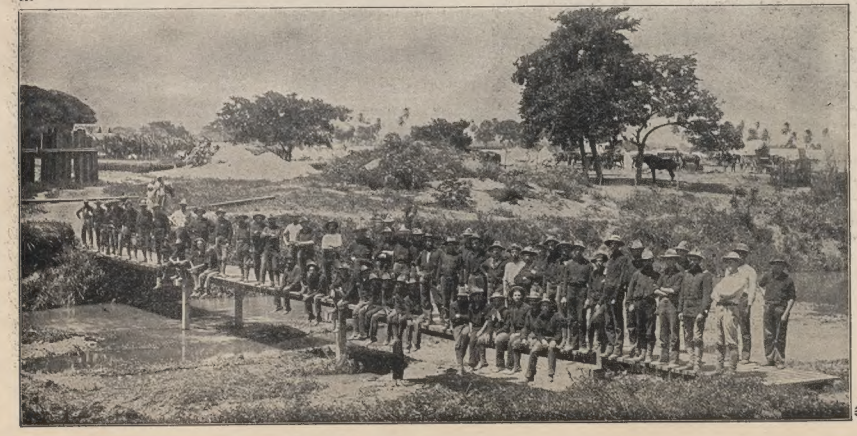
similar to the ones on this page, which are exact reproductions of photographs. They are true to life and tell their own story. The pages are **8 by 11 inches** in size, and many of the pictures are full-page; all are characteristic and depict scenes of especial interest.

In the book the illustrations are much clearer, because printed on polished paper, with slower presses.

WITH THIS BOOK YOU BRING INTO YOUR HOME TYPICAL SCENES FROM

Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines

which will give your children a better idea of these countries than can be had through any other source. They here see the people just as they are, and the kinds of houses they live in. They see the kinds of trees and plants which grow there. They have before them scenes in the country and cities as they exist at this very moment. They also find in this book scenes of army and navy life, and other views which will give them a better understanding of the Spanish-American war and of the war in the Philippines.



Call your friends' and neighbors' attention to their opportunity of getting this interesting book for almost nothing.

This Grand Book, and the Woman's Home Companion One Year, for

90 CENTS

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

This Book Given Free for a Club of TWO Yearly Subscriptions to the Woman's Home Companion.

Order by Premium Number 43 and Address

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
Springfield, Ohio

3 Magnificent Masterpieces of Art

And the Woman's Home Companion One Year, for One Dollar

Also any THREE of the Pictures listed below given as a reward for sending ONE yearly subscription (not your own). Subscriptions may be new or renewals.

THE hearty reception with which these magnificent works of art have already met justifies us in our belief that the people appreciate fine pictures if the price is only right. Heretofore the price of such pictures has been so high that but few could afford to buy them. To meet this demand we have arranged, at a great expense, to give Three Magnificent Masterpieces of Art as a premium for ONE yearly subscription to the Woman's Home Companion. We give you your choice of any three of the pictures listed below.

STYLE These pictures are reproduced in the LATEST style. They are not cheap chromos or attempts at color reproduction, which usually bear no resemblance to the originals. In an artistic way every line and shadow of the original is preserved.

SIZE These pictures, including the margins, are twenty by twenty-five inches in size, five hundred square inches, or about FOUR TIMES the size of this printed page. They are sufficiently large to preserve all the delicate effects and artistic excellence of the originals. The pictures without the margins are about sixteen by twenty inches in size, varying according to the subject.

VALUE Art-stores are now selling engravings of these famous paintings at from $2.50 to $10 00 each. Many competent judges, having made a careful comparison, pronounce our reproductions superior to and more desirable than these expensive engravings.

Premium No. 789 Defiance Size 20 by 25 inches

GRAND REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Premium No. 787 After Work Size 20 by 25 inches

FOR HOME, SCHOOL AND LIBRARY DECORATION

Parents should surround their children with noble pictures—pictures that appeal to the child's active imagination, cultivate true artistic ideals, and act as an inspiration to pure thinking and holy living. This idea has been kept in mind in selecting these pictures. They will ever be a silent influence for the noble, the true, the beautiful and the good.

No such collection of high-class pictures has ever been offered on anything like our liberal terms. Having gone to great expense to prepare for the production of these pictures, we are offering them absolutely without profit to ourselves, and consequently on terms never before known. They are fully as desirable as many pictures now being sold at from $2.50 to $10.00 each. Make your selection and send in your order at once.

The illustrations on this page can convey no adequate idea of the size, beauty and elegance of the pictures offered.

The paper on which the pictures are produced is the very finest picture-paper, smooth-finished, heavy weight, and suitable for framing. They are sure to please.

Choose Three From This List

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION"	*Murillo*	Prem. No. 784
"PHARAOH'S HORSES"	*Herring*	Prem. No. 785
"QUEEN OF FLOWERS"	*Lefler*	Prem. No. 786
"AFTER WORK"	*Holmes*	Prem. No. 787
"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE"	*Munkacsy*	Prem. No. 788
"DEFIANCE," or STAG AT BAY	*Landseer*	Prem. No. 789
"KISS ME" (Child and Dogs)	*Holmes*	Prem. No. 790
"THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS"	*Koller*	Prem. No. 791
"PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON"	*Stuart*	Prem. No. 792
"THE FINDING OF MOSES"	*Schopin*	Prem. No. 793
"CAN'T YOU TALK"	*Holmes*	Prem. No. 794
"WATERFALL BY MOONLIGHT"	*Rieger*	Prem. No. 795
"THE HORSE FAIR"	*Bonheur*	Prem. No. 796

We Will Send Any Three of the Pictures, and the Woman's Home Companion One Year, for ..... One Dollar

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have either the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

FREE Any THREE of the pictures given as a premium for sending ONE yearly subscription (not your own) to the Woman's Home Companion.

The subscription may be either at the clubbing price, seventy-five cents without a premium to the subscriber, or when the subscriber takes a premium at the advertised price for both paper and premium.

The pictures will be sent by mail, securely packed and postage paid. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.

A beautiful twelve-page circular giving illustrations and descriptions of the pictures sent FREE on request. Write to-day.

Order by the Premium Numbers

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A HEALTH BOOM

A Wave of Prosperity and Physical Well-Being Floods the Whole Country

Enthusiastic Statements from American Citizens Everywhere Who are Anxious to Inform the World How Well They Feel

The great secret of gaining health and keeping it after it has been attained has been discovered and the news has swept across the whole United States, causing a perfect boom of health. The secret interests not only those who are ill, but those who are well, for to maintain health illness must be prevented. Educate your bowels, keep your liver lively, and purify your system and blood with an antiseptic disinfectant! That's all there is to it, but the means of accomplishing it never were known until the discovery of Cascarets Candy Cathartics, the ideal modern scientific laxative. Hear what a few of the happy ones have to say:

"I am a user of Cascarets and think there is nothing like them." Mrs. Lottie Pfeiffer, Arlington, Neb.

"I have used Cascarets in my family and there is nothing like them. I recommend them to every one." W. J. Berguin, Humboldt, S. D.

"We have been using Cascarets in our family since last spring and cannot do without them." Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, Poynette, Wis.

"I use Cascarets and could not get along without them. My husband uses and recommends them in his practice." Mrs. Dr. Nyce, 58 Ontario St., Cohoes, N. Y.

"I take pleasure in recommending Cascarets. They are the most wonderful medical preparation I ever used. Cascarets work like magic and never fail." John S. Rice, 21 Seymour St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I am a firm believer in Cascarets. They are the best cathartics I ever used." Tom Holt, Wellwood, Manitoba.

"I do not think there is anything better for constipation than Cascarets. I recommend them to all my friends." Minnie F. McCumb, Milmus, Conn.

"I take pleasure in letting you know what good your Cascarets have done for me. I suffered with constipation, pain in the stomach and dizziness for two years and tried most all kinds of medicines. A friend advised me to try Cascarets. So I bought a 10c. box and after using them I felt great relief and am now entirely well." S. Gould, 327 Durfor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Over five million boxes of Cascarets sold last year proves their merit. Buy and try a box today. 10c., 25c., 50c., all Druggists. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

CCC

This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascarets bears the magic letters "C C C." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

TOO FAT

If you are too stout for comfort and feel awkward, clumsy and uncomfortable, we will tell you how to make a simple remedy at home to

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

and also send a box of our safe reduction remedy and full particulars free of charge in a plain sealed package for 4 cents to pay for postage.

MRS. HELEN WEBER, of Marietta, O., says: "It reduced my weight 10 lbs. without sickness or any inconvenience whatever."

No Starving
No Sickness

Address Hall Chemical Co., Dept. K.V., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE this genuine 14k. Rolled Gold Ring or a Band Ring, Bracelet, Hat-Pin, Chatelaine, Knife, Shirt-Waist Set, etc., to any one who will sell ten of our ROMAN GOLD STICK-PINS at 10 cents each. They sell quickly at the price; suitable for ladies or gentlemen. No Money Required in Advance; just send your name and address saying you will sell the pins or return them and we will send them at once post-paid with large premium list of Watches, Chains, Opera-Glasses, Clocks, etc. When sold you send us the money and we will send the premium you select. Our Premiums are the Best. M. R. COMPANY, 79 Dearborn St., Dept. D 73, Chicago.

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The old adage that "Beauty is only skin deep" is a trite though doubtless a true saying. However this may be, it is an absolute certainty that TRYPHENA TOILET CREAM gives a skin of child-like purity. It feeds and nourishes impoverished, shrunken skin and cellular tissues. Ensures a perfect complexion. Banishes all imperfections. Cures all skin diseases. A dainty toilet necessity of surpassing luxury and incomparable richness. For sale by Druggists. Send for beauty book and instructions how to obtain a full-sized jar free. Address FOWLER, Manufacturing Chemist, Moodus, Conn.

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Removed by the MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS, the only device ever invented which ladies can use in the privacy of their own homes and gain Positive Permanent Relief. Also removes warts, moles, red veins, etc. Saves time, annoyance and money. Send stamp for Descriptive Circular. Correspondence confidential.

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES::::::

A Chat With Subscribers and Club-Raisers

1900

Thanks to the loyalty of our subscribers and club-raisers, whom we endeavor at all times to please, the year just past has been one of the most successful in the history of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. We are now entering upon another year, and we solicit the same earnest coöperation which we have heretofore received in our efforts to make the COMPANION the representative American family magazine.

It shall be our endeavor to give a magazine in every way worthy of your support. We desire to make the COMPANION more than welcome, even indispensable to its readers. In turn we desire their hearty indorsement and steadfast support. It costs nothing to recommend the COMPANION to a friend, and in this way you often confer a favor upon them and us.

Let us have your hearty support in our endeavor to make the year 1900 the banner year in the history of the COMPANION

To New Subscribers

We greet the great number of new subscribers into whose homes the COMPANION comes for the first time with this number. We hope to have you enjoy our visits so much that you, like many thousands of others, will become our fast friends, and when the present subscription has expired will continue with us.

Renewals

It is our invariable rule that names are dropped from the mailing-list as soon as the subscription expires. To avoid missing a number of the COMPANION you should send in your renewal at least one month before the date when your subscription expires. Your subscription will then be dated ahead one year from the present date of expiration, so you lose nothing and avoid confusion and possible loss of a number of the magazine.

A Fitting Present

When trying to think of some fitting present for a friend, no difference what the occasion, do not forget the COMPANION. A year's subscription is twelve presents in one, and the monthly visits of the magazine serve as so many reminders of your thoughtfulness and regard for your friend.

To facilitate the use of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION as a present, we have arranged a special "Gift Notice," neatly printed in script on an embossed notehead, which contains the names both of the giver and receiver, informing the latter that by the direction of the giver we have entered her name on our list.

Please remember this when trying to decide on some memento for your friend.

Club-Raisers Wanted

We want a personal representative at every post-office where we are not already represented to receive subscriptions for the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Representing the COMPANION is different from any other such business. Going into more than 325,000 homes each month it is well known and does not need to be introduced. We do not expect you to spend your time and effort in advancing our interests merely as a labor of love. Write us and we will be pleased to give you full information concerning our especially liberal rewards. Address

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
Springfield, Ohio.

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300 Instrumental selections for the piano.
350 Songs for all voices with piano accompaniment.

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All these and over 400 other Composers represented in this matchless collection:						
Strauss	Liszt	Rubinstein	Paderewski	Chopin	Wagner
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Beethoven	Gottschalk	Sullivan	Schytte	Handel	Buck
Schumann	Grieg	Smith	Bizet	Benedict	Damrosch
Schubert	Chaminade	Bishop	Rameau	Mattei	De Koven
Lover	Bendel	Chwatal	Rachmaninoff	Czibulka	Faure
Moore	Henselt	Cowen	Goldmark	Molloy	Gilbert

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

To get this Treasury of Music, Art and Biography into your home: Use the volumes for 15 days. If they are not satisfactory, return them at our expense; if satisfactory, make payments as stipulated below.

Special Offer to Woman's Home Companion Readers

Send us your application **at once**, stating which style of binding you prefer, cloth or half-leather. We will forward the entire set, charges prepaid. We will allow you 15 days in which to examine this wonderful collection of music. **If you are not satisfied, you can return the set at our expense.** If satisfactory, you can make your first payment of $1.00, and remit thereafter $1.00 a month for 17 months, if cloth is ordered, making a total payment of $18.00. If you select the half-leather binding, which we recommend, there will be three more monthly payments of $1.00, making a total payment of $21.00. We assume all risk. We suggest that you **apply at once** if you desire to obtain a set of this limited edition.

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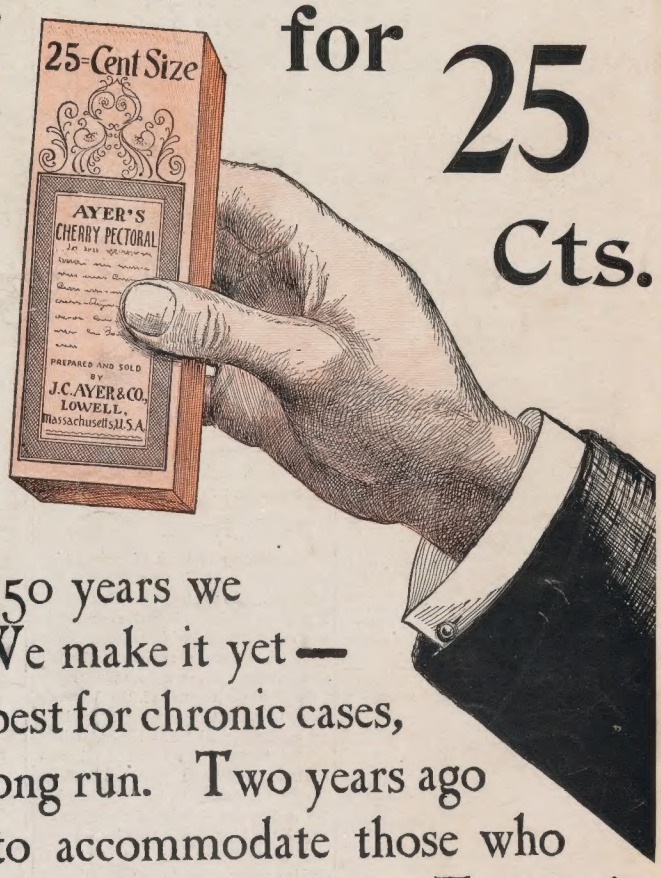

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